PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1976 $1.50

WARNING:
DON'T VOTE FOR CARTER TILL YOU READ PAGE 62!

THE ABSOLUTE WORST OF EVERYTHING

WHY AMERICA STILL HATES ITS JEWS
BY JOHN LEONARD

ERECTION '76–
A HARD LOOK AT THE CANDIDATES

WILL JAY ROCKEFELLER BUY HIS WAY INTO THE WHITE HOUSE?

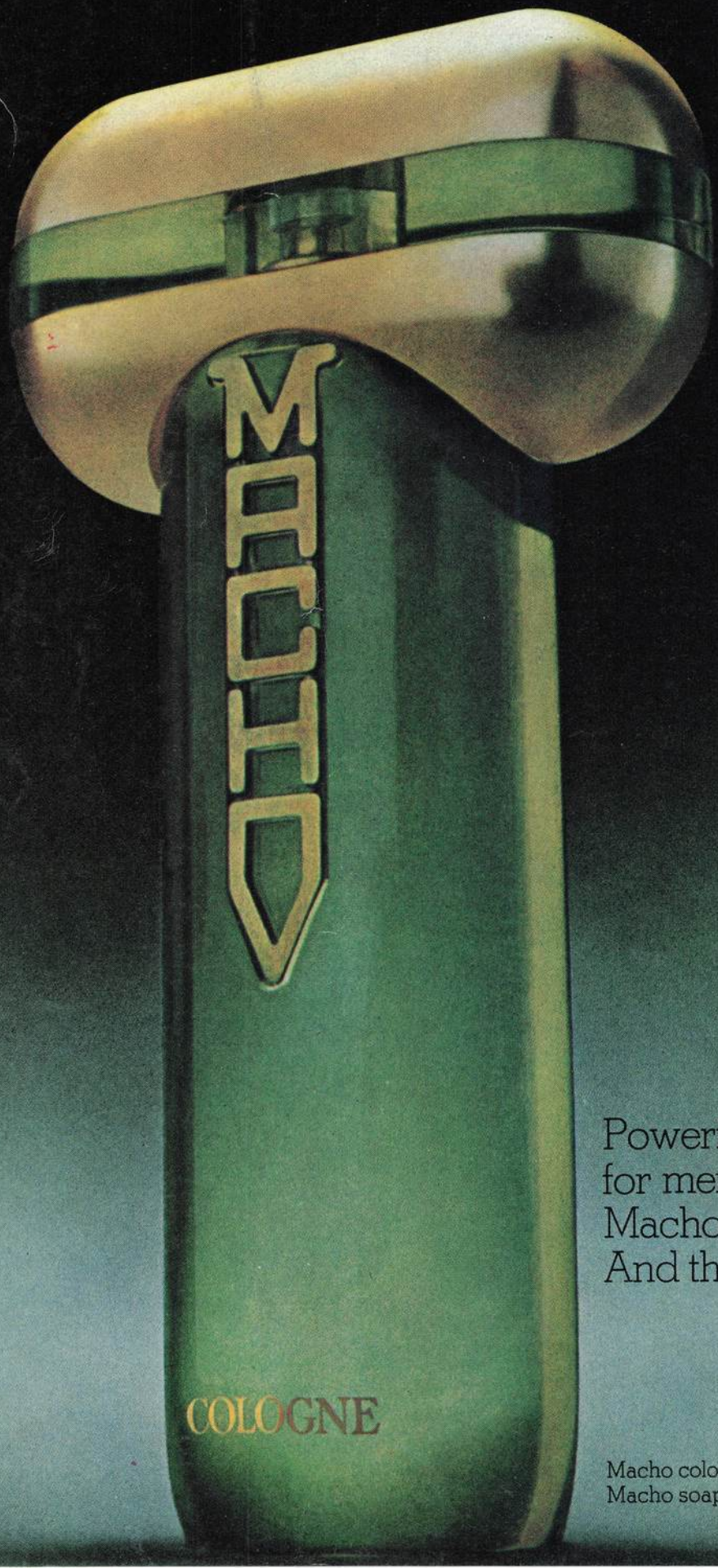
HOW THE IRS SCREWS SINGLES

PLUS: PAUL THEROUX, MERLE HAGGARD, XAVIERA HOLLANDER, THE AMOROUS ASTROLOGER, AND OTHER STARS

PET OF THE YEAR

Austria 53 S/Belgium 86.00 BF/Denmark 15 DKr/Finland 8.00 FM/France 11.00 FrF/Germany 7.50 DM/Greece 125 Dr/Holland 5.90 Hfl/Israel $1.50 U.S./Italy 2100 L/Australia $1.50 U.S./New Zealand NZ$2.05/Japan 850 Y

Macho. It's b-a-a-a-d.



Powerful new scent
for men by Fabergé.
Macho is b-a-a-a-d.
And that's good.

Macho cologne, Macho deodorant,
Macho soap. At fine stores.

© 1976, FABERGE, INC.

Is it live, or is it Memorex?

The amplified voice
of Ella Fitzgerald can shatter
a glass. And anything Ella
can do, Memorex cassette tape
with MRX_2 Oxide can do.

If you record your own music,
Memorex can make all
the difference in the world.

MEMOREX Recording Tape.
Is it live, or is it Memorex?

©1976, Memorex Corporation, Santa Clara, California 95052

...Are Not Created Equal!

At Scintilla,® we start with smooth, supple, sleepable satin. The finest acetate satin with 225x78 threads per sq. inch, woven of 150 denier yarn. That makes our sheets wonderfully soft and luxurious. They last, washing after machine washing! They cost more, but they're worth it. Don't learn about satin the hard way. The difference is in the actual thread count and the workmanship! Hot Pink, Tangerine, Gold, Red, Black, Bronze, Blue, Silver, Pale Pink, White, Mint or Orchid!

EACH SET INCLUDES 2 straight sheets, 2 cases OR 1 straight sheet, 1 fitted sheet, 2 cases. Specify.

Double Set $34.98 Queen Set $37.98
Twin Set 33.98 King Set 50.98
Duo-Twin Set (78x80) $49.98
Round Sets—Bottom Sheets are Fitted
84" Round Set $52.98 96" Round Set $54.98
3-letter monogram on 2 cases—$3.00
Send check or m.o. 50% deposit on C.O.D.'s

SCINTILLA,® INC. 4802 N. Broadway N 11 Chicago, Ill. 60640

Free 40-page Catalog With Every Order!

LYNCHBURG
HARDWARE & GENERAL STORE
Box 331, Lynchburg, Tenn. 37352

Old-time Riverboat Playing Cards

Both of these decks are prettier than a painting, and so is the antique tin card case. Each card is a bit larger and thicker than normal—like those used on riverboats in the 1890's. There's a black and a green deck—both with an antique gold "distillery design." The face cards are reproduced from 100-year-old artwork. So it's a real unusual set of cards for the serious player. Twin deck in antique case: $7.50. Postage included.

Send check, money order, American Express, BankAmericard or Master Charge, including all numbers and signature.
(Tennessee residents add 6% tax.)
For a catalog full of old Tennessee items, send 25¢ to above address.

PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men / NOVEMBER 1976
Worldwide sale: **5,350,000***

EDITOR & PUBLISHER: BOB GUCCIONE

EXECUTIVE ART DIRECTOR: JOE BROOKS
EXECUTIVE EDITOR: ARTHUR COOPER

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER: KATHY KEETON
SENIOR VICE-PRESIDENT: JACK H. SILVERMAN
SECRETARY-TREASURER: ANTHONY J. GUCCIONE

EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT: IRWIN E. BILLMAN

CONTENTS

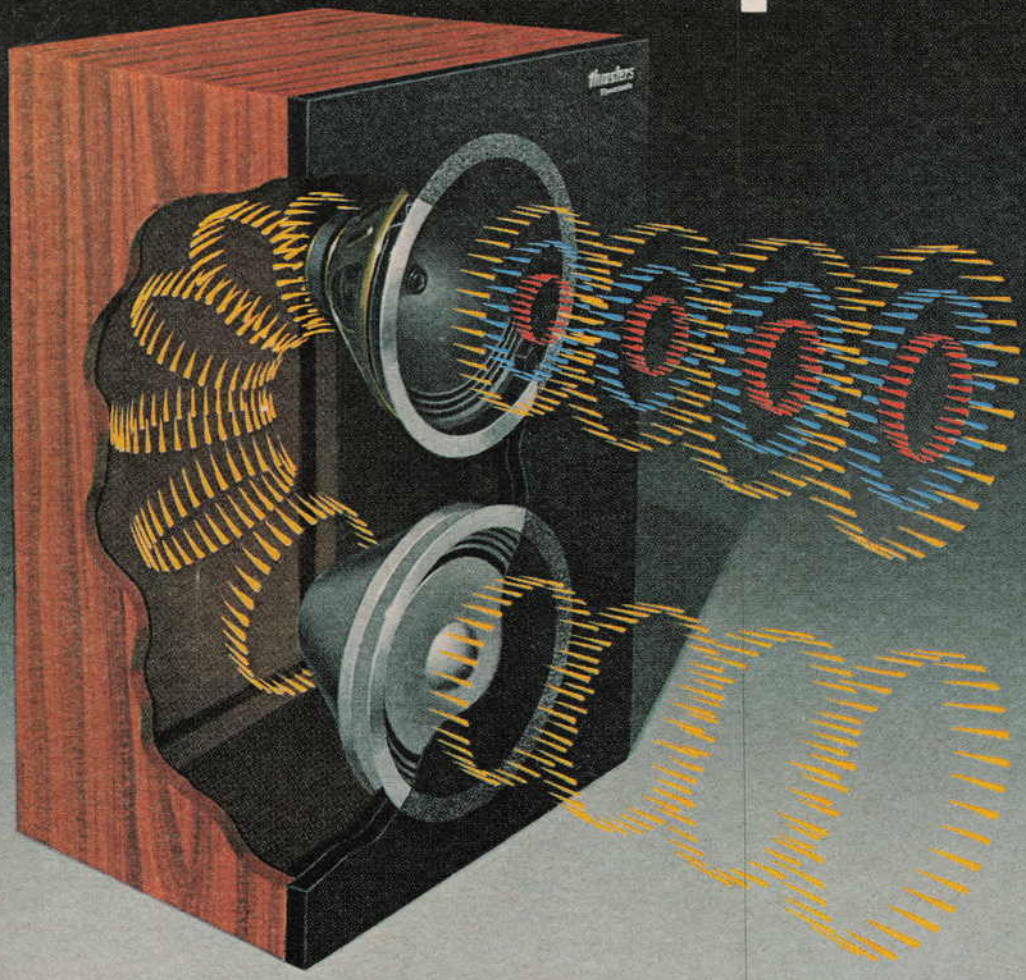
			PAGE
HOUSECALL	Introduction		8
FORUM	Correspondence		10
CALL ME MADAM	Counsel	Xaviera Hollander	39
THE AMOROUS ASTROLOGER	Service	Martine	46
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	Arthur Cooper	53
SCENES		Marilyn Stasio	54
FILMS		Roger Greenspun	55
WORDS		Robert Hofler	57
SOUNDS		Robert Palmer, Henry Edwards	58
IF YOU LIKED RICHARD NIXON, YOU'LL LOVE JIMMY CARTER	Article	Benjamin Stein	62
PET OF THE YEAR	Pictorial	Photos by Bob Guccione	69
IS JAY ROCKEFELLER FOR REAL?	Profile	Nick Thimmesch	82
THE TIGER'S SUIT	Fiction	Paul Theroux	86
THE WORST	Humor	Bruce Felton and Mark Fowler	90
TIME ZONE	Service		94
WOMAN OF THE DUNES	Pet of the Month	Photos by Bob Guccione	101
VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER	Service		114
WHY DO WE LOVE TO HATE THE JEWS?	Essay	John Leonard	116
PET OF THE YEAR GIFTS			118
MERLE HAGGARD	Interview	Lawrence Linderman	126
ERECTION '76	Humor	Bill Lee	130
THE FLYING WEDGE	Service	Fred Mackerodt	142
THE SERPENT	Pictorial	Photos by Gadja	146
SWEATER SEASON	Fashion	Ed Emmerling	160
COUPLES: THE ART OF CLASSROOM SEDUCTION	Survey		165
OH, WICKED WANDA!	Satire	Frederic Mullally/Ron Embleton	204
HOW THE IRS SCREWS SINGLES	Article	Froma Joselow	212

PENTHOUSE, 1976, U.S. Volume 8 Number 3; published monthly in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, Tel. (212) 593-3301. Printed in the U.S.A. by Meredith Printing Corp. and distributed by Curtis Circulation Company. U.K. edition published in the United Kingdom by Penthouse Publications Ltd., 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB, Tel. 01-385-6181.

Entire contents copyrighted © Penthouse International Ltd. 1976. All rights reserved.

Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Second-class postage paid New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Editorial offices as above. All reasonable care taken but no responsibility assumed for unsolicited editorial material. Postage must accompany it if return required. All rights reserved in material accepted for publication unless initially specified otherwise. All letters addressed to *Penthouse* or its editors assumed intended for publication. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned in the fiction or semi-fiction and real places or persons living or dead is coincidental. **Subscriptions:** U.S., AFO — $15.00 one year, $27.00 two years, $35.00 three years; Canada and elsewhere — $20.00 one year, $30.00 two years. Single copies $1.50 in U.S., Canada, and AFO ($2.00 December issues). Address changes, etc., to Penthouse, 155 Allen Blvd., Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735. Postmaster: send form 3579 to Farmingdale address.
Advertising Offices: *New York:* Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, Tel. (212) 593-3301; *Midwest:* Penthouse International Ltd., 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60601, Tel. (312) 565-0466; *West Coast:* Penthouse International Ltd., 1900 Ave. of the Stars, Suite 830, Los Angeles, California 90067; *U.K.:* Penthouse Publications Ltd., 68 Upper Berkeley St., London W1H 7DH, Tel. 01-262-0331 — Telex 919865. Distributed in the United States, Canada, and all U.S. territorial possessions by the Curtis Circulation Co., 21 Henderson Drive, West Caldwell, N.J. 07006, and distributed throughout the rest of the world by Magazine Division, New English Library Ltd., Barnard's Inn, Holborn, London E.C.1. Penthouse and the Penthouse key are trademarks of Penthouse International Ltd., New York © August 12, 1969 Penthouse International Ltd.
***Publisher's estimate (current average net sale)**

thrusters
The next step in sound.



Full-range sound

with a powerful thrust of bass.

Thrusters™ It's music the way it should be heard. Across the full audio spectrum. With a powerful thrust of bass. So much a part of today's music. It's also the next step in speaker design from Panasonic.

Each Thrusters speaker has an extra speaker cone (our engineers call it "vibra-cone") that actually thrusts out bass. At the same time, it filters unwanted sound waves that can cause distortion. Most other compact speaker systems, like air-suspension or tuned port systems, simply don't have this extra speaker cone.

So Thrusters means lower distortion. Superb sound across the full audio spectrum. Higher efficiency. And improved bass response.

Thrusters comes with every new Panasonic stereo home entertainment system. From our *Standard Systems*. To our stylish slim European design —Systems 2000™ To our most exciting systems of all— *Matched Components*.

Thrusters. From Panasonic. An extra thrust of sound. For an extra thrust of enjoyment.

Matched Components
A series of interchangeable components. Receivers. Turntables. And Thrusters.

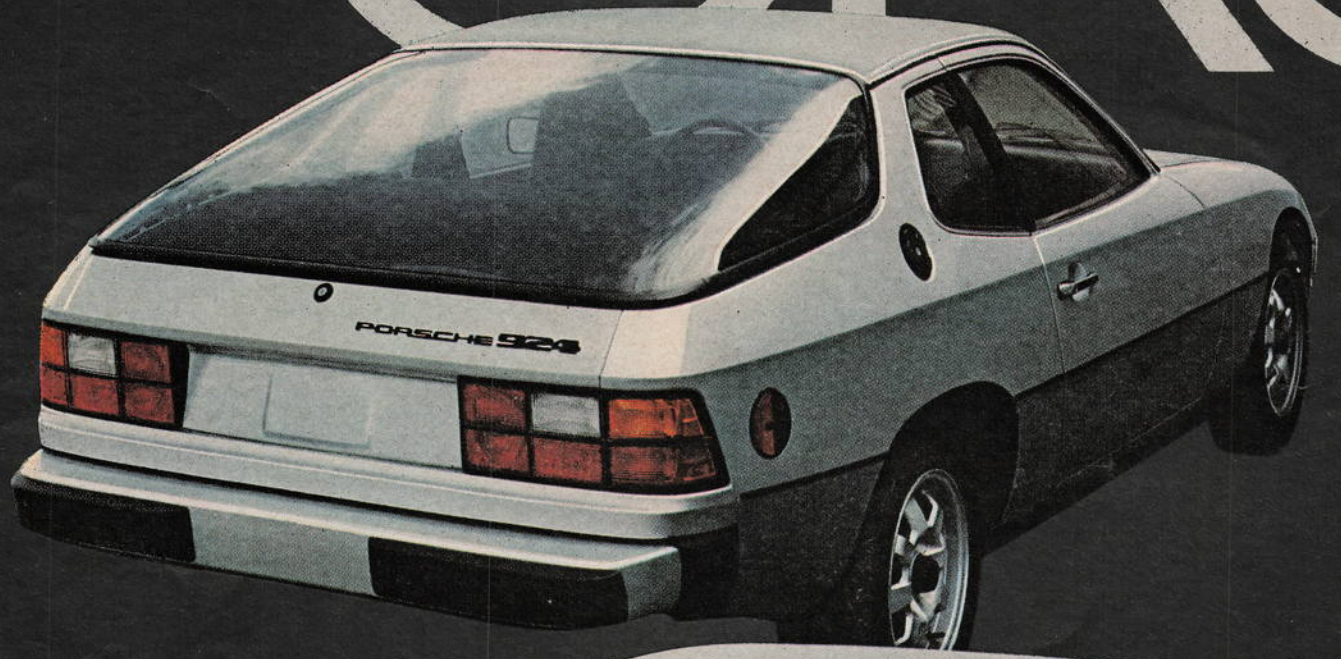
Systems 2000
Available in three different slim European design systems. All with Thrusters.

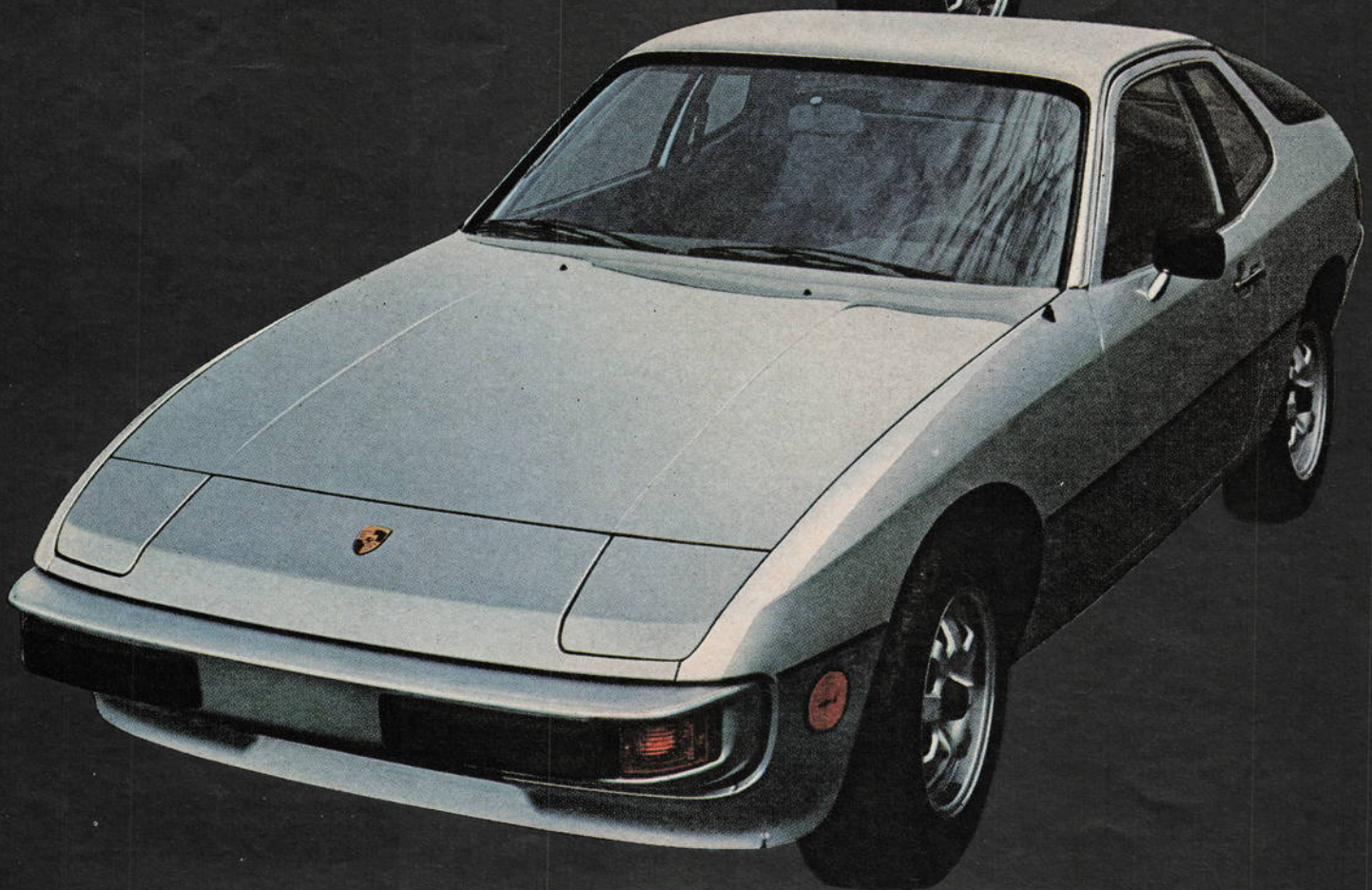
Standard Systems
Thrusters come with all 11 new Panasonic Standard Systems.

All cabinetry is simulated wood grain.

Panasonic®
just slightly ahead of our time.

PORS





SCHE CREATES A NEW PORSCHE

In 1949, Porsche created the first Porsche. A quarter of a century has passed. And the world has changed. These are new times, and they call for new solutions. So Porsche decided it was time to rethink the sportscar.

The result is the new Porsche 924.

One look at the new 924 will tell you how much things have changed. It doesn't look like any Porsche you've ever seen. Its clean, flowing lines not only please the eye, but have startling aerodynamic characteristics. Its wind tunnel tests registered an incredibly low 0.36 drag coefficient.

But the heart of any sportscar is, and always will be, its handling characteristics. And this is where the uniqueness of the new Porsche 924 really comes through. The engine and clutch are up front, but the transmission is in the rear, at the driving wheels.

Rather than a heavy drive shaft, with universal joints, there is a solid drive shaft in a torque tube connecting the front-mounted engine with the rear-mounted transmission. This forms a single, rigid unit, does away with universal joints, and allows for more direct power transfer.

The result is an almost perfect 50-50 weight distribution and a cornering ability that will leave you breathless. McPherson struts in front and a wishbone torsion bar suspension in the rear keep the body lean to a minimum in curves. Rack-and-pinion steering assures the driver of quick response to every command.

In today's world, "practicality" is the watchword, even for a sportscar. The new Porsche 924 meets that demand. The engine is an overhead cam design with a continuous fuel injection system. It's water cooled with a thermostatically controlled, electrically driven radiator fan. The design makes servicing easy and keeps repair costs to a minimum.

On the highway, EPA estimates 31 mpg (17 mpg in the city), with standard transmission. Of course, your actual mileage may vary, depending on your driving habits, the condition of your car, and optional equipment.

As unique as the new Porsche 924 is, there are many things it shares with all Porsches. It is built with the same meticulous attention to detail, the same commitment to visual and driving excitement that have always been the very meaning of the word "Porsche."

The new Porsche 924 is not inexpensive. But it is less than you'd expect to pay for a Porsche. And that is perhaps the most practical thing about it.

The new Porsche 924 makes a Porsche possible. For you.

THE 924

BEN STEIN

LAURA DOONE

PAUL THEROUX

BILL LEE

NICK THIMMESCH

HOUSECALL

The nation, as you may have noticed, has been seized by election fever, which, despite the cast of political characters, is not to be confused with swine flu. Is there a Ford in your future? Or do you prefer the pompous peanut populist from Plains, Ga.? Well, before you cast that hapless vote, go directly to page 62 and read **Ben Stein**'s provocative article, "If You Liked Richard Nixon, You'll *Love* Jimmy Carter!" Indeed, the similarities between the woolly wizard of Watergate and Jimmy ("I'll never lie to you") Carter may make you eschew peanuts from now on. Writer Stein, a former White House insider, has penned speeches for both President Ford and, during those cataclysmic final days, ex-President Nixon. In fact, it was Nixon's son-in-law David Eisenhower who first suggested that Stein take a good, long look at Jimmy Carter. Initially, like young Eisenhower, Stein was impressed. But, also like Eisenhower, the more Stein saw, the less he liked. "Carter seems to turn off very thoroughly three groups of people," says Stein. "One group is composed of people who are quite liberal; another, of people who are quite conservative. The third group includes people who know the truth about him."

The presidency, of course, is every politician's ultimate power trip—even those pols not yet dry behind the ears. Remember Jerry Brown? Well, here comes another *wunderkind* from the Brown generation. Only this one is equipped with an even more famous name and a personal fortune that could ease the national debt. His name is John D. Rockefeller IV, and he's just about a shoo-in to be elected governor of West Virginia next month. The first Rockefeller ever to run as a Democrat, Jay has spent the past dozen years in the Blue Ridge Mountains, trying to escape his button-down, Brooks Brothers, carpetbagger image. To answer the question "Is Jay Rockefeller for Real?" syndicated political columnist **Nick Thimmesch** observed Rockefeller on the hustings. His report: "Yes, Jay has his sights on the White House, and, yes, he's willing to spend a fortune to get there." Come 1984, there should be a rousing Democratic dustup between Jay and Jerry.

Whenever politicians gather at their quadrennial conventions, you can expect a lot of foot-in-the-mouth foolishness, from both delegates and candidates alike. Humor editor **Bill Lee**, intrepid observer of the national scene, watched the conventioneers in action, and as he clearly demonstrates with sketches and text in "Erection '76," this may well have been a vintage year for nonsense. Executive Editor **Art Cooper**, in the first of his monthly View from the Top columns, writes about a conversation with the man who totally controlled the 1972 Republican convention but whose name is now at the top of his own party's enemies list.

Another convicted Republican felon, former veep Spiro Agnew, is somewhat responsible for this month's "Advise and Dissent" essay. Agnew's tacky novel, *The Canfield Decision*, published by the Playboy Press, reeks of anti-Semitism, but deeper and darker than that, it seems to reflect the shameful sentiments of an increasing number of Americans. So we asked **John Leonard**, the *New York Times*'s chief cultural correspondent, to employ his not inconsiderable skills and analyze "Why We Love to Hate the Jews" (page 116). Leonard's essay will dazzle you, and his conclusions are guaranteed to startle.

Also making his *Penthouse* debut in this issue is another young, awesomely gifted writer, **Paul Theroux**, whose terrifyingly exotic short story "The Tiger's Suit" plunges you into the netherworld of Malaysian black magic. An American who expatriated himself to England, Theroux has written several books—most notably last year's best seller, *The Great Railway Bazaar*, and the current best seller, *The Family Arsenal*.

Since our less than humble beginnings, Editor-Publisher Bob Guccione has consistently sought out writers of Paul Theroux's literary caliber. Good writing, though, even more than big-name authors, has done a lot for *Penthouse*, and now *Penthouse* wants to do its part to encourage authors who specialize in short fiction. We take pride, therefore, in announcing the *Penthouse* New Writers Short-Story Contest. There is an impressive panel of judges; winners will receive more than $13,000 in cash awards; and the best stories will be published in future issues of this magazine. See page 141 for details.

If, instead of pursuing the best of everything, your tastes tend to run to the worst, turn at once to page 90 for a crash course in the absolute unmitigated worst of everything, excerpted with the best intentions from **Bruce Felton** and **Mark Fowler**'s forthcoming book, *The Best, Worst, and Most Unusual* (Thomas Y. Crowell).

Saving the most sexsational for last: all the votes are in, and it's official—**Laura Doone**, by a well-rounded margin, emerges as our tenth Pet of the Year! Along with the honor, the luscious New Orleans native will receive a treasure chest of cash and prizes valued at well over $50,000, which eclipses last year's figure and now ranks as the most munificent sum ever awarded for any beauty contest. To see how fitting the choice is, just glance at our undraped Pet on parade on pages 69-81. Fittingly, too, for a girl who loves to live and drive fast, Laura's most glittering prize is the sleek Porsche 924, one of the most coveted cars in the world. So sit back, relax, and take a spin through the pages of *Penthouse*. We're sure you'll find it a heady trip.

Introducing Fact. The low gas, low 'tar.'

You might not know it, but cigarette smoke is mostly gas—many different kinds. Not just 'tar' and nicotine.

And despite what we tobacco people think, some critics of smoking say it's just as important to cut down on some of the gases as it is to lower 'tar' and nicotine.

No ordinary cigarette does both. But Fact does.

Fact is the first cigarette with the revolutionary Purite™ filter. And Fact reduces gas concentrations while it reduces 'tar' and nicotine.

Read the pack. It tells how you get the first low gas, low 'tar' smoke with good, rich taste.

Taste as good as the leading king-size brand.

And that's not fiction. That's a Fact.

fact
20 CLASS A CIGARETTES
fact:
Fact is the first cigarette with Purite granules.
The *selective* filtering agent.
Selective.
That means it reduces specific gases in smoke that taste bad.
Without removing the elements that taste good.
So, for the first time, you get low gas, low "tar," and satisfying taste in one cigarette.
Fact: The low gas, low "tar."

Available in regular and menthol.

Fact: The low gas, low 'tar.'

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Regular, 14 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine; Menthol, 13 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

©B&W1 CO.

PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
Founded March 1965
BOB GUCCIONE
editor & publisher
PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.
(U.S. edition)

THE CORPORATION
Bob Guccione *(chairman and president)*
Irwin E. Billman *(executive vice-president)*
Kathy Keeton *(senior vice-president)*
Jack H. Silverman *(senior vice-president)*
Anthony J. Guccione *(secretary-treasurer)*

EDITORIAL
Editor in Chief: Bob Guccione. *Executive Editor:* Arthur Cooper. *Senior Editors:* Peter Bloch, Gerard Van der Leun. *National Affairs Editor:* William R. Corson; *Managing Editor:* Heidi Handman; *Fashion Editor:* Ed Emmerling; *Humor Editor:* Bill Lee. *Service Editor:* Gwenn Lewis Norman. *Assoc. Editors:* Terry Curtis Fox, Robert Hofler, Jack Parks. *Assistant Editor:* Lyn Osburn; *Senior Copy Editor:* Michael Schrader; *Associate Copy Editor:* David Grambs; *Research Editor:* Susan Bidel; *Editorial Assistants:* Laurie Lister, Kay Shaw; *Contributing Editors:* Richard Ballad, Art Ford, Roger Greenspun, Xaviera Hollander, Henry Morgan, Frederic Mullally. *Travel Editor:* Allan H. Mankoff; *Dir. Book Society:* J. Winston; *West Coast Editor:* Herbert Margolis; *Assoc. Editor:* Toni Biggs

ART
Executive Art Director: Joe Brooks; *Assoc. Art Director:* Frank DeVino; *Assistant Art Director:* Lynda Moss. *Designer:* Robert Luzzi; *Staff Photographers:* Earl Miller, Stan Malinowski

ADMINISTRATIVE
Associate Publisher, Kathy Keeton. *VP/Advertising Administration,* Woody Katsoff; *VP/Advertising Director,* Marianne Howatson. *VP/Promotion Director,* Alma Moore. *VP/Administrative Services,* Jeri Winston; *VP/Marketing Director,* Aaron Cohen; *Midwest Advertising Manager,* Norman Kamikow; *Circulation Manager,* Richard Fogel; *Newsstand Circulation Manager:* Bob Castardi; *Controller,* John Holland; *Production Director,* John Evans; *Advertising Production Director,* Toni Wagner. *Editorial Production Assistant:* Laura Feire. *Pet Promotions Director:* Eleanora Sigona; *Research Director:* Carole Rossant

ADVERTISING OFFICES
New York (Kathy Keeton): Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, Tel. (212) 593-3301, Telex no. 237128. *Midwest:* Penthouse International Ltd., 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601, Tel. (312) 565-0466. *West Coast:* Penthouse Intl., Ltd., 1900 Ave. of the Stars, Suite 830, Los Angeles, Calif. 90067, Tel. (213) 277-7125. *U.K. & Europe* (Peter Goldsmith): Penthouse Publications Ltd., 68 Upper Berkeley Street, London W1H 7DH, England, Tel. 01-262-0331, Telex no. 919865

EDITORIAL OFFICES
New York: 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, Tel. (212) 593-3301, Telex no. 237128. *West Coast:* 8732 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069, Tel. (213) 652-8070. *London:* 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB England, Tel. 01-385-6181, Telex no. 919865

Penthouse Publications Ltd.
(U.K. & European editions)
Dirs.: Bob Guccione *(Chairman)*, Gordon Grimley *(Managing)*, Joe Brooks, Kathy Keeton.
Editorial: *Editorial Director,* Steve Ashworth; *Art Director:* Peter Green; *Assoc. Editors:* Nevile Player, Andrew Dickson. *Production Executive,* Harriet Blaney; *Contributing Editors,* Kingsley Amis, Frederic Mullally, Stirling Moss.
Administrative: *Advertising Director,* Peter Goldsmith; *Assistant Advertising Director,* Beverley Wardale; *Special Projects Director,* Julie Werth; *Director of Public Relations,* Molly McKellar; *Circulation Director,* John Clarke; *Accounts Manager,* John Herbing.

BUREAUS:
Washington, D.C.: William R. Corson, 1707 H Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. *Berlin:* Hans-Hohn, Enzianstrasse 1, Berlin 45. *Herzlia Pitua:* Leonard Stone, 46 David Hamelech St., Herzlia Pitua, Israel. *Rio de Janeiro:* Andre Fodor, 98 Rua Mexico, 15th floor, Rio de Janeiro ZC39, Brazil. *Budapest:* Paul Kirly-hedgyi, 5 Regi posta utca, Budapest 5, Hungary. *Zagreb:* Cedomir Komijenovic, Strebrnjak 96, Zagreb, Yugoslavia.

NOVEMBER

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Three-piece suite

This is a very strange story, but it is true, and I'd like to share it with Forum readers. In the very little town in which I live is a small men's shop located on the first floor of an old house. I dropped in to buy a new pair of jeans, and not knowing my proper size, I selected a pair to try on for the fit. I went into the dressing room and then returned with the jeans on. They were very tight. I was just removing another pair from the table to try on when one of the salesgirls, a beautiful girl in her early twenties, came over to help. She suggested that I try a larger size and picked up a tape measure. She reached around my waist with the tape, and as she did this, she rubbed her breasts across my chest. Then she fiddled with the tape around my waist to get the kinks out. I almost passed out when she measured the inseam. My dick became superhard as she placed the tape at my crotch and the back of her fingers lightly rubbed against my balls through the tight denim.

She then suggested that I might like to go upstairs to a private fitting room. I eagerly followed her up the stairs—and into her bedroom!

She told me that I should make myself at home and that she would be back in a minute. In a few minutes she returned with a man who she said was her husband. She wanted me to watch them screw!

My very hard cock, still in the cramped jeans, suggested strongly that I should agree. Explaining how tight they were, I asked if it was all right if I took them off to watch. She and her husband both encouraged me to do so. We all stripped completely, and I joined them by sitting on the edge of the bed—at their insistence.

The husband began to suck on her nipples and worked his way down to her golden V of blond pussy. Then she rolled him over flat on his back, and she straddled his head so that her snatch was directly over his face. He began to eat her furiously, lapping loudly, while she reached over, took my hands, and placed them on her taut breasts. I squeezed and pinched her full breasts and pointy nipples while her husband buried his face even deeper into her muff.

Then she pulled me further onto the bed and indicated that she wanted me to stand up on it. This brought my aching cock directly in front of her mouth, and she quickly stuffed and sucked it into her mouth. We all rode like that for what seemed like forever until I shot my rocks into her moaning mouth as she came on top of her husband's mouth. We all collapsed in a heap and lay there exhausted.

After I recovered, we talked about how they dig threesomes. Then we went back for one more go-around. That was the first time I'd ever done anything like that, but now we are all good friends, and I stop by often—for clothes as well as other things.—*Name and address withheld*

Saucy barbecue

My best friend, Bob, and I were invited to dinner at the home of a mutual female friend with whom we work. The weather was nice, and so she barbecued in her backyard.

After drinking a bit of wine before dinner, and beer during and after, I crashed out on the grass. When I woke up, I was stunned to see my friend Bob eating Phyllis's pussy right on the lawn. They were both naked, and even though there was a high, thick hedge around the yard, many of her neighbors barbecued in their back yards, too.

Neither Bob nor Phyllis heard me as I approached them—they were obviously too engrossed in what they were doing. But so was I. I took off my shorts and knelt by her head. Her eyes were closed, but when she opened them, the first thing she saw was my very stiff cock almost touching her nose. She grabbed it without a word and guided it into her mouth. I was so worked up I blew my load almost instantly and sat back and watched as Bob sucked her to her own frenzied climax.

Later, after a brief rest and a couple of drinks, she climbed aboard Bob's cock, and I drove mine up her ass—bringing her to multiple orgasms as we worked away. After that she blew Bob off while I continued to fuck her doggy style.

But the evening ended on a sour note. We must have been seen (or heard), because someone reported us to the police. Two of the boys in blue came around and arrested us for indecent exposure, for which we were subsequently fined $150 each.

A nice experience but expensive.—*Name and address withheld*

Learning to love your mother-in-law

My mother-in-law and I have been having a flirting, no-touching kind of teasing game going on for a few months. And since we haven't talked about it, that makes it even more fantasylike and exciting. She gives me little peeps at her enormous tits when it's convenient and does things like bend-

Black Velvet feels great straight.
IMPORTED
BLACK VELVET
BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY
The Premium Canadian. Black Velvet® Blended Canadian Whisky.
80 Proof. Imported by ©1976 Heublein, Inc., Hartford, Conn.

The Egghead

Was it only a couple of decades ago we dubbed our intellectuals eggheads?

A great word. We're tickled that we can bring it back in another way with our egg, orange juice and Smirnoff concoction.

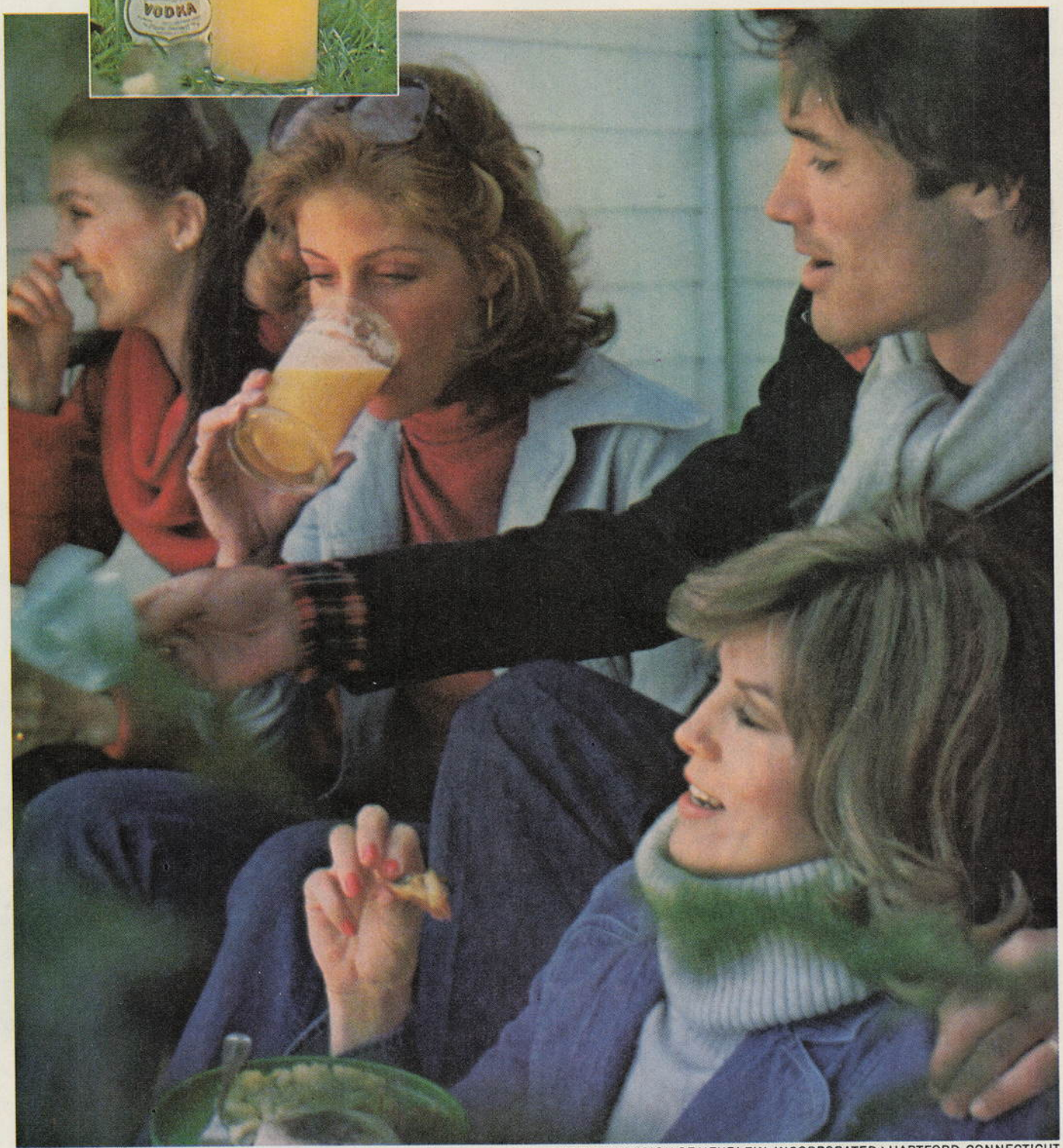
Friends seem to be delighted with it. Not only do they find Egghead brunches fun, they like the idea of having a pleasurable drink of some substance.

Don't make that an excuse for over-indulging, however.

Remember Eggheads can get to be pretty heady.

To make an Egghead put 1½ oz. Smirnoff, 4 oz. orange juice, and 1 egg into a blender. Mix and pour into a tall glass with ice.

Smirnoff
leaves you breathless®



SMIRNOFF® VODKA. 80 & 100 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. STE. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS. (DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN, INCORPORATED) HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

ing down in front of me to give me a cup of coffee or serving me a cold drink while I'm watching television. The best part of the game is that there are always other people around; so we have to be careful not to be too obvious with our glances.

Sometimes she positions herself in such a way that I have a clear view up her skirt as she is sitting opposite me, but no one else suspects what's going on. Once she gave me a flash of bush, which caused an immediate and lasting erection. The looks she was giving my crotch didn't ease my cock from its hard state either. She made it worse by asking me to get up and get her an ashtray. She looked slyly into my eyes as I awkwardly sidled my way out of the living room filled with relatives, trying to keep my bulging crotch from being too noticeable.

Recently, we got past the game-playing stage of our relationship when she surprised me at home alone one day. She stripped off her blouse and bra and gave me a fabulous blowjob. At the last moment I shot my load all over her tits. She then licked her tits and played with her nipples and her cunt as she watched me jerk off. It took a while, since I'd just shot one load, but her presence and sexual energy soon had me beating a stiff rod again. She herself continued to jerk off, moaning so much that I couldn't be sure of how many times she made herself come. When I announced that I was going to come again, she shouted for me to stop and quickly made me put on her panties. She then started sucking the head of my cock through the panties while she jerked me rapidly with quick, short strokes. I came in a few moments, and she moaned as if she were a starving woman being fed for the first time in weeks. (She is a widow.)

Since the ice was broken, our games have taken a new turn. When I'm at her house, she gives me a signal which tells me to go into the bathroom. In a prearranged hiding place in the bathroom is a pair of panties which she has just worn while jerking off. The crotch is always very moist and aromatic, and I sniff the panties as I'm getting my rocks off. As the final moment comes, I spread the panties on the sink and aim my come at the crotch. I then replace the panties and leave the bathroom. A few minutes later my mother-in-law reenters the bathroom and jerks off while she is wearing my come-soaked gift. When she comes out again, she is wearing the panties, and it gives me an added thrill to know that she is sitting across from me, eating dinner or playing cards, feeling my wet, sticky fluid on her cunt.

We've never fucked, but I think that soon we'll break down all barriers and start to see each other alone more often. I'm in no hurry, however, as this game we play is plenty to keep me interested for the present.—*L.R., Las Vegas, Nev.*

Chalking it up

Late one night last summer, with a little coaxing from my girl friend, I confessed a sexual fantasy which has stimulated me since I was a child. With some reluctance, I revealed to her that the sight of a woman writing on a blackboard drives me into a sexual frenzy.

As early as second grade, before I was even aware of my sexuality, I responded with "baby boners." Upon entering the classroom after recess and discovering the blackboard already covered with assignments and the teacher still writing away, I would be faced with an almost irrepressible urge to grab the teacher and "make her stop." With all the understanding of an eight-year-old mind, this compulsion made itself felt physically by what I remember as a shooting desire that ran right up through the seat of my little chair into my tusche.

Later, in high school, my Spanish teacher actually wrote me into an orgasm. Thin, unattractive, intolerant, and bitchy, but endowed with an enormous, quivering pair of tits, she wiggled on her heels with a deadly vigor as she spelled out each exam question. The worst thing was that I had to do what she said: I had to copy the work down while she was driving me crazy.

Coincidentally, when young, my girl friend used to amuse herself by playing teacher with the aid of a large blackboard. So she was adequately adept at the art of blackboard writing. Basically, the proper method for my sexual arousal requires a neat, precise, and fluent script, rendered with a crisp, authoritative hand.

We were both interested in seeing if the magic of the blackboard could still produce such dramatic results. That same week, armed with a devious scheme and a hammer, we managed to acquire a beautiful, regulation-sized blackboard. I wasted no time installing the board against a wall in our bedroom. Shortly after, my first lesson commenced.

The fact that we were lovers allowed innumerable possibilities as to my girl friend's role as a teacher. She varied her manner and dress attire from prim and bespectacled to gentle, but firm, and her blackboard writing never failed to produce an instantaneous, throbbing erection in me. Usually, I would masturbate to the strident sound of chalk and high heels clicking from the front of the room, moaning for her to stop as the come gushed onto my shirt.

But one day, dressed only in red lace, black-ribboned panties, black high heels, and wire-rimmed glasses, she was busy handing out a particularly rigorous homework assignment, when I approached her from behind. I began with a wet kiss on her ankles, then quickly moved up her legs and deep into her thighs. Ripping down her panties, I shoved my tongue in and out and all around her pussy. She did her best to keep on writing as my tongue plunged deeper into her with a rhythm as fast as her writing. Suddenly I withdrew, and there was a moment's silence broken only by the scratching of chalk as she continued writing. Then I threw my arms around her waist and rammed my prick deep into her from behind. God, it felt good! But I knew she had a job to do, and she persisted with her furious writing, which at this point had degenerated into a repetitive scribbling as I moved harder and faster against her wiggling ass. I came violently, crushing her and her chalk against the blackboard.

Afterward, I told her that it had been one

"That's the wrong page, Father; you're reading the Last Rites."

A stereo sale in your living room?

That's right — it comes right to your door!

Just open our new catalog and you'll discover all the latest stereo components and complete music systems at remarkable savings. No hype. No pressure. We simply pick the best stuff available from ALL major brands and offer it at shamefully low prices. For five years we've been the fast-delivering alternative to high-priced retail stores, with over 100,000 customers! Find out why . . . write or call today!

P.S. Send along $1 for postage and we'll zip you the new "How to Hi-Fi Guide" — a good source book explaining all the basic components and how to get the most out of your music system, plus a glossary of terms.

Warehouse Sound Co.
Box S, San Luis Obispo
CA, 93405
805/544-9700

Free catalog
WAREHOUSE SOUND CO.

Box S, San Luis Obispo, CA 93405 805/544-9700

☐ Enclosed is $1 for your hot new catalog and the "How to Hi-Fi Guide" sent via PRIORITY FIRST CLASS MAIL.

☐ Just zip me your free catalog via THIRD CLASS MAIL.

name _____

address _____

_____

city _____ state _____ zip _____

2 B

of the most intense sexual experiences of my life. Even now, as she is composing this letter for me on the blackboard, I am pulling out an erect penis from my pants.—*M.M., Boston, Mass.*

Does she give the erasers a good clap, too?—The Editors

How to begin a sentence

I'm an inmate at Menard Correctional Center in southern Illinois, and like most of the other 2,200 men here, I look forward each month to reading *Penthouse*. I don't have a subscription, and it's not sold here as at some other prisons, but my parents have a copy mailed to me from a magazine shop almost every month.

I thought Forum might be interested in what happened to me while I was being returned to prison. I was arrested in California, and while on the plane back, I struck up a conversation with one of the stewardesses. She was a tall redhead, with green eyes and the kind of body that increases wet dreams.

The plane wasn't very full, and since I was a prisoner in the back, I had a chance to talk to her at some length. She knew I was a prisoner, and when I told her I was being returned to prison, she was really interested.

About an hour away from Chicago, I had to use the rest room, and the officer allowed me to go alone. I had no sooner closed the door when a knock interrupted what I was about to do. I told the person through the door that the room was occupied. But the knock came again.

I cracked the door so that I could explain further, but when I did, my "angel of the clouds" slipped in. She quickly locked the door and told me she hated to think of me returning to prison in such a state. Well, I was horny, but I wasn't sure how she knew that.

With that she sank to the floor and removed my now half-hard penis from my pants. She proceeded to lavish it with kisses and licks from her pink tongue until it was completely stiff. She then engulfed it and gave me the best blow job that I can remember. As I was about to shoot off, I tried to pull her up, but she kept at it until she was rewarded for her efforts. Instead of getting up, she kept at my now-softening cock until it was once again erect.

She now stood up and removed her shoes and panty hose and, hiking up her skirt, hoisted herself up on the small, metal lavatory. When she did, she exposed one of the most beautiful, red-hair-covered pussies I've ever seen. I wasted no time and began to kiss, lick, and nibble it until she was groaning softly and pulling my hair. I finally raised up and, inserting my penis into this copper love nest, pumped until we both came in a mutual moan of satisfaction.

She put her panty hose and shoes back on and, after kissing me, told me her boy friend was doing time on a drug bust. She said thinking of him she just couldn't let me return to prison without something to re-

When you're ready for your next bike, see the man who really knows motorcycles. Your Harley-Davidson dealer.

A lot of motorcycle dealers are strictly businessmen at heart. If they thought they could make a bigger buck selling washing machines, they'd be into washing machines tomorrow.

Your Harley-Davidson dealer, on the other hand, is likely to be a man who loves motorcycles and has been around them all his life. He probably even rides one to work.

He's the type of a guy who speaks your language and is willing to go all out to help you enjoy motorcycling as much as he does.

That's one reason why he sells Harley-Davidsons.

He takes pride in providing you with the finest motorcycles on the market. Like the famous FLH-1200, FX and FXE-1200, and XL and XLCH-1000. Machines that look and sound like no others. And carry a 70-year reputation of engineering excellence.

He's also proud of his light and middleweight Harley-Davidsons —125cc, 175cc and 250cc street and on-off road bikes that are loaded with practical features.

So if you're ready to move on to better things, pay your AMF Harley-Davidson dealer a visit.

He's a good man to know.

AMF
Harley-Davidson

The Great American Freedom Machines.

Harley-Davidson believes in safety first. Before you start out, light your lights, put on your helmet and watch out for the other guy.

Take a long look at the 100 sweepstakes from Benson & Hedges 100's.

Let's see: how about barging down the Nile, rafting down the Colorado, or steamboating down the Mississippi? Or does money look better to you — like 100 days interest on $100,000? 100 English pounds? 100 grams of gold? Or perhaps a car? A totem pole? Taffy? Topsoil? Or one of 90 other prizes?

In any case, any winner may have a change of mind and ask for 100 ft. of dollar bills ($200) instead.

Each winner will get a letter telling exactly what the prize includes, what choice there is (if any) of style or color or flavor, and what options there are on deliveries of perishable goods.

Please read the rules carefully and note especially that such sweepstakes must be entered individually, with each entry mailed separately in its own envelope, with the sweepstakes number in the lower left corner.

The longer you look, the more you'll see. And the more sweepstakes you enter, the more chances for you to be one of Benson & Hedges 100's 100 winners.

1 100 hrs. in a dog kennel
2 100 mins. phone calls in U.S.
3 100 lb. grandfather clock
4 100 thous. thumbtacks
5 100 hrs. 1,000 in the Thousand Islands*
6 100 weeks TV GUIDE TV Guide & color TV
7 100 towels & towel heater
8 100 watt bulb & Tiffany lamp
9 100 hrs. MISSISSIPPI on a Mississippi riverboat*
10 100 cases artificial fire logs
11 100 in. totem pole
12 100 drams French perfume
13 100 fishing lures & fish finder
14 100 ft. hose & traveling sprinkler
15 100 pairs Argyle knee socks
16 100 shamrocks in Ireland*
17 100 lbs. Butter butter
18 100 orchid plants
19 100 miles on a barge down the Nile*
20 100 lbs. designer bed linen
21 100 VOTE old election buttons
22 100 lbs. Swiss cheese
23 100 thous. marbles
24 100 lbs. ONE CENT pennies
25 100 lbs. popcorn & popper
26 100 lbs. ribs & barbecue
27 100 doz. Dutch tulip bulbs
28 100 points emerald ring
29 100 lbs. cast iron cookware
30 100 rolls 13¢ 13¢ stamps
31 100 lbs. marshmallows
32 100 lbs. modeling clay
33 100 days nursery school
34 100 cacti & bandages
35 100 lbs. saltwater taffy
36 100 lb. home safe

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette—hard pack, by FTC Method; 18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette—soft pack, FTC Report Apr. '76.

37 100 lbs. nuts & peanut butter maker

38 100 reels tape & tape recorder

39 100 $2.00 $2 bills

40 100 hr. deep-sea fishing charter*

41 100 in. Ford Pinto Cruising Wagon

42 100 thous. salted almonds

43 100 yr.-old music box

44 100 dress shirts

45 100 min. Turkish bath in Istanbul*

46 100 ins. sliding glass doors

47 100 English pounds

48 100 thous. lire & trip to Italy*

49 100 hr. Broadway show trip*

50 100 jars herbs & spices

51 100 gals. gasoline

52 100 lbs. lawn seed & power mower

53 100 lbs. semolina & pasta maker

54 100 magic tricks

55 100 H.P. outboard motor & towline

56 100 lbs. jelly beans & basket

57 100 oz. oolong tea

58 100 ins. camper-trailer

OFFICIAL RULES—NO PURCHASE REQUIRED

1. Write the number of the sweepstakes you wish to enter in the space provided on the official entry blank, or on a plain piece of 3" x 5" paper.
2. Hand-print your name, address and zip code on your entry, include with it the printed **bottom panels** from two packs of Benson & Hedges 100's, Regular or Menthol, or the words "Benson & Hedges 100's" hand-printed on a plain piece of 3" x 5" paper.
3. Enter as often as you wish, but you may enter only one sweepstakes per entry, and each entry must be mailed separately to Benson & Hedges 100's, P.O. Box 2298, Westbury, New York 11591. Entries must be received by February 11, 1977.
4. **IMPORTANT:** You must write the number of the sweepstakes you are entering on the outside of the envelope, in the lower left-hand corner.
5. **Winners will be selected in random drawings from entries for sweepstakes by National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Winners will be asked to execute an affidavit of release and eligibility. All prizes will be awarded. Only one prize to a family. Liability for taxes is the sole responsibility of the individual winners. In lieu of any prize, winner may elect to receive a cash award of $200.**
6. Contest open to all U.S. residents over 21 years of age, except employees and their families of Philip Morris, Inc., its advertising agencies and National Judging Institute, Inc. This offer is subject to all federal, state and local laws. Void in Missouri, and wherever prohibited, restricted or taxed.
7. **For a list of winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to BENSON & HEDGES WINNERS LIST, P.O. Box 2442, Westbury, New York 11591. List will be available by May 16, 1977.**

59 100 hrs. raft trip down the Colorado*

60 100 grams gold

61 100 boxes soap & washing machine

62 100 gals. soy sauce & wok

63 100 silver dollars

64 100 games bowling & ball

65 100 books S&H Green Stamps

66 100 yds. kielbasa sausage

67 100 lb. portable refrigerator

68 100 days interest on $100,000

69 100 lbs. frozen food & freezer

70 100 qts. synthetic motor oil

71 100 wicker baskets

72 100 Haydn symphonies

73 100 doz. blintzes & sour cream

74 100 jigsaw puzzles

75 100 lbs. butcher block & a chicken

76 100 in. seesaw

77 100 lbs. exercise equipment

78 100 yds. sandpaper & electric sander

79 100 ft. golf clubs

80 100 smoked whitefish

81 100 lbs redwood outdoor furniture

82 100 bags topsoil

83 100 cartons Benson & Hedges 100's

84 100 thous. sturgeon eggs

85 100 lb. birthday cake

Benson & Hedges 100's, P.O. Box 2298, Westbury, New York 11591

I've chosen the following sweepstakes and I've read the rules carefully.

The sweepstakes number is _____ and the prize is _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

IMPORTANT: You must write the number of the sweepstakes you are entering on the outside of the envelope, in the lower left-hand corner.

86 100 flash cubes & camera

87 100 1,000 LIVES disposable lighters

88 100 sq. yds. electric blanket

89 100 in. hero sandwich

90 100 shares of mutual funds

91 100 The Wonder Dog movie posters

92 100 rolls aluminum foil

93 100 Christmas ornaments

94 100 yr.-old THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA Presidential autograph

95 100 candy apples

96 100 tennis balls & ball thrower

97 100 sq. yds. indoor/outdoor carpet

98 100 cream puffs

99 100 fine art books

100 100 whodunits

Benson & Hedges 100's. Now in hard pack, too.

*Plus travel and accommodations for two

member. She then kissed me again and emerged from the washroom a few minutes before me. When I emerged, it was to the knowing smiles of her two sister stewardesses.

When I returned to my seat, my escort remarked that I had been gone a while. I told him I had a lot to do and smiled. I only had a chance to smile at my stewardess and tell her a quick thanks before we landed. But because of this understanding lady, I have something to remember at night here in my cell.—*R.J., address withheld*

Save the bikini

Recently, while shopping, I watched a tall, blond teenager rummaging through some magazines. Her sheer white pants did nothing to hide what had to be the smallest bikini imaginable, just a thin string on the sides and a patch in front and back. When I finally looked up at her, her innocent face and virginal good looks, coupled with her torturously sexy clothing, created an instantaneous bulging in my pants. So transfixed was I that she caught me staring and followed my hands as they plunged to my pockets to hide my arousal. She noticed my crotch, smiled, and went back to the magazines. Upon returning home, I masturbated, fantasizing that my teasing fingers were unzipping her pants ever so slowly and sliding my hand down, down, feeling nothing but smooth skin until, just at the first touch of the soft pubic hair, the thin, silky line tickles my fingers. Women I've made love with have all worn bikini underwear; so I'm speaking from some experience when I say there's absolutely no substitute for it.

I really hope women don't begin purchasing the high-waisted briefs. In an age when sex is no longer taboo, and even the female store mannikins are sporting nipples, I can't understand regressing to a Neanderthal style of panties. Without being flagrant, it's a relatively harmless way for a woman to say "Yes, I'm sexy" to people—no more or less a cheap thrill than, say, a bulging male crotch is to some women.—*D.W., address withheld*

Complete coverage

I sell insurance for a living, all kinds, and I think I do a pretty good job *for* my clients, not on them. They refer me often to their friends; so my self-confidence is, frankly, well-founded.

In our little southern town, I hail forth out of a two-room, air-conditioned office on street level. This affords me comfort during the long, hot summers and a good deal of walk-in trade with the public.

But one day this summer, the air-conditioner broke, and, to add to my exasperation, my secretary wasn't able to come in.

That afternoon, when the humidity and heat combined to make the office especially miserable inside, there came a slight tap on the door of my office. I could tell through the sheers on my window that the outline looked like that of a woman, but I couldn't really see her well. I opened the door, and as I did, I was treated to the sight of a young woman in her twenties, a sweet-looking honey-blond, with a very business-like expression on her pretty face, and a nicely proportioned figure that would take first prize in any beauty contest.

She had on a wide-brimmed straw hat which matched her hot-pink, wrap-around skirt, and a light green jersey top, not strained by her ample bosom, but nicely adequate. White summer sandals and handbag completed the sun-tanned vision's first impression for me.

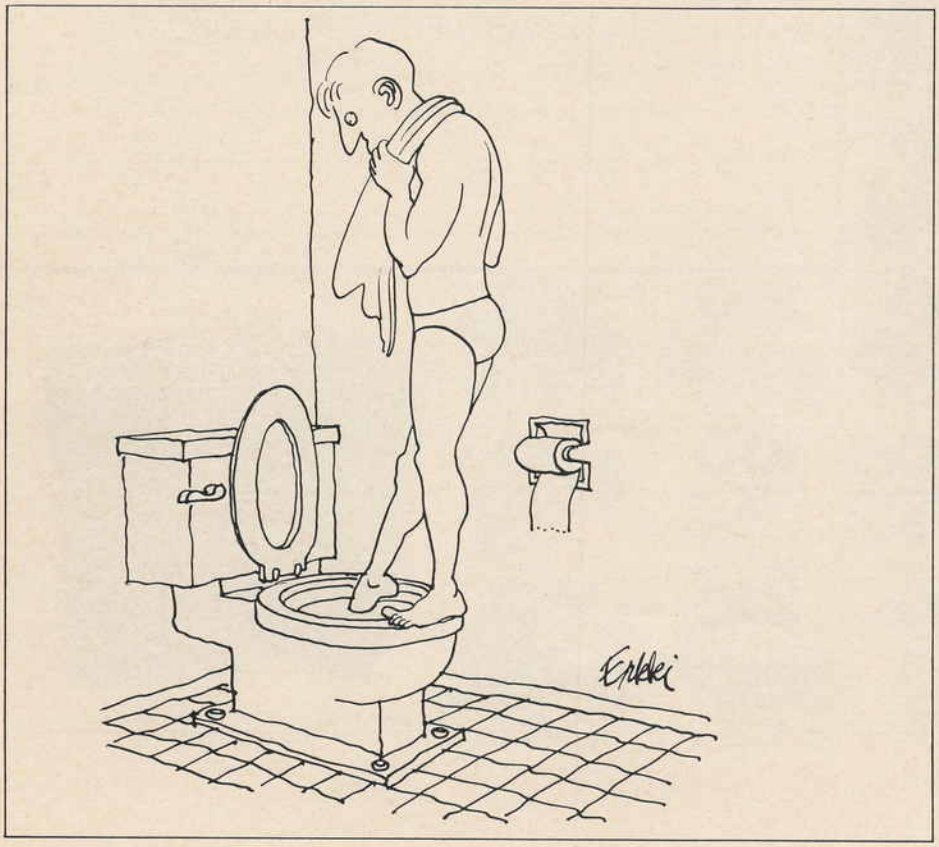
I asked her her name and introduced myself. She said that she had seen my sign out front and that she had just had a minor fender bender and had auto insurance with my company. I asked to see her insurance I. D. card, and when she said she had lost it, I asked her to be seated. The chair she sat in was beside my desk opposite my swivel chair, but near the wall. It is padded and reclines slightly.

I got right on the phone on the WATS line to our home office to verify her coverage with the company. They put me on "hold." While I was waiting, I talked lightly with Lucy about her accident. She had been driving a long time that day and was obviously a little bushed from the day's travel; so she let herself lean back in the chair until it came to rest against the wall behind her. I, all the while, had a view of her tanned, long, beautiful legs and thighs. As she leaned back, her short wraparound skirt fell slightly open and just a hint of her lovely triangle, which was covered by white lace panties, now became barely visible. I was taken off "hold" and then put back on "hold" again.

I mentioned the heat of the day, and Lucy said her car's cooling unit had also gone on the blink. As if this was my cue, I picked up the floor fan, which had been trained primarily on me and redirected it on her. She thanked me for this courtesy and opened her legs up a little to allow the moving air to cool off her legs, thighs, and crotch. When I saw this happen, I asked her if she would like for me to move the fan a little closer. She said, "Yes, thank you"; so I did. This resulted in an even better reaction. She opened her wraparound skirt some. I didn't move my glance from her well-exposed panties, but I did stand up to allow her to see that I was getting hard. At this point the home office came back on the phone to complete Lucy's auto-coverage information. Then I began to go into some other business with the person on the line on behalf of some other clients' insurance problems.

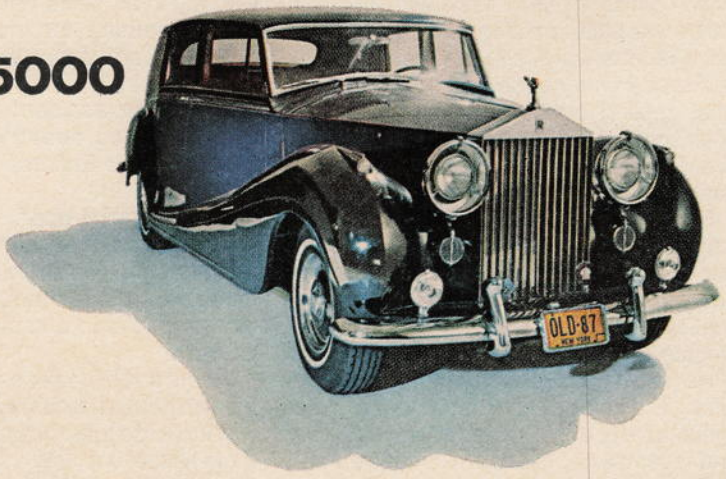
Now my glance darted back to Lucy for just a second to let her know I was going to be able to assist her, and she was smiling. My eyes fell to her lap and discovered she had opened the front of her wraparound skirt completely! Just sitting there, showing her white lace panties, with her legs spread open! I put my right hand over the receiver and asked her if she was more comfortable now, and she said almost inaudibly, "Yes." She could tell that I approved of what she was doing, but to make this point clearer, I laid down my pen and took hold of my throbbing cock—which was straining to be liberated from my pants. She was looking right at me; so the effect was not missed.

I went back to the phone at this point to



*PRICE MAY VARY ACCORDING TO STATE AND LOCAL TAXES.
12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY •
86 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

$85000



$16500

$3200

$300

$190000

$13*

Why think of it as an expensive Scotch when you can think of it as an inexpensive luxury?

finish up some details and suddenly realized that Lucy had gotten up out of her chair, had stepped to the front door, and locked it with the inside latch. On the other side of the sheers, she flipped the "closed" side of the sign so that it faced the outside.

She turned, smiled sweetly at me, and without a word, walked back into the inner office. I was obviously concentrating on her, got completely flustered, mumbled something like good-bye into the phone, and hung up.

Following her into the inner office and closing the door, I saw her seated on the edge of the desk, with one leg thrown over the other, just enough to let me see her beckoning, pantied crotch. She looked at me seriously for a few moments, then tenderly grasped both of her breasts in her hands on the outside of her jersey top. At this point her glance fell to the bulge at my crotch. "Do you like these?" she said, indicating her rounded mounds, which were partially covered by her gentle grasp. As my tongue flicked between my teeth to make sure I wouldn't strangle for lack of air, she didn't wait for my reply but said, "I thought so."

With that she pulled off the top over her head and *wham*! I had thought she was wearing a bra, but she wasn't. Her breasts jiggled gently, and then they came to rest so full and rounded and ripe-looking that I began to feel faint. But that was the last thing I wanted to do. She then beckoned me to her with her arms outstretched, and when I got to her, she knelt down directly in front of me. After peeling away my clothes, still without a word, she grasped my cock and balls in her hands and began to blow little, cooling bursts of air all over them. Then she tucked them between her breasts and jiggled back and forth like a belly dancer. It was sensational!

But sensing imminence on my part, she soon slipped off her skirt and lay down backward on the plush carpet, with her panties still on. "Chew 'em off," she said. I knelt down, gently spreading her golden, smooth thighs, and began to work at the white lace panties with my tongue and teeth. The odor of her crotch was the unmistakable scent of sweet, delicious honey and lovemaking. I licked and chewed and sucked and blew all over her crotch to the point where she was writhing and moaning all over the carpet.

From then on it was only a matter of seconds before I was into her, riding and pushing her all across the carpet. She climaxed with: "Yes. Oh, yes—Oh, yes. Yes—yes—yes." And I exploded into her almost right after.

We gradually descended together and began to help each other find our clothes. She said that she expected to be passing through in about a month.

It's been twenty-seven days now since she left the office. My regular clients in the meantime have remarked on how nicely the seven-foot hideaway sofa bed goes with my inner office decor. I reply that it's just something for the clients to relax on.—*E.S., address withheld*

If that's your accident policy, would you care to tell us about your homeowner's service?—The Editors

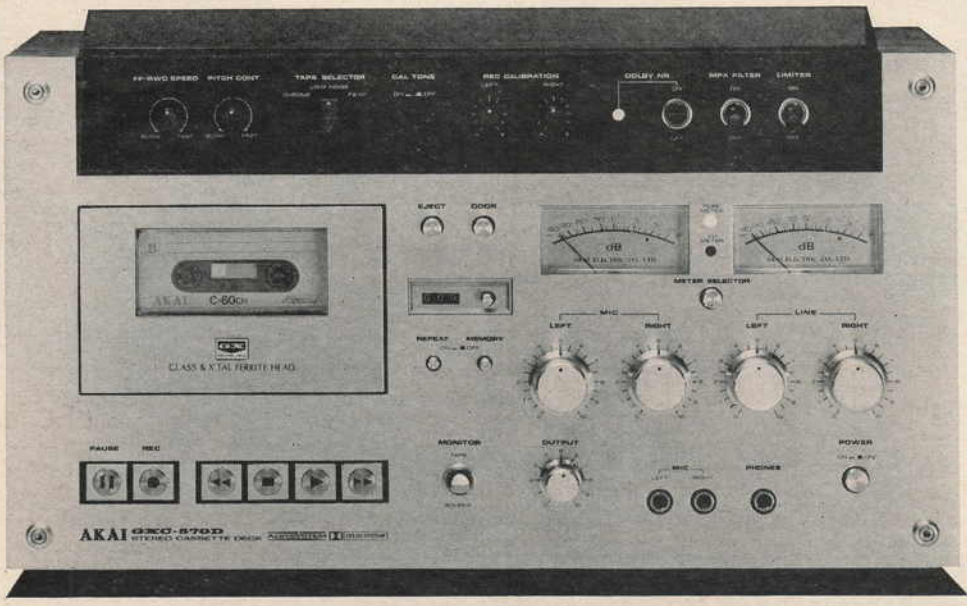
The mother next door

A while back I had a truly unique experience (for me, at least) which I would like to share with your readers. I am sixteen years old, and I live in a small town in northern Canada.

About three weeks ago, I went over to a friend's house (I'll call him Peter) to ask if he wanted to go to a ball game. Since I'm over there all the time, there was no need for me to knock. The house seemed empty when I entered and then I remembered that Peter's family had gone out for the day. I was about to leave when I heard a soft moaning noise from the living room. When I came into the room, I saw Peter's mother on the sofa, completely naked. She had her eyes closed and was masturbating furiously.

I just stood there with my mouth open. I didn't know what the hell to do! She opened her eyes, and when she saw me, she let out a tiny scream and pulled a robe around herself. I started to stammer out an apology, but before I could say much, she told me to sit down and stay there until she returned. She then went into another room.

AKAI INTRODUCES ITS LOADED DECK.



The new Akai GXC-570D is our top-of-the-line stereo cassette deck. And it's loaded.

It utilizes a 3 head recording system—a GX glass and crystal combination head so you can source monitor when recording and, if you don't like what you've got, an erase head.

It has a closed loop dual capstan drive system which not only pulls, but feeds the tape across the heads, smoothly. That's the best drive system there is.

It has Akai's exclusive Sensi-touch® control system so you can go from one mode to another without ever pushing a button. You just touch them, lightly.

It has 3 motors, dual process Dolby,* remote control (optional) and as many switches and features as cassette decks costing a lot more. Plus something brand new—an electrically operated control panel cover. Just so you can impress people.

Plug in our GXC-570D and you'll know you're playing with a loaded deck. That's the strength of the Akai line. Quality. Performance. Loaded. From top to bottom.

After all, nobody should be playing with half a deck.

AKAI™

COMIN' ON STRONG!

Akai cassette decks from $199.95 to $800.00 suggested retail value. *Trademark of Dolby Labs, Inc. Akai America Ltd., 2139 East Del Amo Blvd., Compton, CA 90220

With the Novus six-function watch, you carry two time zones wherever you go.

You simply push one button for the time where you are. And another for the time where you aren't.

So if you have an office in Zurich you know the time there without going through a bunch of mental gymnastics. Or if you're traveling you can set the watch for the new place, yet always know what time it is back home.

In hours, minutes, seconds, plus the month and the date. All typically accurate within one minute a year.

The six-function, two-time-zone Novus PR6 watch.

It tells you what times it is. **NOVUS**

HOW TO BE IN TWO TIMES AT THE SAME PLACE

Now Peter's mother is no Greek goddess, but she has a body that any twenty-five-year-old chick would be proud to have. She is about thirty-five years old, five-feet-eight-inches, and has great big beautiful breasts. I used to fantasize about sucking them when I first met her.

She came back into the room about five minutes later and sat down beside me. She had changed into a very sheer, tiny nightgown which left very little to the imagination. I could clearly see her ample breasts and the dark outline of hair between her thighs. She also had on a perfume that drove me nuts. Needless to say, I had a raging hard-on in seconds.

She started to tell me that I shouldn't have come in like that a few minutes earlier. She also said that I must never tell anyone what I saw. Of course, I told her that I wouldn't. She then asked me if I had ever had sex with anyone. I said that I hadn't and that my girl friend had just moved out of town. She put her head on my shoulder and started murmuring about how good-looking she thought I was and that she would love to make it with me. I began to caress her breasts, and she sighed and closed her eyes. I couldn't believe what was happening to me. Here I was, feeling up the mother of my best friend, and she was enjoying it. Eventually, we moved to the bedroom, where we proceeded to undress each other.

She had the greatest body I had ever seen. Her breasts were milk-white and beautifully proportioned. Her pussy hair was shaved very short so that her beautiful cunt lips were exposed. I fell to my knees and began to perform cunnilingus on her, and even though I was inexperienced, I managed to bring her to a delightful orgasm. We soon moved to the sixty-nine position, and she brought me to the brink of orgasm several times before I actually came down her throat. We showered and then made love again.

I suppose I should feel guilty about the whole thing, but I don't. We have since gotten together several times, and we both have enjoyed them very much.—*Name and address withheld*

A Penthouse in hand . . .

I've always enjoyed your magazine, but now I've become a devoted follower. Here's why.

I work for a nationally known lumber store, and among other tasks, I check the loaded orders leaving the yard. During the summer months, it slows down; so I bring something to read. One day it was your own *Penthouse*.

It was extremely hot that day, reading 106 degrees and 67 percent humidity. (We usually only get a humidity reading of 4 or 5 percent). I was laughing at some of the letters in Forum when this attractive brunette drove through and asked what was so funny.

"Some of the situations in this magazine are really unbelievable," I said. "I mean, do you know anyone who's ever made it with a saddle horn?"

"No," she admitted. "But do you know anyone who's ever made it in the back seat of a Volkswagen Beetle?"

I didn't and said so. She was driving a Volkswagen Beetle.

"It'd be almost impossible for two adults to maneuver into a compatible position in a bug without them knowing yoga," I said.

"Not really," she replied, looking me straight in the eyes. "If you're ever interested, I'd be happy to explain the technique sometime."

I decided to take my afternoon break at 11:30 that day and called over a yardman to temporarily take my place. I jumped in, and away we went. I directed her to an unused, lumber-storage building behind the main building in the employees' parking lot. After driving in, I closed the big double doors and locked them from the inside.

She (I never did find out her name!) then hopped into the backseat and had her clothes off almost as fast as I took mine off. I guess she was going to explain her technique to me in "body language."

Her stomach, breasts, and thighs were slicked with a fine sweat, which the hot sun made shine like a steaming sauna. Her pussy was also damp, causing her light brown muff to be moist and soft. Despite the heat, I sure wasn't soft. I've no ten-inch hammer, but my pecker never looked better.

She was on her back, with her feet pressing the headliner, as I started crawling through those smooth, shapely legs. To enter her, I had to bend my legs up and back. It wasn't very comfortable, but I wasn't lying down to take a nap. We started humping like crazy, and we both got so slippery I thought I'd slide onto the floor—but by then I was too well anchored.

She began to moan and work her finger up my ass, which is my weakest point. I exploded like a Chinese fire cracker. She buckled up, let out a squeal, and proceeded to scratch the shit out of my back. A very passionate woman indeed! After she unhooked her nails from my shoulders, she wiped down with a towel, got dressed, kissed me good-bye, and left.

Thinking I'd be crippled for life, I staggered back to the gate. I was late getting back, but I couldn't have given a damn. I've never seen that red Volkswagen again, but I always keep the latest *Penthouse* handy, just in case.—*C.L., Phoenix, Ariz.*

Breaker maker

I recently had an experience which one might think happens only in your column. I was off work for a minor disability; so I hitchhiked down to Florida for a short vacation. On my way back, I stopped just outside of Jacksonville to get some shut-eye on Interstate 95. Around 11:00 P.M., I started back on the road over Route 10, hoping for a ride, which I got. And will never forget.

No sooner were we less than ten miles down the road, when the young couple that picked me up asked if I wanted to drink some wine. I passed it up, but they didn't. Before long, while listening to some music, the young girl, now quite high, started to rub my leg. Wow! My eyes almost went out of my head and my cock almost went out of my pants. I thought, "This only happens to other people." Well, before long, to get to the point, we were going west on Route 10,

"I had it transplanted so I could reach the urinal."

THE FIRECRACKER

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. 80 PROOF.

How to ignite a party.

Serve the Firecracker: Just pour 1½ oz. of Seagram's 7 Crown over ice in a tall glass. Fill with Ocean Spray Cranberry Juice Cocktail. Add sugar to taste.

Serve the Firecracker in its own special glass: For a set of four glasses like the one shown above, send your name and address plus $3.25 by check or money order—payable to "Firecracker"—to Firecracker Offer, P.O. Box 9828, St. Paul, Minn. 55198. Offer void where prohibited.

Say Seagram's and Be Sure.

I pumping her nice, soft, warm, fluffy cunt and she sucking off her boyfriend's cock. And to think that earlier in the day, after a rain, I saw a rainbow and wished for a ride. And a ride I got. And get this, *Penthouse*—her C.B. handle was none other than "Wicked Wanda."—*R.K., Erie, Pa.*

We could have told you that Wanda gets around.—The Editors

Tit for tat

I have an unusual sexual habit that I think may be of interest to others like myself.

I am a thirty-two-year-old male who has supersensitive nipples. I also enjoy having them sucked occasionally. I have asked many male friends about this, and none of them have said it particularly turns them on, and some have said they don't care for it at all. I have asked many of the dozens of women I have fucked, and none of them relate having such experiences with other men.

The reason I am writing is that this nipple sensitivity has caused me embarrassment on numerous occasions, and I want your female readers to be aware there may be many like myself who are driven up the wall by having this done during foreplay and while fucking. It may also be an exciting new experience for a lot of people—both male and female—because it turns some girls on tremendously to do this to a man.

I'm not Joe Superstud, but I am a nice-looking guy with a good build and have never had trouble getting sexual partners. However, I have a very average, six-inch dick, which isn't particularly big in diameter. If I'm not superhard, my dick seems small. And I rarely get superhard without having my nipples rubbed—even when I am with the sharpest girls. And this sometimes embarrasses me to the point of distraction to have to direct my partner to my nipples and indicate I like—or sometimes need!—to have it done a lot during lovemaking.

My most satisfying piece of ass is a forty-two-year-old woman with one of the finest sets of tits I've ever seen on a woman of any age. We start with her sitting in a chair as we chat about things since we were last together. (It's usually about a month between visits since I live in another city.) I sit at her feet, rubbing her legs and playing with her tits through her blouse, all the while chatting in normal tones. I ask if she would like me to take her blouse off and, after doing so, I continue playing with her tits through her bra. After a while I ask if she would like me to take her bra off so she can be more comfortable. I remove her bra and continue working on her titties (she continues chatting in normal tones as if nothing is going on). First I caress them, then I kiss and suck them, and finally I carefully nibble and bite at them. She gets particularly turned on when I try to suck them while working her nipples between my tongue and the roof of my mouth.

By this time I am on my knees so she can pull my shirt up and rub my nipples with her fingernails, which she loves to do and is extremely good at doing. My dick is absolutely throbbing within seconds after she starts. She continues the small talk but has more and more trouble talking normally. As her breathing gets heavier, I get more and more turned on since she really does try to act as if nothing unusual is happening. She makes me do this quite a long time. I'm a tittie man, possibly because of my own sensitivity, and I've never found anyone who loves to have her tits sucked longer or harder—sometimes a half hour or so. We try to keep the room temperature very cool or use a fan so our nipples remain erect and sensitive as long as possible.

After what seems like forever, she lets me take her pants off (to be more comfortable, of course), and I suck her off two or three times as she sits with her ass on the edge of the chair, occasionally leaning over to rub my nipples.

She finally lets me lay her down and put my aching dick in her wet cunt. I mount her from the top so she can continue to run her fingernails over my nipples, occasionally leaning up so she can suck them as well. Sometimes she reminds me of my sister, which I think often adds to the thrill.

Finally, I come so hard that I almost pass out. She does also, and it ends up being the most satisfying fuck of my life.—*D.P., Sioux Falls, Iowa*

Nurse's revenge

I'd like to pass a word of advice on to dudes who think it's practical to keep company with more than one chick at a time. I know I used to be one of them until several chicks decided to teach me a lesson I'll never forget.

As a pre-med student at a university just north of Chicago, I really considered myself a stud on the prowl. All I had to do to pick up chicks was walk into a bar and let my blond hair and blue eyes sweep a girl off her feet.

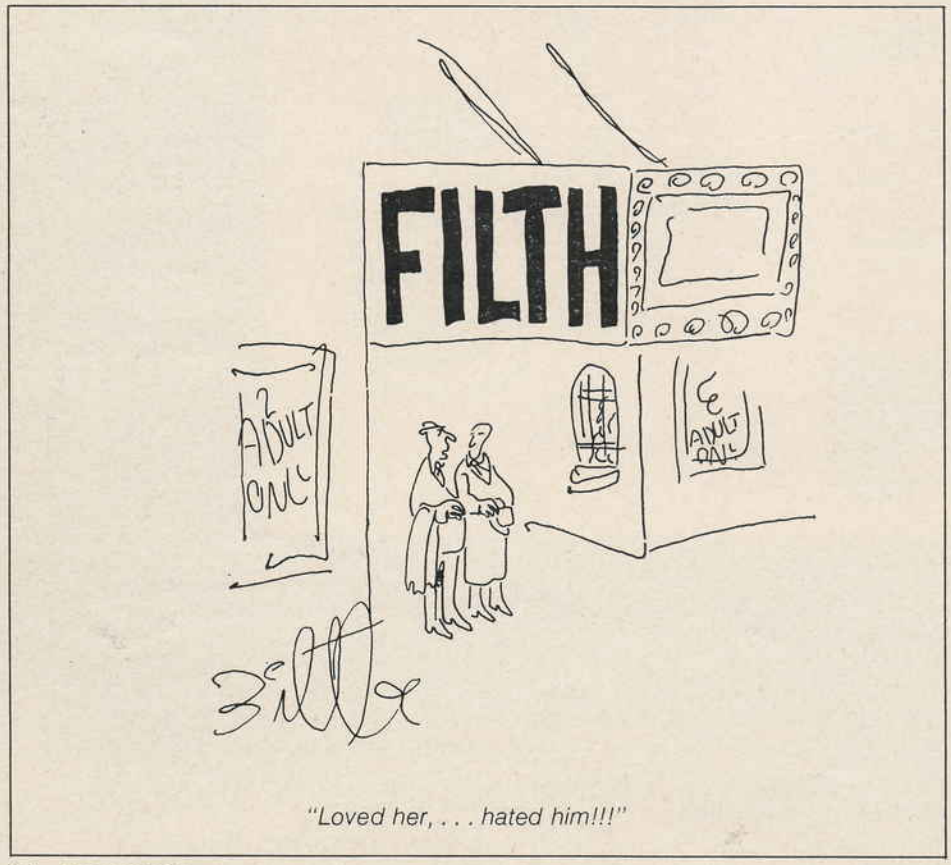
By the end of my junior year, I had promised my undying love to four foxy chicks in exchange for bedroom privileges on a regular basis. The situation seemed perfect, since I never dreamed they would ever guess there was someone else.

Unfortunately, they were four nursing students, and one day while discussing their amorous adventures they discovered to their shock that I was the object of all of their affections. They decided I needed to be brought down a notch or two and devised a plan to get back at me.

I must admit their scheme was devious, because I didn't suspect for a moment what was in store for me when I escorted Diana to Old Town one Saturday night last spring. You can imagine my surprise when we sat down at an outside restaurant and were immediately joined by my three other love objects. The looks on their faces convinced me my goose was cooked, but I tried to stammer out an explanation.

The girls just sat there with smirks on their faces, not listening to a thing I was saying, and I grew more uncomfortable by the minute. When I finished, they said they understood the problem and wanted to treat me to a good time. As we all got up to leave, the girls lovingly wrapped their arms around me so that I didn't have much choice but to go with them.

I was beginning to think my troubles were over, but I shouldn't have. They were



"Loved her, . . . hated him!!!"

Decisions...decisions...Make your decision

PALL MALL

PALL MALL GOLD 100's
The great taste of fine
Pall Mall tobaccos.
Not too strong, not too light.
Not too long. Tastes just right.

Low tar
(only 7 mg.)

PALL MALL EXTRA MILD
It's lower in tar than 97%
of all cigarettes sold.
Made extra mild by
the Air-Stream Filter.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Pall Mall 100's . . . . . 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '76.
Pall Mall Extra Mild . . . 7 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

On June 28, 1976, we hid a case of Canadian Club deep within a hellish hole in the earth called Death Valley.

Here's how you can find it:

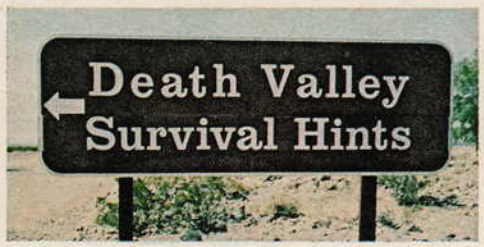
Even rugged Bighorns venture into the Valley with trepidation.

The names of Death Valley are names born of despair: Furnace Creek, Lostman Springs, Coffin Canyon, Funeral Mountains. One acrid, brackish pool called Badwater is actually 280 feet below sea level — which is just another way of saying as close to Hell as a man on earth can get.

And somewhere in this desolate jumble of earthquake debris, lava flows, sand dunes and salt flats—the hottest, driest hole in the Western Hemisphere—is hidden a case of the wettest whisky in 87 lands: Canadian Club. If you're up to the adventure, you might try to find it.

A Sober Warning:
Please be warned before you set out, you'll be trespassing in a world apart. A world where 120° in the shade is common. Where surface temperatures of 190° can melt the rubber soles of your shoes. And your bare hand touching a simple metal tool can mean a painful third degree burn. The fierce desert heat twists and warps reason. Even in this age of "air conditioned comfort," it remains capable of snuffing out the lives of the unwary.

Some Valley residents have had thousands of years to adapt to its desolate conditions.



Your Route to the Treasure:
Head south out of Furnace Creek. Past Badwater. Past Devil's Golf Course. Past Dante's View. South of Saratoga Springs, turn right on the road just outside the boundary of the Death Valley National

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1976.

The relentless desert sun plays tricks with the camera's eye near Furnace Creek.

Monument. In less than a mile, you'll find an old road that leads straight up into the hills. Soon you'll come to a fork. To the left the old road continues. To the right it becomes a wash. Up that wash is a shady spot where you can rest before starting your final assault.

The actual case of C.C. being buried 18 inches beneath the desert floor.

While you're sitting there, you'll notice an ancient rock through which centuries of relentless erosion have carved a natural hole. Proceed 144 paces up the wash from that rock. Then turn toward the setting sun. Now take thirteen more paces toward that ball of fire that's been trying to drive you out of the Valley all day.

Your Final Reward:
You'll have to dig around a little to find our Canadian Club. And in Death Valley that can mean a fifth of sweat an hour. But that's why we hid a whole case. Because by the time you find it, you'll have a thirst for more than mere adventure.

Canadian Club

"The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

only just beginning. I began to get concerned when we left the sidewalk and went down a deserted alley. The girls only chuckled when I asked them where we were going. When we reached the end of the dead-end alley, three of them caught me completely off guard and wrestled me to the ground. As I lay there pinned on my back, Diana said they wanted to see how fast I could run, and to motivate me, they were taking my clothes.

I thought they were joking as Diana untied my shoes and pulled off my socks. I didn't even suspect they were serious when Cynthia took off my shirt. But when they loosened my belt buckle and unfastened my jeans, I began to get nervous. The joke was over for me when I felt my pants slipping down and realized there was nothing I could do about it. The more I squirmed, the lower they slid until I was depantsed to my undershorts.

I never dreamed the girls would go this far to get back at me, but there I was, stripped to my jockey shorts while they stuffed my clothes into a paper sack. Diana said I would look cute sprinting down Wells Street in my underpants, but the other three said I'd be even cuter bare-ass. Despite my pleas, off came my undershorts, and I was as naked as a jaybird. I was then carried, struggling to cover my nudity, to the end of the alley, where the girls threw me stark naked onto the sidewalk in front of a street full of spectators.

They disappeared in a minute with my clothes, and I was left in the nude with a crowd now laughing, whistling, and making catcalls. My only thought was to run, dodging people on the sidewalk, praying no one would try to take advantage of my vulnerable state.

By now cars were stopping and honking as I ran by, trying to get back to my car parked a few blocks up the street. It wasn't until I got there that I realized my keys were in my pants pocket. As I stood frozen on the pavement without a stitch on, it appeared the girls had planned my demise completely.

Now a twenty-one-year-old dude can't just stand around on a street corner waiting for a cab in his birthday suit. Those girls could have at least left me underpants to wear. I was at the mercy of any voyeur to exploit my naked state.

My blood ran cold when a police car pulled up and two officers jumped out. Before I knew what happened, they had me handcuffed.

I was taken in a police wagon to jail and was questioned for forty-five minutes. Then I was forced to submit to an anal drug search, where I had to lay across a table with my legs spread while an officer probed in my ass hole. I was released when my fraternity brothers brought clothes to the station for me to wear.

That experience was certainly enough to teach me that some girls will go to any lengths to humiliate a guy they think has taken advantage of them. I never want to be caught with my pants down again.—*T.E., Chicago, Ill.*

Taking the problem in hand

First I must compliment you for your outstanding pictorial of Vicki Lynn (August 1976). Malinowski's photographs are in fact the most sensuous I have seen thus far in your magazine, and I have been a devoted reader of *Penthouse* for several years.

I feel the need to write this letter because it was the first time I had ever seen photographs that captured so beautifully the art of masturbation. To see such lovely fingers so occupied was an extreme turn-on for me, and I must add, somewhat for my wife.

You see, I guess I am one of the many men who suffer from premature ejaculation and therefore usually fire my gun before it has time to see the target, so to speak. My wife and I have somewhat of an understanding that she will masturbate herself to the point of utter excitement where she can no longer turn back. At which time I move between her gorgeous thighs, and my cock enters her already hot and wet cunt. The only problem is that she is, or was, very reluctant to masturbate herself for reasons that still are beyond me. She was brought up to think that touching herself in any way was a violation and has to this day retained these mores.

The turntable nobody had heard of two years ago is now Number One.
The most popular turntable in America.
It's called a "bee eye cee."
It's built five ways. And it's imported. From Michigan.
Five ways means five models. And all five are belt drive turntables, with low speed (300 rpm) motor, program system, superior tone arm, and excellent performance characteristics. For more information pick up our "5 Turntables" folder at high-fidelity dealers or write to British Industries Co., Westbury, N.Y. 11590.
Model 920 about $79 – 940 about $109 – 960 about $159 – 980 about $199 – 1000 about $279. Model 980 shown. ©1976 British Industries Co. A Division of Avnet Inc.
5 Turntables BIC

"Style: my thoughts."

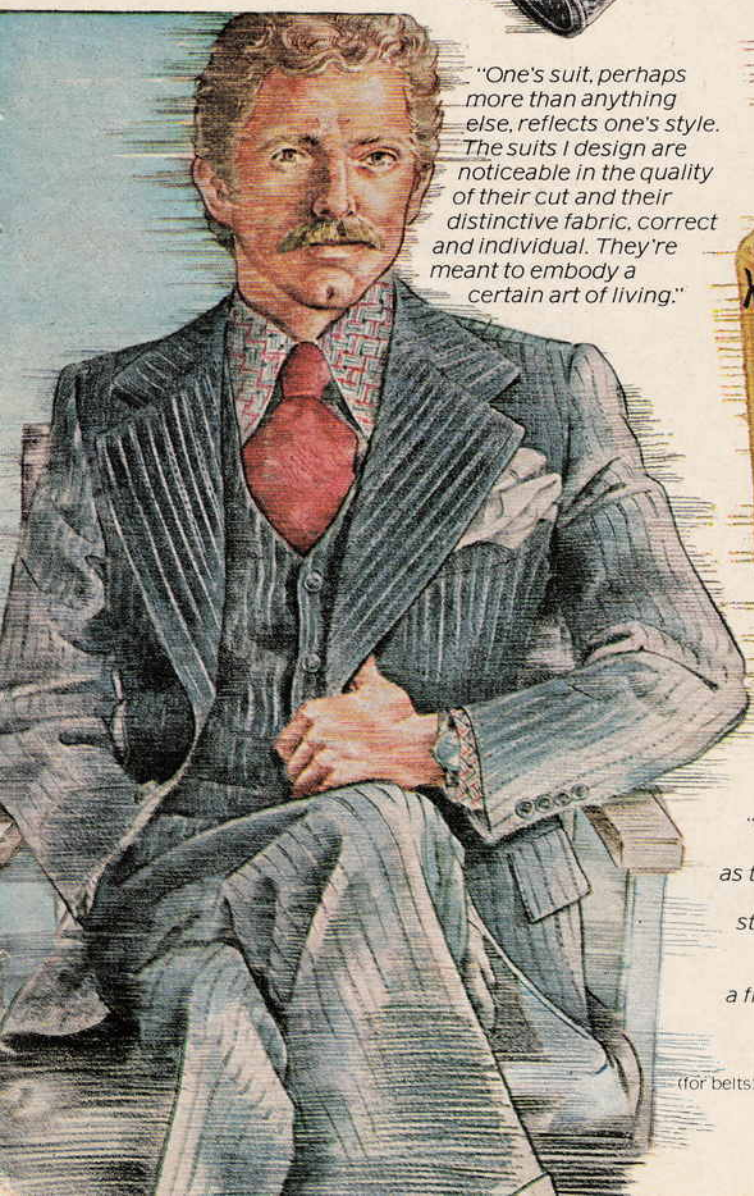
Yves Saint Laurent

"As a Paris designer, I've been credited with changing the look and sense of fashion many times. But I like to believe that my true strength is my continuing style—a constant interest I've had in being both forceful and graceful.

"My style is not intended to fit everybody. If it did, I'd no longer have a style, I'd only have a label."

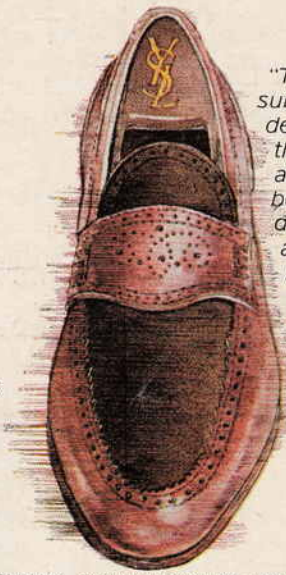
"A tie is a challenge to a designer. For though it must work as part of an overall look, so, too, must it have its own bit of personality. The tie you put on inevitably says something particular about you."

"A man's style touches everything he has, even something as simple as a belt. A belt gets a lot of use—for me, a properly-styled belt has a subtle distinctiveness which doesn't tire, day after day."



"One's suit, perhaps more than anything else, reflects one's style. The suits I design are noticeable in the quality of their cut and their distinctive fabric, correct and individual. They're meant to embody a certain art of living."

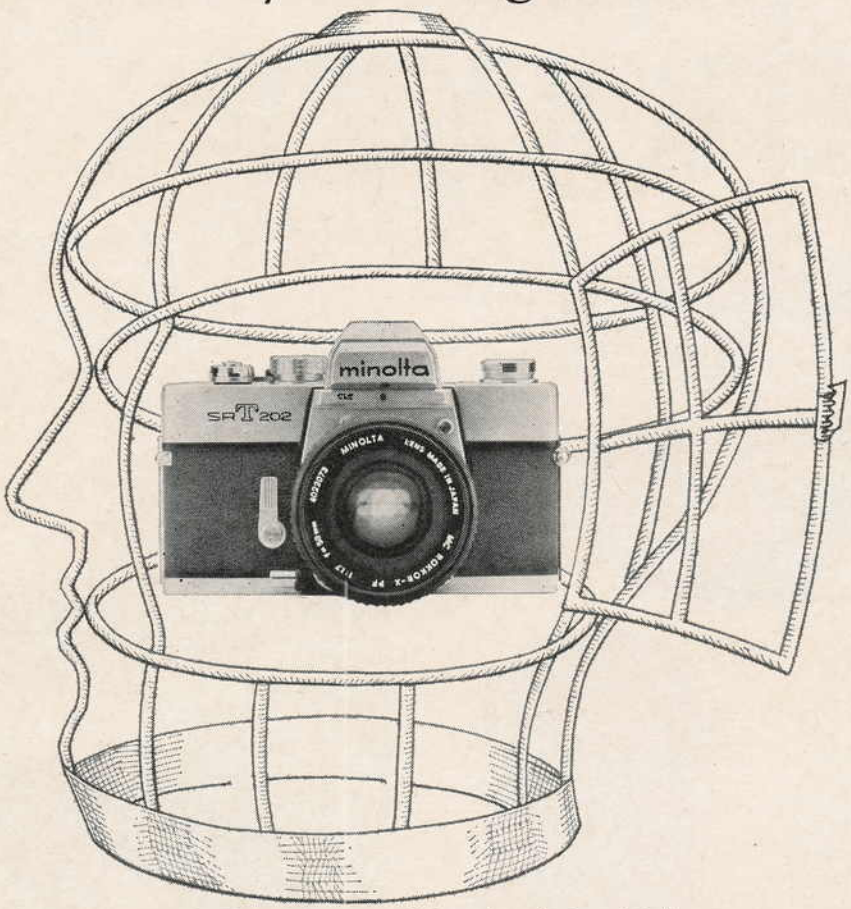
"Using a cologne is a decision to please yourself as well as the people near you. Few things remind people of your style as vividly as your cologne. With 'YSL' I've sought a healthy presence, a freshness and something else—a bit of indulgence."



"There are many subtle touches in designing a shoe that, together, achieve a look both elegant and distinctive—and always tasteful. My shoes have been designed to coordinate with my clothing, to help present totally one man."

Yves Saint Laurent Men's Clothing and Shirt Inc., Berkley Cravats Inc., Harness House (for belts) all at 1271 Ave. of the Americas, NY.NY 10020. Yves Saint Laurent Parfums Corp., 40 W. 57th St., NY.NY 10019. Harwyn International Inc. (for shoes), 350 Fifth Ave., NY.NY 10001.

Hold a Minolta. Release your imagination.



A Minolta 35mm SLR will help you quickly and easily translate the vision in your mind to film.

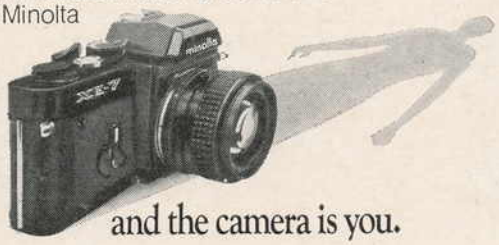
From the moment you pick it up, a Minolta feels comfortable in your hands. Your fingers fall into place naturally. Everything works so smoothly that the camera becomes a part of you.

With a Minolta SLR, you never have to take your eye from the viewfinder to make adjustments. So you can concentrate on creating the picture, without losing sight of even the fastest moving subject. The image remains big and bright until the instant you shoot. And your pictures are always properly exposed because Minolta's patented "CLC" metering system handles even high contrast situations with incredible accuracy.

You're free to probe the limits of your imagination with a Minolta. More than 40 lenses in the superbly crafted Rokkor-X and Minolta/Celtic systems let you bridge distances or capture a spectacular "fisheye" panorama.

Minolta offers a wide choice of electronic and match-needle SLRs. With features to match your needs and budget. Regardless of the model you choose, you get the superb Minolta handling that lets you effortlessly make the transition from creative vision to captured image.

For more information about Minolta 35mm single lens reflex cameras, see your dealer or write Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, New Jersey 07446. In Canada: Anglophoto, Ltd., P.Q.



Minolta

When you are the camera and the camera is you.

Well, as I said, she does occasionally indulge in masturbation but only about three or four times a month, and only after constant coaxing and pleading. I even bought her a vibrator a while ago, but she has only used it a few times. I love to watch her masturbate—to see her fingers running up and down her lips, gently caressing her clitoris, and to watch her enjoy the feeling of her fingers gently probing deeper and deeper inside her cunt. Baby oil is her favorite lubricant, and sometimes when she is indulging in this lovely act of masturbation, she'll lubricate me, and she'll do us both at the same time.

Well it had been some time since she had masturbated while we were in bed together. Then I got your August issue. What a turn-on it was for me! But then I began to think that my wife had never really seen anyone else (female) masturbate, and I immediately showed her the pictorial. She looked it over for the longest time, and then that night she did a job on herself like she had never done before. She has never come by masturbation before, but she did this time. The sight of her was truly one to behold. We had extremely good sex after she came through her own masturbation, and I came twice while giving her the screwing of her and my life. She came two more times also.

I can't wait for tonight—my wife promised me that it would be the optimum of pleasure, both for her and me. You see, she now gets off on masturbating, and I now last a lot longer in fucking from just watching her and then balling her as a finale to her wonderful show. She gets so excited now that she can come within a few minutes. And just seeing her fingering herself and using the vibrator, then watching her juices ooze forth from her cunt, does wonders for us both. Our fucking has improved 100 percent, and we both look forward to climbing into bed as soon as we get home.—*C.J., Baltimore, Md.*

Love is blind

Here is my story which I would like to share, even though in so doing I have to make a few embarrassing admissions.

First let me say that I am thirty-seven, unmarried (sigh), and work as a secretary for the most wonderful and gorgeous man in the world. Although I have a nice bust line, shapely legs and fanny, I am not what you would describe as beautiful, with the result that my social life—and yes, my sex life—is nil.

Anyway, I have this mad crush on my boss, and I have had it since I started to work for him five years ago. But do you think he notices me? Not in the least. Oh, I've tried, let me tell you, but nothing seemed to work.

Then one noon a couple of months ago, I had a quick lunch in the cafeteria and then returned to the office for a package I was going to mail at the post office. His office door was closed, and thinking I'd ask him if I could get anything for him while I was out, I opened the door—and what a sight I saw.

There they were on the floor, my boss and Martha (not her real name), the receptionist, going at it like crazy.

I was utterly shocked and at the same time hypnotized at what I was watching. He was stretched out on his back, completely nude, with Martha, also nude, astride his mid-section, pumping away, her little breasts bouncing and flying about with every mad thrust. She was riding him for all she was worth, and the very thought of it drove me insane with jealousy. They were positioned so that she was facing me but see me she did not, her eyes were closed with passion. Then, suddenly, something must have registered, for her eyes blinked open in recognition. After the first grimace of shock, her face melted into a broad smile, and she winked! The sight of the two of them so unnerved me that I was trying to back out the door when Martha made a motion for me to stop and, pausing not the least in her rhythm, she pointed to his head and made hand motions for me to come in and undress. I looked down at him, and for the first time, I noticed that he was blindfolded, her slip or half slip securely tied around his eyes. Despite her urgings to the contrary, I was going to back out and leave them alone when the thought struck me: why not, an opportunity like that doesn't come often in my life. So, my decision made, I slipped into the room, closing the door softly behind me, and quickly stripped nude.

Martha motioned me over, and as she did so, she leaned over close to his ear, telling him quietly that she wanted to do it to him orally. With that, she eased herself off his pelvis, revealing the most gigantic male organ I had ever seen—even in the magazines. Inexperienced as I am in such matters, I couldn't even begin to estimate the dimensions—it was simply *huge*.

Glistening moistly, it stood there, erect and waiting for further attention. Bending over, Martha grabbed the back of my head and pushed my face right down on the top of its gleaming wetness. Under her expert, albeit silent tutelage, I began to fellate him, licking at the stiff organ for all I was worth. Two minutes of this, and my crotch was dripping, I was so randy. I'm sure Martha must have sensed my hunger, for aided by her deft hands, I squatted over his erection. Apparently, gently easing down was not the way to do it. Martha grabbed me around the hips and violently shoved me down. With that, a sharp, tearing pain (extremely pleasurable I might add) hit my head like a rocket as his entire length pierced into my unyielding flesh, dilating me like I had never been before. I felt so full!

What happened afterward was one wild race to orgasm. My breasts, flopping about with unaccustomed lack of restraint, seemed to be a force all their own. I hit peak after sensational peak, and I was just about to add another to the score when he stiffened, arched his back, and came in a whoosh, spasm after spasm. He was just barely gurgling to a stop when Martha motioned me off. Panic stricken at what I had been doing, I managed to get my blouse and skirt on, and then slipping into my shoes barefoot I grabbed the rest of my things and dashed for the girls' room, thankfully unseen. Once there, I stood in the stall for a long time savoring the throb of my stretched muscles and his moisture, running down my inner thighs.

Nothing was ever said about the episode, even by Martha. Truly, I long for an encore, but even more, I wonder over and over if he ever knew.—*Name and address withheld*

Is he or isn't she?

Can you believe that a forty-year-old woman is writing this? Admittedly, it will seem that I'm either naive or just plain dumb, but my curiosity over a certain recent incident is still driving me up the wall.

About a year ago two very attractive girls in their early twenties moved into the apartment immediately next to mine. They're both awfully nice, and over the months we have become quite good friends, to the point where our apartments are pretty well open to one another. At first I thought they were lesbians because of their apparent devotion to each other and the obvious lack of male visitors. But now I'm not at all sure. Also, a few months ago, one of them made an obvious but thinly disguised sexual overture, and although I declined at the time, now I could kick myself in the fanny for not responding. Because I saw something which really roused my curiosity.

Play around with Arandas.

White or Gold, Arandas Tequila is a sure crowd pleaser... mixed with most anything. Fantastic in the **Kahlúa® Brave Bull:** In an old-fashioned glass, pour equal parts Kahlúa and Arandas Tequila over rocks. Add a lemon twist. Salud!

Arandas Tequila. It's mixable.

80 proof, True Tequila. Imported by Maidstone Wine & Spirits Inc. 116 No. Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90048

Try to find another vodka with a patent on smoothness. Just try.

A challenge from Gordon's,® the happy vodka.

Gordon's is so smooth, so clear, so mixable. It has U.S. patent No. 3,930,042 to prove it.

80 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD., LINDEN, N.J. **ALSO AVAILABLE IN 100 PROOF.**

To shorten a long story, about a month ago I came home from work early one day and, hearing noises next door, decided to go over for a little chitchat. Every pair of apartments in our complex shares a common balcony or patio, and it's a simple matter, and much more convenient, to step over the low iron railing to get back and forth from each apartment. Anyway, that afternoon I went over as usual and immediately saw what was causing the noise.

Through the sliding glass door I could see to the far side of the living room, and there on the couch were my neighbors—one flat on her back, the other, astride her and between her spread legs. And both were quite obviously enjoying an act of coitus! Heterosexual intercourse at that!

They both saw me at the very instant I saw them, and in a twinkling, they were up and dashing for the bedroom door, their backs toward me so that I couldn't discern which was which. They are both about the same height and shape, and both have long hair of almost identical coloration, so I just couldn't tell one from the other.

However, I *did* see a fairly good-sized and erect male organ on one of them. Not a dildo either. Of that I am absolutely certain. To resolve any doubts on that score, let me also add that my arrival on their balcony apparently either coincided with, or triggered, an orgasm, for as they arose and fled, the penis was obviously spurting with ejaculation.

Embarrassed, I froze and turned to leave when one of them—I don't know which—called out for me to stay and said that they'd be right out. Well, what could I do? I was already there; so I thought I might just as well stick it out. And besides I was truly interested in the whitish moisture on the carpet and couch. It was male semen all right.

Sure enough, five minutes later, they emerged, glowy of face, from the bedroom, and the three of us chatted for some time, carefully avoiding any reference to the episode. I'm sure they must have thought that what I had seen was merely confirmation in my mind that they were lesbians.

How it's done, I don't know, and I'm certainly dying of curiosity to find out. There is nothing in either's voice to indicate masculinity, and although I'm not absolutely positive that I saw female breasts on both of them that day (I was looking more at the erect penis), both do wear skimpy sleeveless blouses and low-cut bras, and the underarm bra line appears decidedly feminine. And, how is the male lump disguised? They wear tight pants frequently, neither bothering to keep their legs together, and both have the normal vulva folds. Too, the curve of the rounded hip and fanny line on both is obviously female. You can't disguise that in tight pants—pants tight enough to reveal the ridges of bikini panties. Hips, breasts, legs, arms, shoulders, and face—nothing seems other than female. Hormones? If so, doesn't a male's libido diminish or cease altogether with an overbalance of estrogen? All I can say is, I'd give almost anything for the opportunity to have the sexual encounter I refused earlier. Then I'd know, or would I?—*P.C., San Francisco, Calif.*

Hanna hurrah

Your August story about me in *Penthouse* Magazine was just tremendous.

I am receiving letters from around the country and even long-distance telephone calls.

Thank you very much, and I will always work hard to earn your confidence.

Incidentally, a lot of fancy and bashful people have stepped out of the woodwork to admit they read *Penthouse*. I am beginning to wonder who doesn't read it.

Continue keeping people happy and knowledgeable with your fine publication.—*Edward A. Hanna, Utica, N.Y.*

More U.S. cities need mayors like Mayor Edward Hanna. And the city is a damn good place to start the post-Watergate reform. Now, if the good citizens here in Chicago could just find their own Don Quixote. . . .—*B.K., Chicago, Ill.*

Wabash Watergate

George O'Toole's "Watergate on the Wabash" (September 1976) only goes to prove that the Washington D.C. Watergate wasn't just an isolated incident in the moral laxity with which this country is sometimes run. One bad apple doesn't spoil the barrel—and neither does two. But when we reach down into the political barrel to select our elected (and appointed) officials, we should keep a careful eye out for worm holes before we take that first bite.—*Name withheld, Indianapolis, Ind.*

EST dropout

We get it, Mr. Krispien. ("I Am an EST Dropout," September 1976.) And like you, we got it to the tune of $250, too. Oh, well, live and learn. We're two turkeys that will never again end up on Werner Erhard's collection plate.—*B.P. and P.G., San Diego, Calif.*

Margo St. James

Margo St. James gave an interesting, intelligent, and honest interview (September 1976) regarding the prostitution hassle. But she seemed to put the blame mainly on cops, other officials, and society. That's not enough.

Far more to be blamed, I think, are many women in Western society. They simply refuse to help change the double-standard sexual morality that causes many frustrated men to go to prostitutes.

Women have the advantage of getting a man to pick them up—men don't usually have that option. But many women refuse to exercise this option because of pride.

Show me a sexually liberated woman, and I'll show you a liberated man. There's nothing free about being a john if you have to pay.—*P.K., Brooklyn, N.Y.*

Ray Charles' 44 passenger Viscount has the best sound in car stereo.

And Ray Charles knows sound.

There are 16 speakers in Ray's plane. All part of one Craig Powerplay car stereo system. That's because Powerplay has three times the power of conventional car stereo.

And more power means clearer sound with less distortion at all listening levels.

Ray's Powerplay is cassette, but 8-track models are also available.

CRAIG. POWERPLAY.
When you're serious about music.

For further information, write to Craig Corp., Dept. (C), 921 West Artesia Blvd., Compton, CA 90220. In Canada: Withers, Evans Ltd., 3133 Sumner Ave., Burnaby, B.C. V5G 3E3.

The Potion of Love.

It began in Saronno 450 years ago. Did the beautiful, young widow create the original Amaretto di Saronno as a thank-you for her portrait? Or as a gift to express affection for the artist, Bernardino Luini?

Something to ponder tonight, as you discover its intriguing flavor and provocative bouquet.

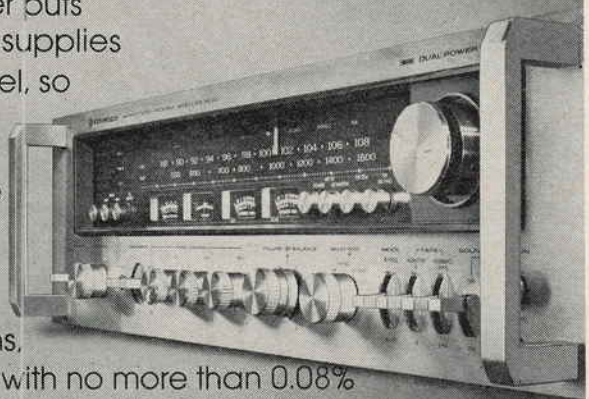
Amaretto di Saronno.®

The Original Amaretto.
From the Village of Love.

56 Proof Imported by Foreign Vintages, Inc. Great Neck, N.Y. © 1975

Now you don't have to starve your treble to feed your bass.

Our KR-9600 Receiver puts independent power supplies behind each channel, so demanding musical passages in one channel won't cause distortion in the other. At 160 watts per channel minimum RMS power, at 8 ohms, from 20 to 20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.08% total harmonic distortion, the KR-9600 is the most powerful receiver we've ever made.



KENWOOD

15777 S. Broadway, Gardena, CA 90248
72-02 Fifty-first Ave. Woodside, New York 11377

Dr. O'Neill's space

I and millions of other readers have always known that *Penthouse* was a damn good magazine. But the interview with Dr. Gerard K. O'Neill was brilliant. I strongly urge more articles in this direction.—*J.R., Owensboro, Ky.*

The Snoop Business

Peter Weaver's article "The Snoop Business" (September 1976) brought back painful memories of an experience I had with a credit bureau.

About fifteen years ago I applied for a job as a collector/salesman with an insurance company. The manager told me to come back for another interview after he had checked my application. As I walked in for the big moment, he had that thought-you-could-fool-us-eh? look about him. "According to our confidential report," he said, "you were involved in an auto accident three months ago which you failed to report to the police, and because of that, the Division of Motor Vehicles revoked your driver's license." You guessed it—I had never in my life been involved in an accident of any kind. "Ridiculous," I said, pulling out my license to show him. "You'll notice the renewal date is only thirty days old. How could it possibly be revoked?" After studying the license for a few seconds, he said, "Of course you don't have to tell me, but how did you manage to 'slip by' the DMV inspectors?" Without punching him in the mouth, I walked out, got back in my "wrecked" car, and drove home on my "revoked" license to tell my wife I didn't get the job. I can only picture how the manager told his boss that he had once again saved the company from "undesirables" like me.—*Sam Pannill, Norfolk, Va.*

How appropriate to publish Peter Weaver's "The Snoop Business" in the same issue as George O'Toole's "Watergate on the Wabash."

It's not so much the formal links between government agencies that we need fear as it is the informal "marriages of convenience" that continue to exist and grow between city, state, and federal government and private industry.—*P.L., New York, N.Y.*

Op sail

I would like to tell you about an interesting episode that occurred while I was sailing with a friend aboard my thirty-foot racing sailboat.

My friend was at the helm as we left Greenwich Harbor, cruising comfortably before a moderate nor'wester. I was cleaning up below when he asked me to look at the light blue, thirty-five-foot sloop we were rapidly catching. A man and a woman were on the bow of the other boat, strapping a large plank to the bow rail. As we got closer, I noticed that the man had a rather dark cleavage on his backside, and as I wondered if he were nude, he turned around to reveal a dark triangle and a long white object dangling where his pants

MGB presents the world's biggest sunroof.
A super sunroof, a fully-convertible top that opens wide to let the sunshine in: it's standard equipment on every 1976 MGB. Along with the classic look and wide-open performance that have made MG famous for 50 years as one of the world's great sports car bargains.
MGB holds the Class E Championship in the Sports Car Club of America's national competition, as it has for four of the last five years.
Performance like this can't be faked: you can't fool a finish line with a flashy paint job or a fancy name. MGB's authentic sports car performance and crisp handling grow naturally out of standard equipment like radial tires, front disc brakes, short-throw, four-speed stick shift, rack and pinion steering and a race-proven 1798 cc engine.
If what you're driving makes you forget what fun is, take one MGB, fast. For the name of your nearest MG dealer, call these toll-free numbers: (800) 447-4700, or, in Illinois, (800) 322-4400.
BRITISH LEYLAND MOTORS INC., LEONIA, NEW JERSEY 07605
MGB the wide-open sports car.
BRITISH
LEYLAND

BSR. Finally, turntables worth building your whole system around.

When most people consider buying a stereo component system, they usually build it around either the receiver or the speakers. But when serious music lovers choose a system, they should think of the turntable first. Because the turntable dictates what comes out of the speakers. And when it comes to turntables, BSR offers more than Dual, BIC or Garrard.

First of all, the new BSR turntables are *belt-driven,* so they're engineered to be smooth, quiet and virtually trouble-free. They play automatically *and* manually. And to really turn the tables on our competitors, BSR *includes* the revolutionary ADC induced magnetic cartridge, the base *and* the dust cover in the price of the turntable.

BSR gives you still more. Like a *locking umbrella spindle* that holds up to six records. A rotating single play spindle. A continuous repeat spindle so you can play your favorite record over and over again. And a *viscous damped cueing mechanism* that's smooth and precise to help protect your records.

What's more, BSR turntables are *pre-tested* and *pre-assembled.* So you can get down to the serious business of listening to your favorite music right away. And also enjoy another special feature; the price.* Under $140 for the 200 BAX, $110 for the 100 BAX and under $100 for the 20 BPX automated single play turntable.

If you consider yourself a serious music lover who wants brilliant sound reproduction, consider BSR first. For full details see your dealer or write: Consumer Products Group, BSR (USA) Ltd., Blauvelt, N.Y. 10913.

*Suggested manufacturer's retail prices including ADC induced magnet cartridge, base and dustcover.

should have been. The man turned again to the woman who was by now lying on her back on top of the plank, gave her a couple of playful jabs on the belly, kissed her, and then strolled aft to join the equally nude helmsman in the (you will pardon the expression) cockpit.

The woman was nude, too, or at least we could see that she was topless. (Their genoa jib obscured her from the waist down.) My friend and I couldn't wait to move ahead where we could see around the jib.

Before we could accomplish that, a small daysailer crossed in front of both of us. We seized upon our obligation to avoid collision as an opportunity to sail even closer to the boat with the nudes, but still we couldn't see around the jib.

In the daysailer were a boy and girl in their early teens and an older man. Though they sailed almost directly under the reclining nude, they appeared not to notice. However, just before they passed out of sight, the older man shot a glance over his shoulder. His look was unmistakable; my friend and I knew we were in for a rare treat.

We crept ahead with agonizing slowness, staring intent and shameless in anticipation. In what seemed like hours, we finally got a peek around the jib. There was a lovely young woman, spread-eagled, totally nude, flashing us a full crotch shot, now not thirty feet away.

She seemed not the slightest bit embarrassed; on the contrary, the woman reveled in our gaze. She twisted her body about on the plank, moved her legs, and spread them even wider apart. What a turn-on! But what does one do? Here we were practically close enough to reach out and touch her, but we might as well have been separated by the whole ocean. Should we applaud? Should we jump on deck and drop our drawers, too? I finally managed what I fancied was a friendly, noncommittal wave which they all returned as nonchalantly as any normal, Sunday sailor's greeting would have been returned.

We stayed sailing together like that for what seemed like several minutes, the other boat taking some of our wind and consequently slowing us down. (What a shame!) Finally we drew ahead, caught our wind clear again, and sped away on our separate courses.

It was a memorable morning. While it was a sexually stimulating episode, it seemed, even at the time, to be normal and healthy. The young woman obviously enjoyed our enjoyment of her attractive body, and while we weren't paying much attention to the men in the cockpit, I'm sure they enjoyed watching us, too.

So completely enthralled were we that we failed to notice if the boat had a name or a sail number. However, I can assure you that all light blue, thirty-five-foot sloops are going to get a much closer inspection from now on.

Whoever you are, we love you!—*T.J., Greenwich, Conn.*

Getting off and on BART

Although a commute to the office is usually not a very exciting subject, there was one amazing trip that I feel is worth sharing with your readers. I was going to work via BART which is Bay Area Rapid Transit, an above and below ground subway serving the San Francisco Bay area.

I entered an almost empty car and took the first seat just inside the door—an aisle seat next to a slender and sort of attractive young woman. It was mid-morning, I had overslept, and I was late, so I just buried my frustration in the morning paper. But glancing over I noticed that the woman next to me had very small breasts. A gap caused by her partially unbuttoned blouse revealed the cutest little braless breast, with its perky little nipple pointing slightly upward. It is fair to explain that I am one of that small percentage of American males who has a preference for small-breasted women, and to me there is nothing more exciting than an inadvertently exposed tiny breast.

It was two stations later that I noticed that she was wearing a short skirt and her left hand rested on her thigh, with her long fingers toward the inside of her thigh. For a brief moment, I questioned my vision because when I looked again, her hand had moved up, slightly bunching the hem of her skirt. This movement exposed the top of her stocking and a bit of garter strap. Imagine my pleasure and surprise to see my weakness (second only to small breasts)—a woman with garter and stockings instead of panty hose!

I continued to appear to read the *Chronicle* as I noticed her hand almost imperceptively move closer to her body, never leaving her thigh. All the while she gazed out the window at the dark subway tunnel.

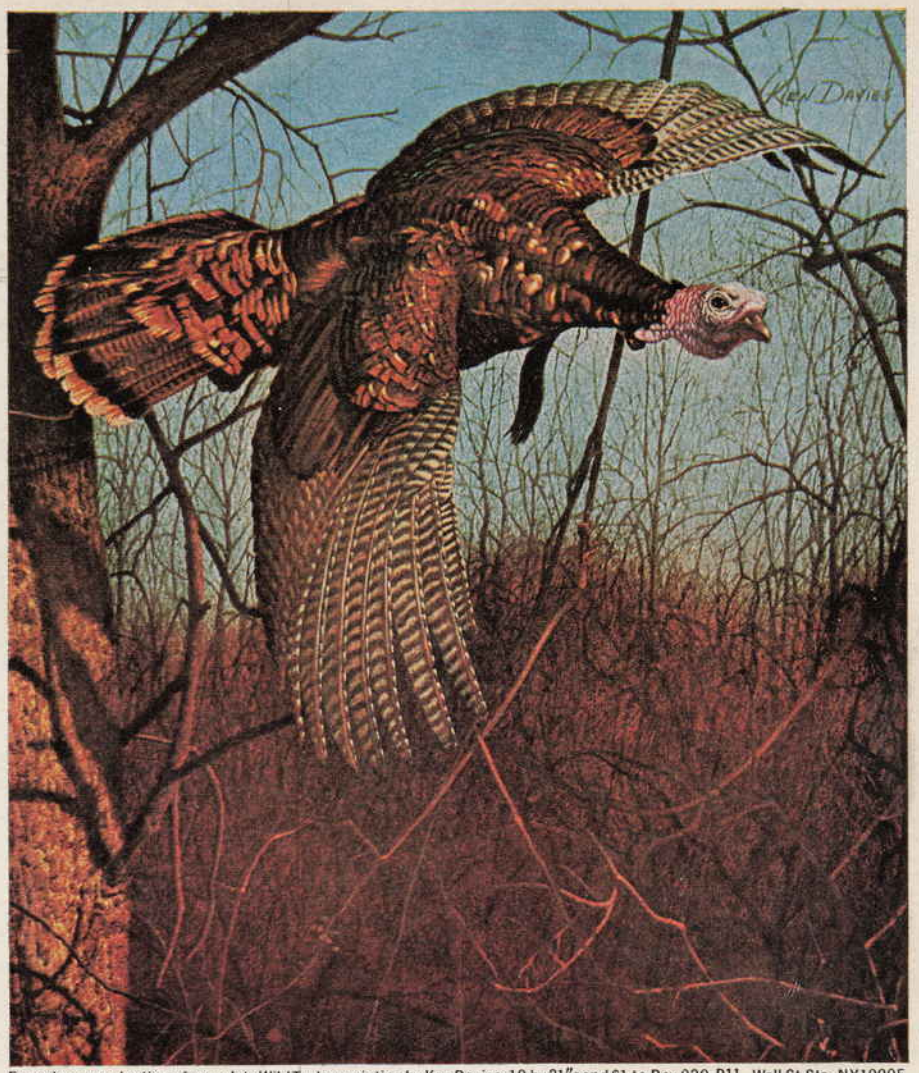
A point was soon reached when, although I could not be certain, I thought I saw wisps of pubic hair. At first I thought I was just fantasizing—after all, her short skirt was bunched in her lap, and it was difficult to get a perfect line of sight and still remain discreet. The thought of the garter belt and stockings without panties was just about too much. Careful placement of the *Chronicle* prevented my growing erection from alerting her.

Somewhere between the Twenty-fourth Street and Sixteenth Street stations, the tips of her fingers disappeared under the rumpled edge of her skirt. After a moment they reappeared with a smooth, oily wetness. I was incredulous as she raised her hand, as if to scratch herself, then slid her fingers silently into her blouse and subtly seemed to pluck at the nipple of her breast with those honey covered fingers.

Her hand again returned to her lap, and her fingers again disappeared under the skirt. This time, when those oily fingers withdrew, she raised them to her lips. After brushing each finger tip with her tongue, she returned them to the nest.

At the Powell Street station, she withdrew her fingers and rose to leave. I moved to let her into the aisle. As she crossed in front of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 202



For color reproduction of complete Wild Turkey painting by Ken Davies, 19 by 21", send $1 to Box 929-P11 Wall St. Sta., N.Y. 10005

Wild Turkey Lore:

The Wild Turkey is one of the heaviest birds capable of flight. Yet it is unusually fast. The male bird has been clocked at speeds as high as 55 miles per hour.

As America's most treasured native bird, the Wild Turkey is an apt symbol for Wild Turkey Bourbon—America's most treasured native whiskey.

WILD TURKEY/ 101 PROOF/8 YEARS OLD.

© 1976 Austin, Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, Kentucky.

Come to where the flavor is.

**Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.**

Kings: 18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine—
100's: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '76

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

XAVIERA'S LETTER
OF THE MONTH

A few years ago I was scouting for some apartments to buy. While out east, I rented a motel room and began searching for an apartment building. One evening I called an old friend, Gary, who was living nearby. He had a very large home and invited me to stay for a couple of days. When I arrived at his home on Wednesday, he and his beautiful wife, Dale, insisted that I stay with them until I found a permanent residence. The morning after I arrived, Gary had to leave town on an overnight business trip.

To say that Dale was lovely was to use the word loosely, as she was simply gorgeous. Her teenage daughters, Karen and Cindy, were also beautiful. Both girls were built to perfection, Karen being a sexy bitch and very outspoken. After dinner that evening, the three women were in the kitchen, doing dishes. I was in the living room, but I guess they thought I was out of the house because I couldn't help hearing their intimate conversation. Dale asked her daughter Karen if she had a date.

"Mother," she said, "who would I date? All the boys want to do is buy you a coke, take you in the woods, and try to get in your pants. If you do spread your legs, they just shoot their puny load in and go soft, leaving you very frustrated. No thanks—I don't need that aggravation. I'm out to get me an older man, one who can take you out and spend more than a buck."

"You've become a little bitch!" Dale yelled. "I should have stepped down on you long ago." From there, the conversation went completely downhill. The two daughters berated their mother for her useless rules and commands. At one point they even accused her of not sexually satisfying their father. I remember hearing Cindy say, "He goes out and finds a gal who can at least satisfy his desires, and you complain he's unfaithful!"

Dale came running out of the kitchen with tears in her eyes. When she saw me, she let out a horrified gasp. I was very embarrassed but couldn't help putting my arms around her, offering her some kind of comfort from her bitchy daughters. At that Dale broke down completely and, slumping down next to me on the sofa, began telling me of her life with Gary. It wasn't a very pretty picture, to say the least. Obviously, the two daughters were correct in their assessment of the marriage. Gary hadn't been home for days; Dale confided that he sometimes extended his business trips in order to play around with other women. She intended to divorce him when the girls got out on their own. But for the time being, she was going to put up with it.

"I never could give Gary the sexual satisfaction he wanted from me," she said. "He's never brought me to an orgasm in our whole married life. I need this from a man, not my finger." Dale happened to be wearing a low-cut gown that revealed her luscious tits. I had a hard-on, and my fly was practically bursting open. She noticed my condition and said, "I'm sorry, Herb, that I've gotten you so aroused. I didn't mean to. I really never thought I could have that effect on a man—not any more."

"You've got to be kidding," I said. "You're an incredibly beautiful woman, and I've wanted to take you to bed from the first time I laid eyes on you."

"Why didn't you?" she asked.

"I never suspected that you, of all persons, needed another man to gratify you."

It was then that I eased her back lengthwise on the sofa, my body lying on top of hers. By then she had pulled my zipper down,

---

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

taking my rock-hard shaft in her hand. "Oh Christ!" she moaned. "You've got the biggest cock I've ever seen. Fuck me, Herb. I can't stand it any longer. I need to be fucked in the worst way."

Although she was well-lubricated, I had to struggle getting the head of my cock into her tight cunt. She screamed in pain until it got through. Then she calmed somewhat, and we fucked for all we were worth. Afterwards we relaxed.

"Christ, Herb, this is the first time in my life that I've been really and truly fucked," she said to me. "God, what a cock you've got! I didn't think you were ever going to get it all into me. But one thing's for sure: I'm going to want much more of you before I'll be satisfied tonight."

Her words made me hot again. I hadn't forgotten some of the things she had said about her husband moments earlier. Among other things, Dale had remarked that she wouldn't allow Gary to fuck her in the ass. Nor would she blow him.

"I crave to fuck you up the ass," I now told her. "And I want to do it right now." She looked at me for a moment. "Oh God," she whispered, "I don't know if I can take that cock up there. It's so big it will split me wide open. Let me give you a blowjob first."

This shocked the hell out of me, because I knew she wasn't into oral sex. She went down and took the head of my cock into her mouth and started sucking away, holding my shaft in her two hands. She had a mouthful with the head alone and started to gag until I told her not to try and take so much of it. She was far from being a "deep throat," but she gave me a great thrill all the same. When I came, the gush of come from my cock practically gagged her. She then wanted me to fuck her again, and so I brought her to orgasm again—twice. The second time she screamed in ecstasy: "Oh, Herb, don't stop . . . Keep fucking me, blow my mind with your giant cock . . . I'm going to let you fuck my ass. My ass is all yours. . . ."

It was a battle getting in, but I fucked her beautiful ass and had the greatest climax of my entire life.

Gary came home—momentarily—the next night. He said he had to go back out on the road the next morning; he would be gone for about two weeks. Dale knew he was lying, but she didn't much care.

Saturday evening, with Gary gone, Dale went out to deliver all her Avon orders. She would be home very late. Karen, Cindy, and I started to play blackjack, but we didn't get much playing in, as Karen had this devilish look in her eyes. "Have you noticed the sparkle in mother's eyes this past week?" she said to Cindy. "Do you know why she's so happy?" It was obvious from their little repartee that they both knew I'd fucked their mother silly. I knew there was no sense in my trying to fool these two lovely bitches any longer. I had to fuck them both, come what may. Finally I said, "All I've got to say is that I fucked every hole in your mother's beautiful body, and I intend to continue giving and getting the greatest pleasure ever."

Karen and Cindy were genuinely delighted to hear that their mother had abandoned her conventional, uptight sex behavior. "But I'm sure," Karen said, "that mother's rather limited sexual experience leaves much to be desired when compared to our experience."

"I know your mother's sexual capabilities," I told them. "But how can I answer your question without going to bed with both of you?"

"Christ," Cindy said, "what are we waiting for, Karen? Let's both take him on and let him feel what it's like to be really fucked, but good!"

It was still early in the evening when we went to bed. I was fucked, sucked, and raped by the two of them. Not one at a time—not these two. They worked me over together, and I must admit that they knew their job. But they were amazed at the size of my cock and had reservations as to whether they could take it up their asses. I reminded them that their mother was not chicken and she'd taken it—all of it! That settled it. One at a time—of course—they jumped on to my erection and rode me like they were horses.

For these past four years, I've been fucking all three of these beautiful women. Dale is now divorced from Gary, and she's been anxious for me to marry her. She is ignorant, however, of the fact that I screw her daughters, all of which brings me to the whole point of this letter to you: I need your level-headed advice.

You see, I love Dale very much. Karen, who is now twenty years old, insists that

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

Pepe Lopez Tequila—80 Proof—Brown Forman Distiller's Import Co., N.Y., N.Y. ©1976.

Hey Pepe, Go suck a lemon!

Pepe Lopez Straight. Place salt on back of left hand between thumb and index finger, take jigger of Pepe in same hand, take wedge of lemon or lime in right hand. Taste salt, follow with Pepe Lopez straight, then taste fruit. Good luck!

PEPE LOPEZ TEQUILA

The Spirit of Mexico.

Please send $4.75 to: Pepe Lopez Tequila Belt Buckle, P.O. Box 1080, Louisville, Kentucky 40201.

$4.75 each. I enclose ($) Quantity ( )

Name State

Address

City Zip

Limited time only. Offer valid only where legal. Allow six weeks for delivery.

PH.

Turn your old camera into a new Mamiya

and get $20 off.

'Tis the season to trade in any instant loading or instant print camera for a new Mamiya 35mm single lens reflex camera. Because until December 31, 1976, your participating Mamiya dealer will give you a $20 trade-in allowance on a new Mamiya 35mm. Now you can move up into the creative world of 35mm photography in time to capture all the excitement of the holiday season.

Mamiya cameras are built with uncompromising quality and precision. And Mamiya SLR's are compatible with a complete system of interchangeable lenses and accessories.

If you're ready to move up to Mamiya, get moving now because picture taking season is just around the corner. Check out your dealer's low price on Mamiya 35mm cameras, then save an additional $20 by trading in your old camera.
Happy Holiday Shooting!

BHMC

BELL & HOWELL / MAMIYA COMPANY

© 1976 BELL & HOWELL/MAMIYA COMPANY.
All Rights Reserved.

Bad sound is an unnecessary evil.

To hear music beautifully reproduced in the home is one of life's most pleasurable experiences.

Good for news. Bad at music.

It's also a pleasure that 8 out of 10 Americans have never experienced.

Unfortunately, most people still listen to music played through dinky kitchen radios that weren't intended for accurate music reproduction in the first place.

Or they invest in "magnificent mediterranean fruitwood stereo consoles" which may be easy on the eyes but are generally a blight on the ears.

Some people pick up nifty all-in-one stereo compacts they believe will give them good, high-fidelity sound. But a visit to a reputable high-fidelity dealer will quickly shatter that belief. Because only there will you hear *true* high fidelity and come to realize just how inadequate everything else is.

The simple truth is that only real high fidelity will give you real high-fidelity sound. That means separate component pieces: receivers, turntables, tape decks and speakers, each designed to do its job perfectly.

Pioneer makes more different

The $900 worth of fruitwood looks good. The $200 worth of electronics sounds bad.

©U.S. PIONEER ELECTRONICS CORP., 1976.

Avoid buying cheap "no-name" stereo in a place like this or you'll end up with no-quality sound.

high-fidelity components than anybody. In fact, we're the leading high-fidelity manufacturer in the world today.

If you don't own some Pioneer components, or some of similar quality (such as that made by Marantz, Kenwood, Sansui and a handful of other dedicated companies) you're probably listening to bad sound. And it's so unnecessary. Today, in 1976, good hi-fi

This may be stereo. But it's not high fidelity.

components (as opposed to bad "no-name" stereo systems which are ridiculously low-priced and provide sound to match) cost no more than many unsatisfactory alternatives.

True, you can assemble a super Pioneer system that costs more than an automobile. But that's equipment designed for the high-fidelity purist to whom expense is no object.

On the other hand, the Pioneer receiver, turntable and speakers shown here cost about the same as the console pictured at left. And when it comes to sound, there's no comparison.

Pioneer also makes equipment that costs still less. So for a few dollars more than a plastic compact, you can have life-size and life-like sound the compact could never deliver.

You see, bad sound is not only unnecessary. It's unjustifiable.

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, New Jersey 07074.

For a brochure describing the full line of Pioneer high-fidelity components and their capabilities, write us. To hear our sound with your own ears, visit your Pioneer dealer.

PIONEER®

Anyone can hear the difference.

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

she can't live without me, and she wants to marry me. Cindy told Karen she'd have to share me with her; Karen said that would be no problem. I love all three and can't do without any one of them. What they all don't know is that I'm pushing the age of fifty. I've never shown my age, and most people put me at forty. Should I reveal my age and take the chance of losing them? Should I marry one of them and go on living in deceit? If so, which of the women do you think I should marry?

Xaviera, you must come through for me. I value your judgment.—H.H.

If you continue living and fucking like this for much longer, I doubt that you will look forty for many more years. Eventually those three gorgeous women will wear you out completely. The smartest move would be to marry Dale. You obviously love her for more than just her body. You'd best consider the two daughters as a playtime memory. Why not settle for a woman who suits you best, not only in age, but also in life experience?

It's likely that you and the younger girls will be bored with each other after a while. I realize you're all excited concerning the female attention you've been getting. But do remember, there's more to love than just balling your brains out. Since you seem to have liberated Dale, why not stick with her?

Should you tell Dale about your sexual experiences with Karen and Cindy? I'm afraid you must. Once it's obvious to Karen and Cindy that you're going to marry their mother, they will probably tell her of your indiscretions, just out of revenge. It would be better that she hear the truth from you. I wish you good luck, because you'll be needing it!

ON MAKING A LESBIAN

I'm a twenty-year-old female of average height, weight, and looks. My problem actually started about nine years ago.

My parents and I were staying for quite a while at the home of some friends, who lived about a hundred miles from our home. While my parents and their friends were away one weekend, I got into some "games" with the other children in the house. The adults had left early, one Saturday morning, and to kill the day, my girl friend—I'll call her "Elsa"—decided to play cards; strip poker, to be more specific. I couldn't see the harm in it; after all, we were both girls.

Well, to cut a long story short, I lost. I started taking all my clothes off, and I could see that Elsa was loving it. It really got hairy when it came time for me to remove my training bra and my panties. Once I had all my clothes off, I naturally assumed that the game was over. But Elsa said that if I wanted, I could win all my clothes back; but that if I were to lose, I'd have to do whatever she commanded. I agreed, and put my clothes back on. Unfortunately, I lost at strip poker again. By now it was obvious that she was really getting excited, and I myself wasn't exactly doing this against my will.

She called a friend of hers from the bedroom and told me to take my clothes off again. I realized right then that we were going to play with each other, but I kind of liked the idea! When this girl friend walked into the room, she caught me masturbating Elsa. But I didn't stop! The other girl took her clothes off and began necking with Elsa. As payment for losing at cards, they made me go down on them all day.

The problem is that I liked it so much that I've been a lesbian ever since. At twenty-one years, I'm still a virgin, as I've never had a cock in me. The only bed partners I've ever had are girls, and they're all married now and gone. I've seduced all my girl friends and their girl friends. I even made it with one of my gym teachers (she was the best). I walk around downtown and stare at women's asses and wish I could somehow spank them.

So I've faced up to it: I'm a lesbian, and probably always will be. But I don't like the thought of being all alone, like I am right now. Please tell me, Xaviera, I ask you, what can I do to prevent this?—Cindy

Just because your friends have married doesn't mean they've found eternal companionship and happiness. Check out the latest divorce statistics and you'll see what I mean.

If you've followed this column at all, you'll have noticed that I occasionally make it with other women. To me, bisexuals have the best of both worlds. While you seem to be exclusively homosexual, you're still quite young, and you might try making it with a guy. If it doesn't work out, what have you lost?

While lesbian activity is not as prevalent today as that of homosexual men, you shouldn't find it difficult to locate lesbian discos and bars in any large urban area. Life is certainly less hassled for a lesbian living in a major city like New York or San Francisco.

I sense in your letter a feeling of guilt for having made it with your girl friends at the age of nine. Do you really think that this one episode has made you a confirmed lesbian? Be a little more realistic, please. It's quite natural and common for youngsters to "play with" each other, especially members of the same sex. Most of these children grow up to be heterosexuals; others mature to become homosexuals. Speaking literally, you can't really "make" a lesbian.

THREE INTO FOUR

My wife, Misty, and I are both thirty years old. We enjoy a wide variety of sexual endeavors, and one took place this summer

The stereo music center with a handle.
No ordinary portable, this new JVC compact music system can go indoors, outdoors, anywhere you want great stereo music. It's got AM, FM, two shortwave bands, a built-in cassette deck, twin condenser mikes, dual-element 5" speakers, and provisions to use optional external mikes or speakers. It sounds so good you can even use it as a radio/cassette deck for your hi fi system. It's one dynamic package. Once you hear it you'll want to carry it out by the handle.
JVC
Model 9475
JVC America, Inc., 58-75 Queens Midtown Expressway, Maspeth, New York 11378 212-476-8300
For the JVC dealer nearest you, call toll free 800-221-7502

which I'd like to relate to you.

About one year ago, we moved to Lake Tahoe. We have a house that is very secluded and which has a very private beach. During the summer months, we frequently sunbathe and swim au naturel. *On occasion we even have sex on our beach.*

Once in a while, a boatload of fishermen or sightseers will come very close to shore to get a better look. We're not exhibitionists, and this does upset both of us. Whenever we see these voyeurs, we always try to grab our beach robes and cover up.

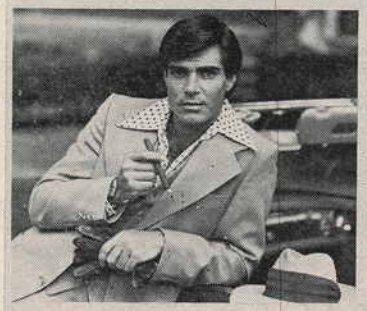
About a month ago, we were sunbathing au naturel *when we heard a small boat approaching. As usual, we donned our robes, but the boat went past our beachfront; so we took off the robes once again. Misty was soon rubbing some tanning oil on me as I lay on my back, and she began teasing me by slipping her finger in and out of my anus. She inserted her finger and began massaging my prostate. She knows this drives me wild! At the same time, she started sucking on my cock. Misty's juices had really begun to flow, and I was trying to think of a way to shift myself around so I could lap up her nectar without disturbing the hold she had on me. As I rolled onto my left side, I saw a young woman staring at us from behind the trees. When she knew I'd seen her, she walked over to us. She was remarkably good-looking, to say the least.*

This girl was short, with a fantastic build and as nice a set of tits as I've ever seen. Her hair was jet black and very long. She had on a pair of white, skin-tight shorts and a yellow halter made of some kind of loose, knitted material. She apologized to Misty and me for watching us. She also explained that her father had owned this house down the beach, and that she'd been the one in the boat. My cock had wilted under the surprise of seeing this girl, but Misty still seemed to be turned on—even more so, knowing that someone had been watching us.

Misty and I were still nude, but we relaxed and soon were engaged in idle chitchat with this young woman. We learned that her name was Kim. While we three talked, Misty's hand accidentally rubbed across my cock. Before long I again had a powerful erection, which I tried unsuccessfully to hide between my legs. Kim nonchalantly took off her halter top and shorts, saying how much she liked to sunbathe in the nude. Misty was so turned on by now that she wouldn't have cared if we were in Yankee Stadium. She just reached right over and jerked my cock out from between my legs. She began sucking me off with a frenzy she'd never shown before. Kim started sucking on Misty's tits, and so I decided to eat out Misty. Misty had a tremendous orgasm, and I lapped up every bit of that nectar that spewed forth. Then Misty pushed my head between Kim's legs and I started eating Kim's pussy. When Kim was about ready to explode, I got up and approached her from the rear. I guided my cock very gently, up and into her tight little

CONTINUED ON PAGE 190

HOW TO FEEL LIKE A MILLION.



Nothing gives a man more of a touch of class than taking a cigar out of a tube. And there's no better tubed cigar for the money than Royale by Gold Label. A stylish cigar with a rich Cameroon wrapper. And all the mildness and freshness sealed in by the tube. So take out a Royale and take on the look of a millionaire.

ROYALE *in a tube by Gold Label*

Introducing HOLIDAY GIFT SWEATERS

Unique sweaters offered for the first time anywhere have popular Schlitz and Schlitz Malt Liquor designs fashionably knitted into the front. 100% Acrylic . . . completely washable. Men's full sizes—small, medium, large and extra large. Great addition to the cold weather wardrobe!

With the holidays fast approaching, these crew neck sweaters will make a perfect gift at $19.95 each.

Send check or money order payable to:

SWEATER OFFER
P.O. Box 9373
St. Paul, MN 55193

Not found in retail stores.
Available by mail order only.
Offer void where prohibited.
Allow 4 weeks for shipment.

Indicate Brand, Size & Quantity	S 34-36	M 38-40	L 42-44	XL 46-48
SCHLITZ				
SCHLITZ MALT LIQUOR				

SHIP POSTAGE PAID TO:

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

$19.95 Each. TOTAL $_____

THE AMOROUS ASTROLOGER

BY MARTINE

Illustration by Elias Dominguez

OCTOBER 23 — NOVEMBER 21

SCORPIO

THE SCORPIO MALE

Nobody understands Scorpio, especially not women. Why? Because Scorpios suffer for having the worst press in the zodiac. Their reputation has been so maligned that by now it's axiomatic to advise women who don't want to be brutalized or ruled by force to avoid the Scorpio male—much the way cats avoid baths.

Various astrologers have routinely described Scorpios as (ready?): overdemanding, intensely passionate, ruthless, highly emotional, sex-obsessed, irrationally jealous, power-hungry, relentless, selfish, cunning, remorseless, exploitive, egomaniacal, cruel, vindictive. . . . And that's only the beginning.

Anyone who adds up this catalog of crime would be justified in demanding that all Scorpio males be immediately exiled to a special island prison. The only remaining problem would be how to keep thousands of eager women from storming said isle.

No one ever emphasizes that a Scorpio is a highly magnetic man, an individual who attracts people with his cool self-mastery and the sheer physicality that clings to him, like an aura. His aura is often more than mere metaphor. It's a fact that true Scorpios actually give off a distinct, rather pleasant sexual scent which many women find irresistible.

If you're a Scorpio, you seldom get bad marks for your extraordinary insight into human nature. You can spot weakness as well as strength, and because you have a fail-safe memory, you store up such information forever. This ability alone goes a long way toward explaining your success with women.

Above all, you are practical and shrewd. You know exactly where you're going and are willing to work as hard as necessary to get there. You believe in tangible goals and can do very nicely without any pie from the sky. You expect your reward right here on earth. Direct in your approach, persevering in your follow-through, you can thoroughly master any subject.

What else can they want from you?

There are many reasons, both historical and cultural, for the smouldering suspicion and pervasive animosity that is usually directed toward Scorpios (and especially the Scorpio male). Having come in contact with this attitude throughout my career as a professional astrologer, I have concluded that the one overriding reason for this widespread dislike stems from a confusion between two clearly differentiated Scorpio types.

The first type of Scorpio can be compared to an eagle, soaring high, beyond the reach of ordinary mortals. And as he glides, this Scorpio scans the human landscape below him with the kind of steely gaze that can only be described as intensely predatory. The other sort of Scorpio is much less admirable. And though this type, too, often proves to be fatally attractive to many women, he is, at base, not at all appealing. This Scorpio has all the worst aspects of the sign. He can best be seen as a being that resembles the popular image of the lower primates. Like some ape or gorilla, he wanders the world like a vital natural force. As such he is intent only upon satisfying his own bestial desires. To accomplish this he will employ all his strength and cunning. But to what end? Only a brief and ultimately unfulfilling visceral satiation.

Unfortunately, it is this second Scorpio type, represented by a small minority, which has captured the imagination of astrologers and stigmatized all those born under this sign.

I'll assume that you are the higher type of Scorpio and that you don't naturally think it's a proof of virility to treat women with contempt. You're too self-confident for that. You're also more aware of your own innate charisma. And, most important, you know that this force of personality is better employed as a rapier than as a club. On the other hand, Scorpio males are notorious for their deep macho traits. As a Scorpio you may be superficially reasonable. You may also be capable of real sensitivity and true compassion. You may be the most perfect lover in the history of the world and more—much more—than any woman could want. Nevertheless, you are also the kind of man that will never let a woman—or anyone else for that matter—control your life and your desires. No way. Any female who tries will soon find herself on a collision course with that fabled and formidable will power of yours. When pushed to the wall, or when pushed at all, the Scorpio's will becomes welded into one cosmic *won't*. And the Scorpio male is transformed from an eagle into the original immovable object.

And that's not only where it's at, that's what it is as well.

SCORPIO AS A LOVER

Now we come to another reason why Scorpios have had such bad press: they tend to show their character flaws more in lovemaking than in life. Nothing brings out the extremes of the Scorpio nature the way sex does.

If you're a Scorpio, you know that your

Get in on all the ACTION & FUN!

Introducing the $19.95 Portable CB Receiver that needs no license.

New electronic technology makes this the unique CB for fun- at less than 1/5th the cost of complicated 2-Way CBs!

- **No Installation.** Works on standard 9V battery.
- **No Tuning Troubles.** Receives all channels and picks out clearest active channel all by itself!
- **No License Needed.** Unlike complicated 2-Way Citizen Band Transmitter/Receivers.
- **No Theft Problem.** Condor's unique portability lets you take it anywhere, anytime.
- **Inexpensive.** Designed and built for more fun at less than 1/5th the cost!
- **Hear it all.** Listen in on conversations about accidents, road hazards, trucker conversations, traffic problems, CB slang and more.

CB manufacturers estimate over 75% of the people who purchase a CB simply listen. Now you don't have to spend $100 to $150 and more to hear all the fun — the ***new*** *Condor Citizen Band Receiver is here.*

"Imagine - hearing where the bears are for less than the price of a ticket!"

Carry it

Auto/Truck sun visor

On a bicycle

Anywhere

GUARANTEE: If not completely satisfied, simply return your Condor CB Receiver within 10 days for a full refund. It also has a manufacturers' warranty to protect you. Be assured this is a quality product for all ages. Completely safe and fun to use. To insure protection of unit during mailing, batteries have not been included.

Order now with this Money-Back coupon. *The Perfect Gift!*

FAMILY RESEARCH PRODUCTS, Inc.
18 Computer Drive/Albany, New York/12205

Giving the country what's new and unique at direct mail savings.

Please send the new unique Condor CB Receiver — the $19.95 CB Receiver that needs no license. I understand I may return the receiver within 10 days for full refund, if not completely satisfied. Also include **Definitions of CB 10-Code and Truckers CB Terms.**

☐ 19.95 X _____ Condor CB Receivers = $_____*
☐ Please enclose a gift card from_____
☐ Check ☐ Money Order **CHARGE IT:** (check one) Exp. Date_____
☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge
☐ American Express BANK NUMBER_____
Credit Card #_____
NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____
*Please include 95 cents for shipping and handling.
NYS residents add appropriate sales tax.

PH/11/76

Beautiful Dreamer..

Sleep On An INFLATE-A-BED

From $49.95

The World's Most Comfortable Bed — You "Adjust" it to Your Own Personal "Firmness Level" — End backaches forever!

Also...The Only Guest Bedroom You Can Store On A Shelf!

Inflate-A-Bed. The most natural way to sleep or relax. Instead of your body fighting with steel coils, wooden frames, stuffing and cloth, you can sleep in suspended luxury — on a cushion of air, just like a cloud on a summer afternoon. We **guarantee** your sleeping comfort will be markedly improved, that you'll sleep deeper, more restfully and with less morning aches than you ever thought possible. Tens of thousands of people are sleeping on one nightly, and chiropractors all over the nation are recommending them to many of their patients.

Inflate-A-Bed is the most exciting bedding product ever developed since early man discovered straw. It is a specially patented "air coil" bed you inflate in minutes with a vacuum cleaner or any air pump. The innovative air coil system works to support your body evenly. You don't sink in the middle and the sides don't fly up. Two people can sleep on a full, queen, or king bed virtually undisturbed by each other's movements. The bed shapes itself to your body almost like cradle-ing it — with unheard of flexibility in a mattress. You inflate it to suit your taste. No frame or innerspring is needed, although it will fit into any standard bed frame.

Inflate-A-Bed is incredibly light and incredibly tough (20 mil Poly Vinyl Chloride). It cleans easily with soap and water. It deflates in minutes for you to fold up and take with you — visiting, camping, beach (a dynamite water raft) or moving to a new home. Store it easily on a closet shelf when not in use. It is everything a bed should be — delightfully sensual, highly therapeutic, and conveniently mobile. Sleep on it for a 7 night trial. If you're not pleased, return it for an immediate refund.

Please send the following Air Bed(s). If not fully satisfied I can return within 2 weeks for an immediate refund.
☐ Twin Size @ $49.95 ☐ Full Size @ $69.95
☐ Queen Size @ $79.95 ☐ King Size @ $99.95
(Add $4.95 for shipping and insurance)
☐ Instead I prefer the Original Inflate-A-Bed (same as above plus a flocked velveteen finish).
☐ Twin @ $59.95 ☐ Full @ $79.95
☐ Queen @ $89.95 ☐ King @ $119.95
(Add $4.95 shipping per bed)
☐ Also send high-powered AC air pump @ $29.95 ea.
☐ Also send high-powered DC air pump @ $29.95 ea.
☐ Check or M.O. Enclosed (Ill. residents add 5% sales tax)
☐ Charge My Credit Card Checked Below:
☐ American Express ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Carte Blanche
☐ Diners Club ☐ Master Charge

Credit Card #_____
Master Charge Bank # _ _ _ _ Exp. Date_____
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
Signature_____ PH-11/76

Send Coupon To:
Contemporary Marketing, Inc.
790 Maple Lane, Bensenville, Ill. 60106
Call Toll Free: 800-621-8318 Ill. call: 312-595-0461

sexual nature is both a blessing and a curse. The intense sexuality that you revel in and, at times, suffer with comes from the fact that this sign controls the genital organs—always has, always will. Needless to say this can make you a highly desirable bed partner, but you can also be put at sixes and sevens by this factor. It's not uncommon for Scorpios to speak of their sex organs as if they had separate identities. It's always, "He wants this," etc. This can be seen as a clear case of sexual schizophrenia, in which you have one identity and your cock has another. Schizo*penia*, if you prefer.

In sexual matters you're a human calculating machine, always aware of the cost of what you want—to the last decimal point. If the cost is too high—emotionally, financially, or otherwise—you won't haggle. You simply walk away. Nobody can put you through a wringer. You are forceful and uncomplicated in your approach to making love. It all seems so simple: you want her, she wants you, and you both know just what to do. So why not do it? Lingering preliminaries and elegant foreplay are not in your line. This kind of impetuosity can be either charming or alarming. Sometimes a whole experience lasts no longer than a Bob Hope wisecrack. You believe in quantity over quality.

And you don't have much patience with special problems. As one woman with a Scorpio lover told me, "My clit is a bit high, and I don't get that much out of all that thrusting in and out. But I don't dare tell him to try a different position. He'd think I was criticizing him as a lover, and he'd *never* stand for that!"

Scorpio is always proud of his sexual prowess. You'll flash your nine-inch wonder at any opportunity. If you're a little short in that department, you'll try penis extenders that fit over your organ to make it larger and harder. You are a good customer for the more sophisticated artificial penises—which are warm, ejaculate, and even have built-in vibrators to rev up the fun.

A WORD OF ADVICE FOR SCORPIOS

Don't concern yourself too much with power and possessions. You are what you are, not what you own. *Learn to take life as it comes.*

THE SCORPIO FEMALE (WHAT EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW)

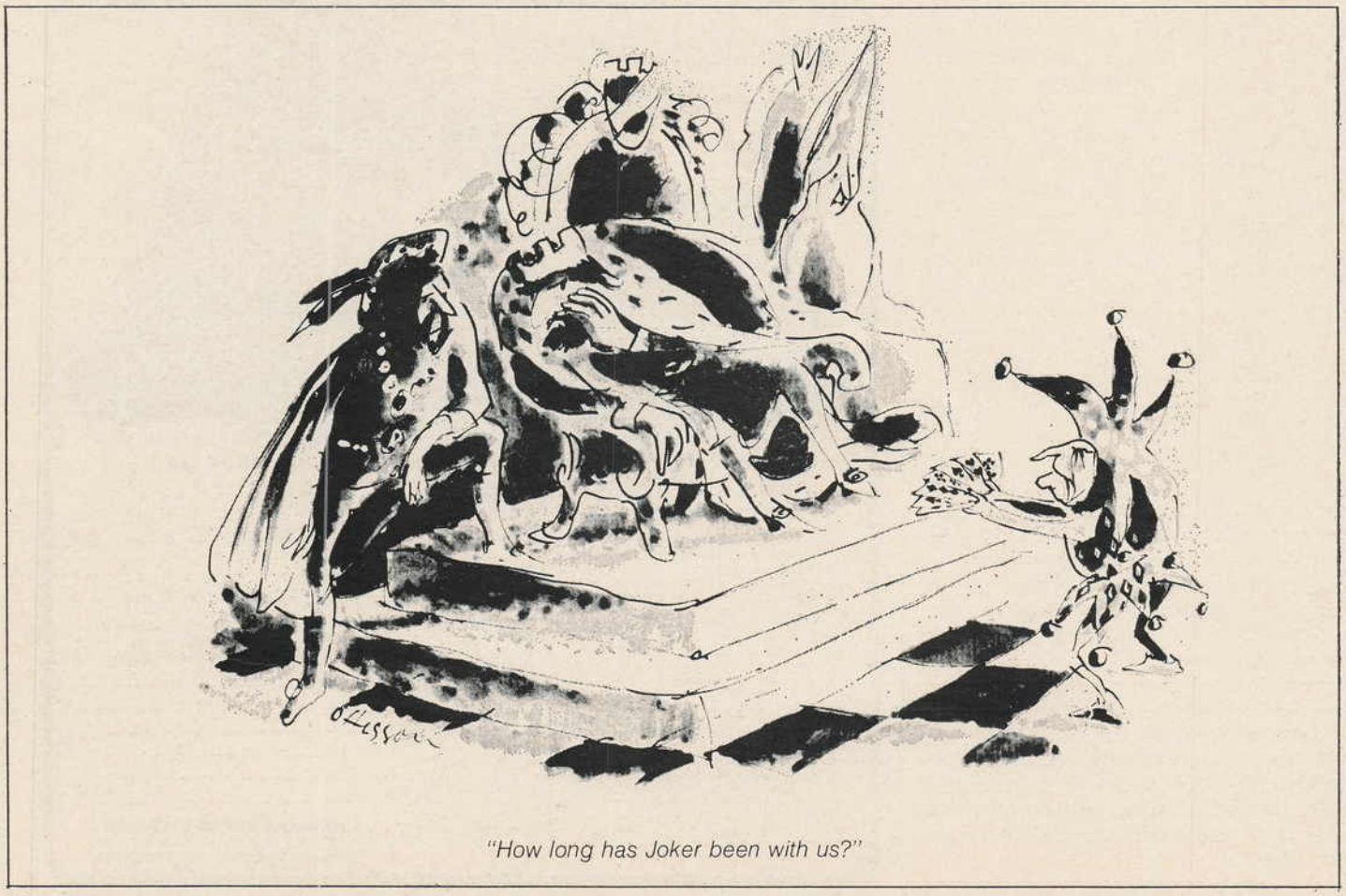
The female Scorpio is highly emotional, very affectionate, and utterly demanding. She is not interested in a light flirtation or a pad where she can bed down for one night. She's the one who is a menace to a ménage à trois. She is not gung ho for group sex. She doesn't believe in sharing. Does that mean she's possessive? You said it.

Any man who doesn't think that it's necessary to sign a contract just because he's balling a woman would do well to avoid getting involved with a Scorpio. She believes in treaties with irrevocable clauses and lots of fine print, spelling out just what her man can't do.

Why does she get away with being so possessive, jealous, explosive, and domineering? Because she is a marvelous, fascinating, utterly irresistible woman—exciting in bed and entertaining in the living room. She is, in short, a woman who carries with her an enticing air of mystery. She can drive a man to the brink of despair and, with a gesture, summon him back to the heights of happiness. There is no in-between with her. You'll have to knuckle under and make the best of your bargain.

Does this sound frightening? Well, a Scorpio female is a bit forbidding for some men. Faint heart ne'er won a Scorpio—probably never got near enough to find out if she was his type. It takes a man who knows where he's at to hold his ground against a woman born under this sign. When she says no, Scorpio does not mean perhaps, maybe, or let's talk about it. She means no. On the other hand, when she wants something, she doesn't usually try to bulldoze her way to it. She's too keen a student of human nature to do that.

When it comes to seeing through pretense, she has radar eyes. Never try to fool her, for she knows exactly what you're up to. If you betray her, she will pay you back—double and quadruple. Remember the story of the married couple who hated each other so intensely that an angel was finally sent down to resolve the stalemated conflict? The angel told the woman that she could have anything she wished for, but that whatever she got would be doubled for her husband. The woman promptly wished



"How long has Joker been with us?"

to be—such a twofer—blind in one eye.

She was a Scorpio.

Nevertheless, this deeply feminine woman can make some lucky man an excellent wife. He could not have a fiercer, more loyal ally. She is faithful, helpful, a good homemaker, a fine mother, a wonderful cook, a talented interior decorator. And she is addicted to sex. As a bed partner, however, she tends to be self-centered and too intent on her own pleasure. She expects her lover to perform—that is, to satisfy her—and not to delay satisfaction with too much dallying.

I know of one Scorpio lady who, young as she is, has already acquired all the impatience associated with her sign. It seems her boyfriend insisted on taking her to so-called pornographic movies as a preliminary to lovemaking. She sat through a few such screenings, where she had about as much fun as Billy Graham would at a burlesque show. The next time he took her to such a movie "warm-up," she ignored the action on screen and sat there masturbating herself to a climax. When the movie ended and he wanted to take her back to his place, she told him to get lost.

Scorpio is a fixed sign, and the female of the species acts as she thinks the circumstances require.

Lazy men need not apply.

SCORPIO'S GUIDE TO SEXUAL COMPATIBILITY

SCORPIO AND ARIES Sexually, Aries is more imaginative and willing to experiment than you. But your smoldering desires prove a fair match for Aries. Nevertheless, some troubles loom in other areas and put out the fire.

SCORPIO AND TAURUS You are well mated, for you're both passionate, and Taurus has the stamina that you demand in the bedroom. But you're both jealous, too, and the battle of the sexes here can turn into World War III.

SCORPIO AND GEMINI You'll have some lively frolics together, and for a time Gemini will be intrigued by your unceasing sexual demands. Then passion will pall, and your Gemini will start looking for an exit.

SCORPIO AND CANCER The prognosis is good. You stimulate Cancer's passive passions. The physical compatibility helps to cool jealousy on both sides. This should make a rewarding combination.

SCORPIO AND LEO You can't provide the constant flattery that Leo's ego craves. Passions and tempers on both sides are quick to ignite, and the resultant explosion can be delightful or frightful.

SCORPIO AND VIRGO This combination should work well—except where it counts. It's very hard for Virgo to keep up with your extreme physicality. And a meeting of minds isn't what you have in mind.

SCORPIO AND LIBRA You satisfy Libra's need for affection—and then some. Your jealousy flatters Libra. But don't expect Libra's on-again, off-again lovemaking to satisfy your physical needs entirely.

SCORPIO AND SCORPIO Plenty of sexual

You've earned your stripe

...because last night you took your wife outside and had a snowball fight. And you made her giggle like you used to.

...if you're more concerned with your automobile's MPG (miles per gallon) than its MPH (miles per hour).

...for admitting that the sports page is where you start your morning reading.

...because you chose your Scotch for value. And the Scotch you chose was the one that started all the others on the road to lightness. Usher's. The original light Scotch. With an original light price tag. Usher's. We earned our stripe in 1853.

80 or 86 Proof • Brown Forman Distillers Corp., Louisville, Ky., © 1974.

INTRODUCING THE STRAWBERRY MARGARITA

THE CLUB
Strawberry
Margarita
MADE WITH JOSE CUERVO TEQUILA, TRIPLE SEC AND NATURAL FLAVORS
PREPARED BY THE CLUB DISTILLING CO., HARTFORD, CT.

WELCOME TO

attraction here, but temperatures can't keep rising forever. Something's got to give—and when it does, the ending is likely to be explosive.

SCORPIO AND SAGITTARIUS You will dominate in the sexual sphere, but that doesn't mean you will keep restless Sagittarius submissive for long. A short, fun-filled affair—without a future.

SCORPIO AND CAPRICORN All your powerful passions find a welcome here. Capricorn even likes your jealousy, for it makes Capricorn feel secure. A fine, earthy relationship is indicated, with sex along fairly predictable lines.

SCORPIO AND AQUARIUS You like to deal with a known quantity and are upset by Aquarius's unpredictable moods. You try to dictate, but Aquarius is too independent to allow that. Prognosis: hips that pass in the night.

SCORPIO AND PISCES You hit it off sexually from the start, but where does it end? That depends on whether Pisces's clinging dependency becomes trying. Otherwise, all signals are go. Have a nice time!

PASSIONATE PORTENTS

ARIES (March 21–April 19) This period finds you itching to bed down as many women as possible in the shortest time, which can lead you into some unwise encounters that are emotionally painful. However, you also learn a great deal that may benefit you, especially after November 21. Someone with an outgoing Leo personality will be of great financial help to you. Be considerate of this person, even though you don't feel especially tuned in. Someone else is more attractive to you, but that someone is more interested in your money than in you. *Sexually Potent Days:* Nov. 3–4, 13, 18, 21, 30.

TAURUS (April 20–May 20) During the first two weeks of November, the sun and planetary aspects strongly favor an active sex life. The crisp, cool days of late fall will turn into a torrid time for you. But you must be quick on your feet and ready with the excuses to keep out of an entangling alliance. Even when the affair is finally over and kaput, there may be legal complications. You'll probably end up wondering whether all your tomcatting around was really worth it. *Sexually Potent Days:* Nov. 1, 6, 15, 24, 29.

GEMINI (May 21–June 20) You've been using that famed versatility of yours to the hilt and doing a juggling act with business affairs, woman trouble, and family problems, all at the same time. But you can't keep it up much longer, for the vibes for money and sex don't work well together for you this month. You will have a serious problem with a rival around Thanksgiving. A sympathetic person offers a way out of your dilemma but also provides a new predicament. A strong affection results. Don't exploit this person, for you have an interesting future in store. *Sexually Potent Days:* Nov. 2, 8–9, 18, 22, 25.

CANCER (June 21–July 22) Do you remember the ancient Greek who was condemned to push a rock to the top of the mountain only to have it always roll down again? That's how you're feeling for the first ten days of November. You've been trying for quite a while to make an impression on a somewhat oversensitive—yet sarcastic—person, but there are always stones rolling down to block your path. Everything begins to look better after November 10, and a financial payoff right after mid-month will ease things further. Thanksgiving will give you a lot to be thankful for. *Sexually Potent Days:* Nov. 1, 7, 11, 20, 28.

LEO (July 23–August 22) A lot of activity is going on behind your back, possibly concerning a business or property deal. Between November 10 and 20 you start to find out what it's all about. Someone you're involved with knows more than you do. Your sexual desires may have been used to your disadvantage, but don't blame anyone else. Your own domineering nature and a certain lack of consideration for others are responsible. You will face up to that and come out ahead. Travel, perhaps even a permanent move of some kind, is favored now. *Sexually Potent Days:* Nov. 3, 10, 13–14, 21, 30.

VIRGO (August 23–September 22) A short trip helps in resolving a long-standing

problem. Learn from each experience that comes your way. When you return, an answer that has been eluding you will seem much clearer. Something important has been concealed from you. You become involved with a woman who likes to travel first-class, but your wallet is strictly tourist. The high cost of loving won't push you into bankruptcy until the affair has run its course. And the experience is worth it. *Sexually Potent Days:* Nov. 6, 11, 15–16, 23, 26.

LIBRA (September 23–October 22) The sweetness of conquest is eluding you as the month of November begins. Someone you met through a common interest or hobby isn't showing much interest. It's hard for you to understand why you're making such slow progress. If you try to force the answer you want, the result will only benefit a jealous rival. This is a good time to remember the Eleventh Commandment: *Never Give Up*. Your quiet persistence carries the day, but don't commit yourself until after November 21. Until then, try to relax. Better times are coming. *Sexually Potent Days:* Nov. 6, 12–14, 18, 25, 27.

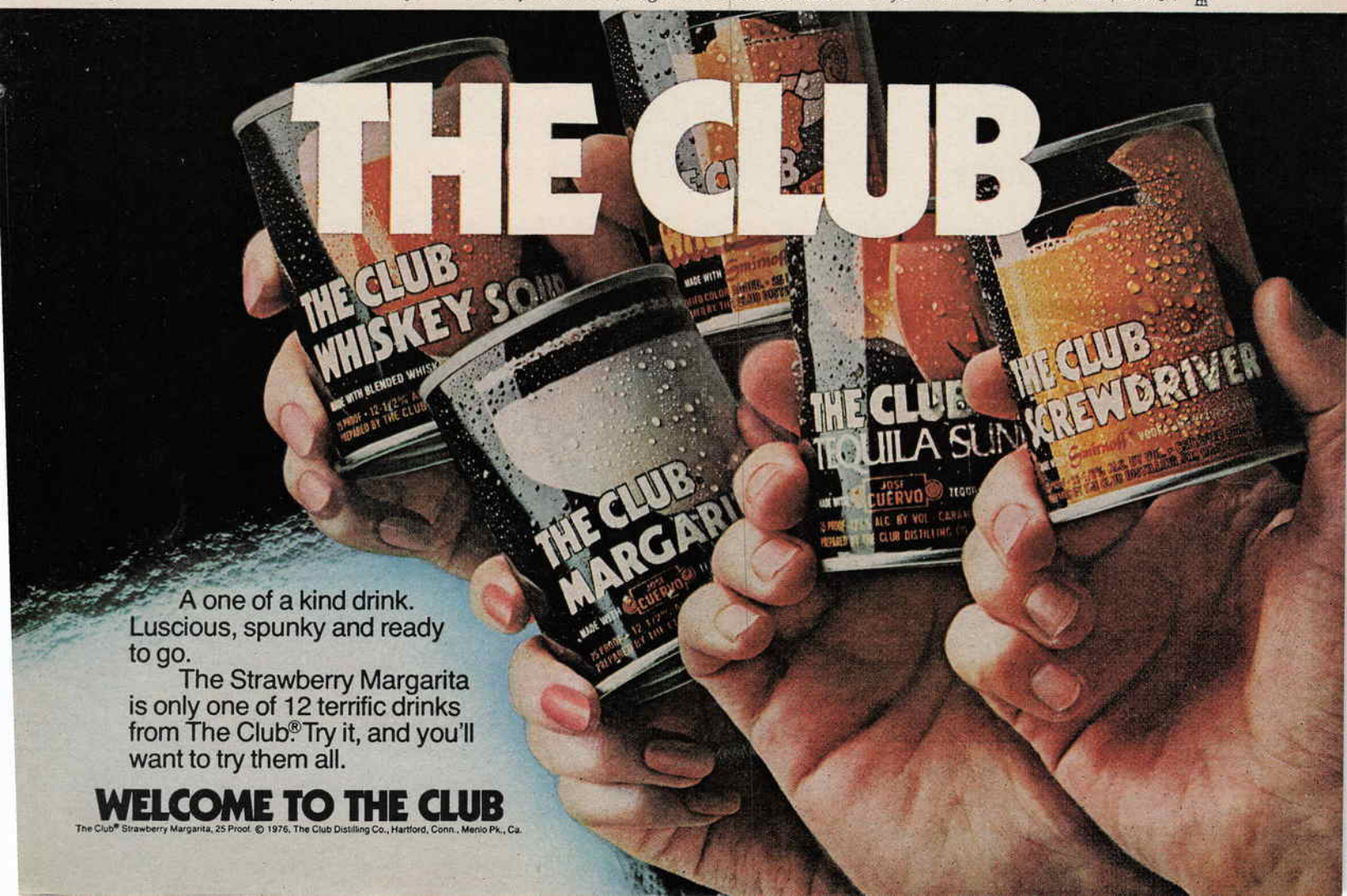
SCORPIO (October 23–November 21) You've had a long, successful affair with someone, but you're both too set in a routine. (It's hard to keep rockets flaring if the powder has fizzled out.) However, planetary aspects continue to be favorable throughout this birthday period, and you have great vitality and enthusiasm. You should try to meet exciting, new people, go to unfamiliar places, create novel situations to challenge you. You will get an intriguing and surprising proposition. This is a time for positive thinking. Until Thanksgiving you are really flying high. *Sexually Potent Days:* Nov. 5, 10, 19–20, 24, 30.

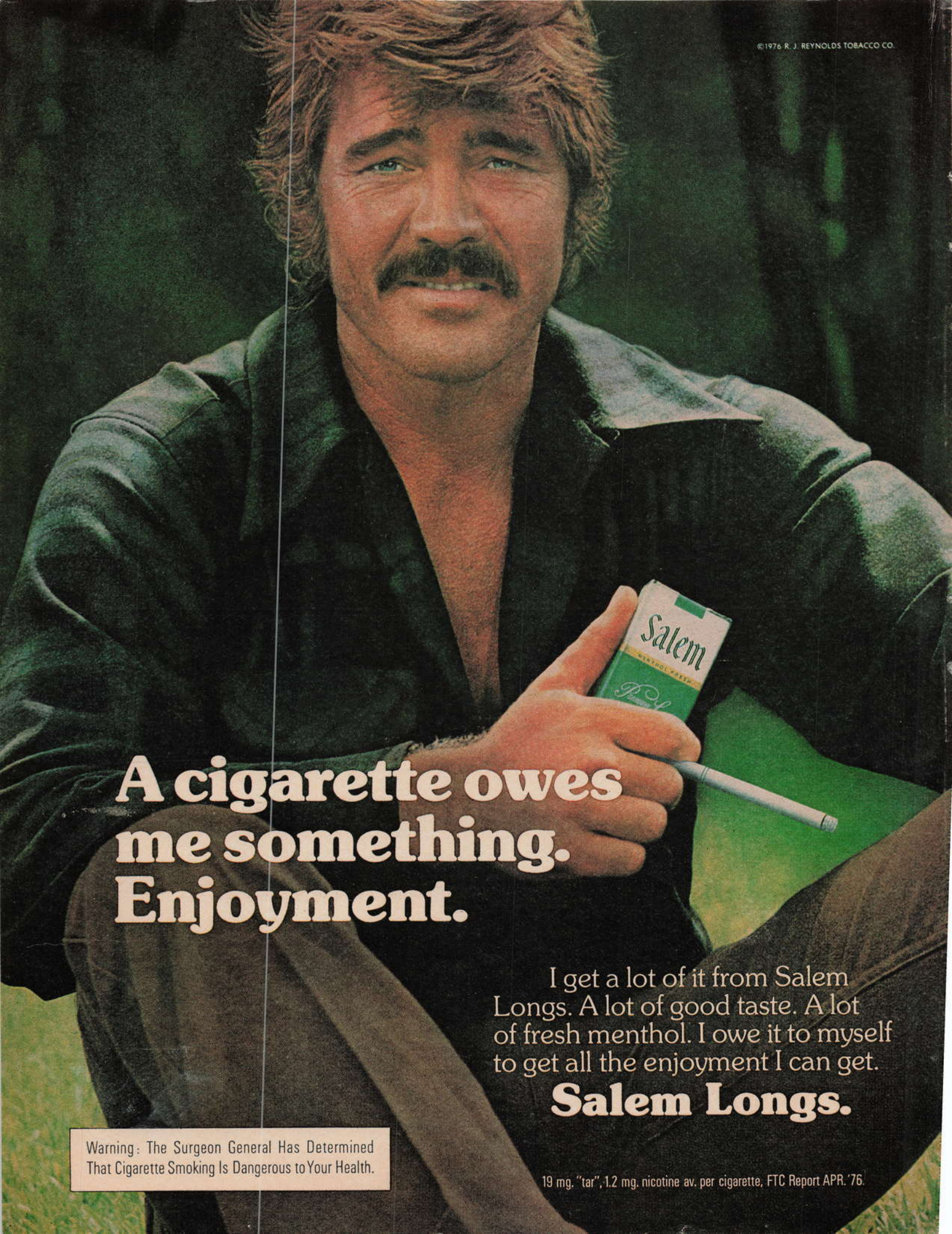
SAGITTARIUS (November 22–December 21) You've been feeling pent up and irritable. The problem is clearly in your chart. With the sun and a number of planets in your solar twelfth house during the first two weeks of November, this is a time of restrictions. After the first week repressed desires lead you into a dalliance with someone who isn't right for you, but who may be a good partner for bedroom high jinks. Around the middle of the month, you get a new insight into her character. Mercury enters your sign on November 16, and you receive an important message. After November 22 the sun returns to your sign to give you a wholly new and refreshing outlook on life. *Sexually Potent Days:* Nov. 8, 13, 16, 21–22, 25.

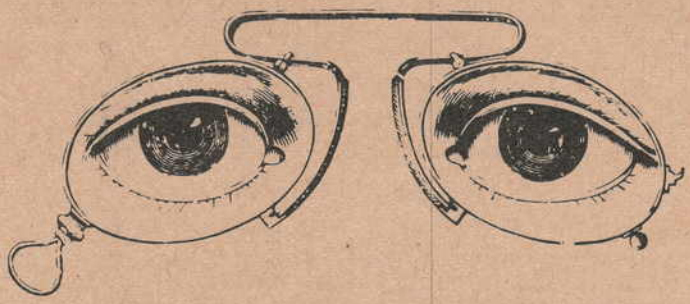
CAPRICORN (December 22–January 19) You meet an exciting partner on an occasion when you are called upon to fill in for someone who just can't make it. The two of you start to swing, and the enthusiastic response on her part starts all your juices flowing. You really start to venture across new frontiers when you overcome your timidity. However, negative factors come to the fore. Physical strain is one, and another is mistaking what you think you feel for really lasting emotion. But Venus enters your sign at the middle of the month and stays through November; so all will go well for the present. *Sexually Potent Days:* Nov. 6–7, 12, 15, 24, 27.

AQUARIUS (January 20–February 18) This is an entertaining month, one with several love affairs. Your social activity even starts to interfere with your work, especially if a private matter becomes public. You can bluff your way through for a while, but Mars and Saturn cast an unfavorable light on your ability to fake it over the long term. Better to act with caution and discretion, particularly concerning an unusual liaison. Saturn (the planet of discipline) is very important in your chart now, and you must act responsibly. *Sexually Potent Days:* Nov. 9, 14, 17–18, 21, 26.

PISCES (February 19–March 20) You're getting a bit jaded with a current lover and start looking around to upgrade your choice of companions. Before the end of November, you will meet someone exciting and lovely, destined to play an important role in your life. People who envy your luck will try to undermine the affair. Don't let them. This new and intimate friendship will prove to be a real asset in a business deal and a source of future happiness. Figure things out for yourself. *Sexually Potent Days:* Nov. 1, 3, 10, 19–20, 28.


THE CLUB
THE CLUB WHISKEY SO
THE CLUB MARGARI
THE CLUB TEQUILA SUN
THE CLUB SCREWDRIVER
A one of a kind drink.
Luscious, spunky and ready to go.
The Strawberry Margarita is only one of 12 terrific drinks from The Club® Try it, and you'll want to try them all.
WELCOME TO THE CLUB
The Club® Strawberry Margarita, 25 Proof. © 1976, The Club Distilling Co., Hartford, Conn., Menlo Pk., Ca.


©1976 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Salem
A cigarette owes me something. Enjoyment.
I get a lot of it from Salem Longs. A lot of good taste. A lot of fresh menthol. I owe it to myself to get all the enjoyment I can get.
Salem Longs.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
19 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '76.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

UP AGAINST A STONEWALL

There is no doubt that Alexander Graham Bell had a sadistic streak that pulsed through him like a berserk busy signal. The telephone, that infernal instrument, could only have been conceived in the fevered brain of someone totally lacking in respect for human dignity. Think for a moment what the telephone does to your daily life. Its nerve-jangling ring is a command that must be immediately obeyed. It wakens you from peaceful, childlike slumber. It brazenly summons you, sudsy and humiliated, from the shower. Most egregious of all, it never fails to interrupt while you are balling your way to ecstasy. The telephone has conditioned our sexual behavior in a way that would have Pavlov slavering at the switchboard. A poll conducted by the group, Persons Unwilling to be Sex-Starved Yentas (PUSSY), concluded that men who have bedside telephones experience premature ejaculation at a rate ten times greater than men who have phones installed in more sensible locations.

It's well known to anyone who's ever used a telephone that the men and women Mr. Bell hired at least shared—but most often even exceeded—his insensitivity to the public. Nearly all the telephone-installation and -repair men have been with The Company ever since they were mustered out of the gestapo after World War II. The nationwide coven of nasal-voiced operators, of course, proudly trace their heritage to their flammable forbears from Salem, Mass.

Bell's inhumanity tolled for me not long ago when I tried to assign a story to an aspiring free-lance writer. This writer had experienced heady success in another field, but had then fallen on emotional and hard times. So he called me, collect.

"I have a collect call from a Mr. Baldman," said the operator.

"Hollow Man," I heard a voice mumble from the middle distance.

"Operator?" I queried.

"Collect call from Mr. Baldman," she snuffled, through a postnasal drip.

"Haldeman, operator. That's H. R. Haldeman!" The voice now was hard enough to penetrate a stonewall.

So even H. R. ("Bob") Haldeman—yes, *that* Haldeman—has troubles with Ma Bell. H. R. Haldeman, whose nefarious abilities with sophisticated taping systems and bugs helped to drive a president from office in disgrace and to make an ugly apartment building named Watergate the lasting symbol of corruption.

I asked Haldeman if he'd review the novel *The Company*, written by his former crony, John Ehrlichman. Initially reluctant, Haldeman agreed to read the novel and a few issues of *Penthouse*. A few weeks later Haldeman phoned and said, yes, he would very much like to review the book, but, no, he would not care to do it for us. Why not?

UPI

"Because your magazine is obscene," replied the convicted liar.

"What do you find obscene? Naked, beautiful women?"

"That. And the articles. It's all obscene. *Penthouse* is not a magazine I want to appear in."

Far loftier minds than H. R. ("Bob") Haldeman have wrongheadedly equated sex with obscenity, and the thought flashed through my mind that if Nixon and his curious crew had pursued sex with the intensity they sought power, then only a handful of Americans would have been fucked, instead of an entire nation.

". . . You may find this hard to believe, and it may sound funny coming from me," Haldeman continued, "but I have a very strong sense of morality."

Sound funny? It sounded so hilarious that the thought occurred to me that if Ma Bell was really sharp, she'd hire H. R. ("Bob") Haldeman to tape a discourse on morality to which customers could dial in. That would be far funnier than Henny Youngman, Bob Hope, Phyllis Diller, or any other hired punster who's cracked wise on Dial-A-Joke.

Anyway, Haldeman needs the money. The $50,000 or so he had been ridiculously overpaid by CBS, for a so-called interview with Mike Wallace, was hardly enough to pay his high-priced lawyers to keep him out of the slammer.

So, I inquired whether Haldeman would write the review for $5,000.

"No."

"$10,000?"

"No."

I would gladly have had the money laundered through a small Chinese cleaning establishment on the East Side. They do a good job and even replace buttons.

But Haldeman was playing literary hardball, and I know a stonewall when I see one.

"What are your legal costs?" I asked.

"Over $400,000."

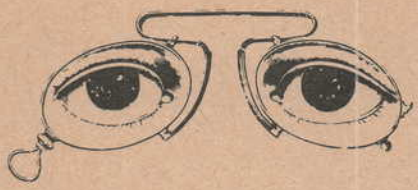
"Will you do the review if we pay those legal costs?"

"Of course."

"So, now that you've agreed to do the piece, we have to settle on a price somewhere between ten and four hundred thousand dollars."

"That's not what I said," said he.

In the end, *Penthouse* lost an aspiring writer named H. R. ("Bob") Haldeman, and we had to dismiss the truth squad we had hired to edit his copy. But who knows? Ma Bell may yet find in Haldeman her archetypical employee. Alexander Graham Bell would have loved it.—*Arthur Cooper*



SCENES

THE NEW BRITISH IMPORTS

The American theatergoer tends to turn into jelly in London. That unbroken line of English theatrical tradition, all those knighted actors, those endless ranks of firebrand playwrights—no wonder we're awed. This review will never convince any American who loves feeling intimidated; but these days English theatrical muscles seem a bit flabby.

The National Theatre's monumental new complex on the south bank of the Thames has been in operation since March. A daunting edifice. But if the recent lackluster production of Noel Coward's *Blithe Spirit* is any indication of standards, this theatrical fortress is in danger of becoming a mausoleum with a river view. Meanwhile, over at the Aldwych, the Royal Shakespeare Company is interpreting Eugene O'Neill's passion in a production that might be renamed *The Sandman Cometh*.

In the commercial West End, visiting Americans are flocking to such imported Broadway fare as *A Chorus Line*, *Jesus Christ Superstar*, *Irene*, *Gigi*, *Bus Stop*, *Very Good Eddie*, *Oh! Calcutta!*, and *Let My People Come*. Of the genuinely homegrown article that Americans call LittleBritishSexFarce, *Funny Peculiar* serves as a sobering example. Coy and whimsical to the point of nausea, this farcical saga of the sexual adventures of a provincial grocer advances a view of sexual liberation that is roughly a decade behind today's *tempora et mores*. And the much-touted ("witty, erotic and visually stunning") transsexual cabaret, *La Grande Eugene*, turns out to be a bunch of passably talented drag performers lip-syncing to old records.

None of this actually means that the British theatrical empire has tumbled—it has just crumbled a bit along the edges. Winking up from the rubble of mediocrity are a few sparkling examples of the old style, the legendary spirit. Before the season is out, American audiences will probably get to see them all on Broadway.

For powerhouse openers try ***No Man's Land***, opening on Broadway in November. Produced in London two seasons ago by the National Theatre, Harold Pinter's newest play is an encounter-drama between two former classmates: a rich and famous writer and a down-at-the-heels poet whose unexpected visit upsets the equilibrium of the writer's comfortable life. John Gielgud and Ralph Richardson will star.

Among the more promising Britain-to-Broadway entries is ***Comedians***, by Trevor Griffiths, due to open this fall in New York. Griffiths is a leading member of the "post–Osborne/Pinter generation" of new British playwrights, and *Comedians* is said to be his best work to date. The play is set in a night-school classroom in Manchester, where a small group of working-class men are studying to become professional comics under the tutelage of a retired comedy headliner. They are preparing their acts for an audition for a talent agent from London. Some of them are signed by the agent; some aren't. Griffiths views his play as an exploration of two differing philosophies of comedy: one that sees comedy as a purely commercial commodity, dictated by the audience; and the other that sees it as an instrument of social change. Johnny Carson versus Lenny Bruce. Broadway hit-maker Mike Nichols will direct *Comedians*, which will have a mostly American cast.

Tom Courtenay, the star of *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*, *Billy Liar*, and other British films, will make his U.S. stage debut in Simon Gray's ***Otherwise Engaged***, due on Broadway this winter. Courtenay plays a music-loving publisher whose routine is interrupted by several emotionally unhinged friends. The play is said to be an examination of present-day anomie among the British bourgeoisie, not unlike the same author's *Butley*, for which Alan Bates won a Tony Award several seasons back. The direction is by Harold Pinter, who staged the still-running London production of *Otherwise Engaged*.

London Daily Express

Harold Pinter

Confusions is the latest comic outing for Alan Ayckbourn, represented in past Broadway seasons by *How the Other Half Loves*, *Absurd Person Singular*, and *The Norman Conquests*. Composed of five separate playlets, *Confusions* runs the gamut of comedy style, from amusing character study to rollicking farce. One sketch observes an obsessively maternal housewife who can relate to people only when she treats them as children. Another casts a baleful, comic eye on a small-cheese salesman, whose life has become a bad parody of old traveling-salesman genre jokes. Two episodes of the *Confusions* quintet are energetic farces, masterfully constructed pieces bristling with comic invention. "Between Mouthfuls" is set in a posh restaurant, where an obsequious waiter struggles to maintain his equilibrium while he eavesdrops on the scandalous affairs of the diners. Marvelously lunatic as the distraught waiter, John Alderton is similarly inspired in "Gosforth's Fete," in which he plays an amiable idiot whose organizational ineptitude turns a village social into a sham-

Keystone

Mike Nichols returns to Broadway to direct Comedians.

bles. This kind of fun transcends national boundaries.

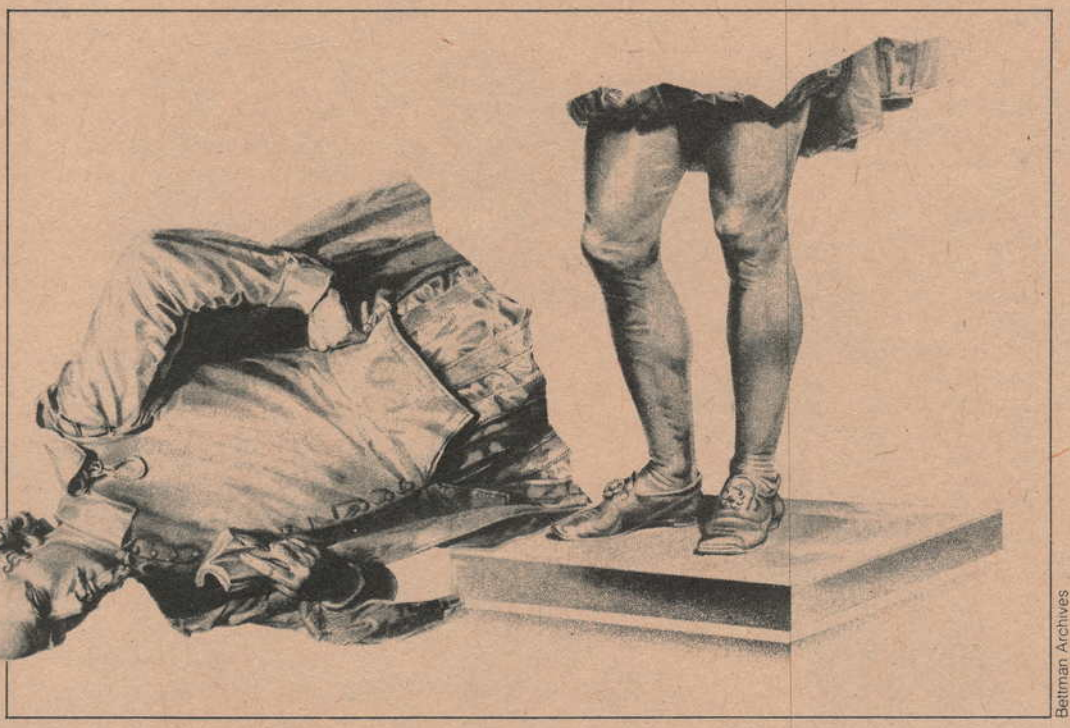
Ben Travers's ***The Bed Before Yesterday*** is more pungently British in flavor and will undoubtedly go through some heavy sea changes for its Broadway production in December, which will star Carol Channing. In the original London company, directed with rigorous precision by Lindsay Anderson, Joan Plowright took the glory road with a brilliant characterization of a middle-aged widow who revels in her belated discovery of the joys of sex. Although of modern vintage, the play is set in 1930 and constructed with the verbal adroitness and glacéed elegance of style one associates with British comedies of that period. No accident, that, since it is the twentieth play of ninety-year-old Ben Travers, who is understandably something of a legend in London theater circles.

One of Britain's most intriguing bundles for Broadway is the latest comic flash by Tom Stoppard (*Travesties*, *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*). ***Dirty Linen*** is a juicy political satire, and it has a byzantine history of creation and production that's almost as funny as the play itself. Ed Berman, an expatriate American theater producer and director, commissioned several playwrights to contribute to an "American Connection" season at his Almost Free Lunchtime Theatre Club. Stoppard committed himself to a contribution and then drifted off into other pursuits, from which he was periodically distracted by friendly but persistent reminders from Berman about his debt of honor.

Down to the wire, Stoppard began to work on a play that had nothing to do with America or things American. The theatrical non-sequitur turned out to be *Dirty Linen*. A toothy satire on hypocrisy in Parliament, the play investigates the investigations of a subcommittee set up to ferret out sexual scandals in the House of Commons. Assisted by a secretary named Miss Gotobed, who just happens to be the star of the Sex Follies in question, the committee discovers that 128 members of Parliament have compromised themselves—including every member of the snooping Select Sub-Committee on Promiscuity in High Places.

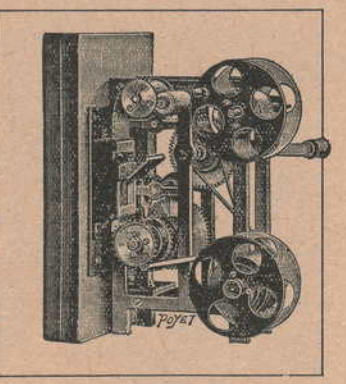
Studded with characteristically dazzling Stoppardian puns, alliterative flights, allusions, word-plays, and dirty jokes, *Dirty Linen* takes scrupulous pains to skewer the press ("a collection of inaccurate, hypocritical, self-important, bullying, shoddily printed sick-bags") and the prurient ("As you know, sexual immorality unites all parties"), as well as the politicos. Although British to the marrow, the Stoppard-pulling humor took on an edge of immediacy (not to say Americancy) once the Hays scandal erupted in Washington.

While writing his not-at-all-American play, Stoppard felt a tug of conscience regarding his promise—an American theme—to Ed Berman. Resolving his dilemma, he came up with the lunatic solution of holding up his play in mid-action to insert a madly funny sketch called "New-Found-Land." An Alice-in-Wonderland version of how Ed Berman finally got his British naturalization papers, the play features a remarkable shore-to-shore comic rhapsody to America ("Could this be paradise?"). It wowed them in London, and it should wipe them out in New York. Stoppard has done it again, with a vengeance.—*Marilyn Stasio*



Bettman Archives

FILMS



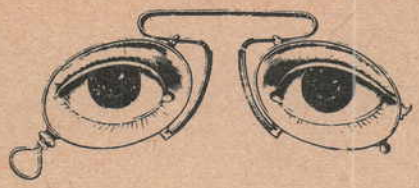
Bettman Archives

PURGATORIES

Minutes after Michael sees the kidnappers drive from their hideaway carrying the bound forms of his wife and little daughter, their escape car careens off a highway bridge and bursts into flame before it sinks into the Mississippi River. No bodies are recovered; and so Michael Courtland, young, rich, and up to now lucky, must face the future with nothing more than his memories and his guilt at not having done enough to save the lives of the two people he so deeply loved. He builds them a monument, modeled after the church in Italy where he first met his wife. And he settles into his business, developing real estate in the growing sections of New Orleans.

That was 1959, prologue to the main part of Brian De Palma's ***Obsession***, a movie about how a man repeats his life. In 1975, his partner having dragged him off, for his own good, to the Italian city of Florence on a business trip, Michael finally reenters the church—San Miniato al Monte—of his precious memories. And there on a scaffold, working at a fresco restoration, he sees a young woman, the very image of the beautiful wife he lost, as if there had been no intervening sixteen years. His courtship of the girl, his obsession with her looks, his plan to marry her and to re-create his past—these are the substance of the movie, which is a mystery story of quite considerable ambitions.

It's also a rather silly story, with a



Geneviève Bujold and Cliff Robertson in Obsession.

lot of mechanical plot contrivances behind the mystery that you know won't bear much logical inspection, not even while you're hoping to be hoodwinked by them. But like many silly stories, its sense is in poetics rather than in logic. Once you get past the inconsistencies, it begins to work with a peculiar force, to seem more interesting, the more you think about it—and especially if you give it a second look. In this respect *Obsession* resembles some of the knottier films of Alfred Hitchcock. It resembles Hitchcock in other respects as well. It is, in fact, the most blatantly Hitchcockian non-Hitchcock movie I've seen—to the degree that it uses its resemblances as a screen, to keep you from uncovering purposes somewhat different from what they seem. Nevertheless, Hitchcock is a key. And so is the medieval Florentine poet Dante Alighieri, whose lifelong spiritual quest also took the form of following the vision of a dead woman, his beloved Beatrice—Beatrice Portinari. The girl Michael finds in the church of San Miniato introduces herself as Sandra Portinari.

To anyone who knows much film history, *Obsession* will look like a virtual gloss on Hitchcock's *Vertigo* (1958), from its story of an irrevocably lost and then (apparently) rediscovered woman, to the fact that it builds some basic clues on the purely visual information of how that woman wears her hair. But it deals with a lot else besides, including some other Hitchcock movies (for example, *Rebecca* and *Dial M for Murder*) and especially including the two great cities of Florence and New Orleans, with their houses, their histories, their rivers, and that lovely Romanesque church—which turns up again as tombstone and wedding-cake decoration and so, I guess, unites the themes of love and death. Given a basic mystery plot, some of this may seem awfully incidental. But like any good mystery, *Obsession* lives in its incidentals. They happen to make it a very clever piece of work.

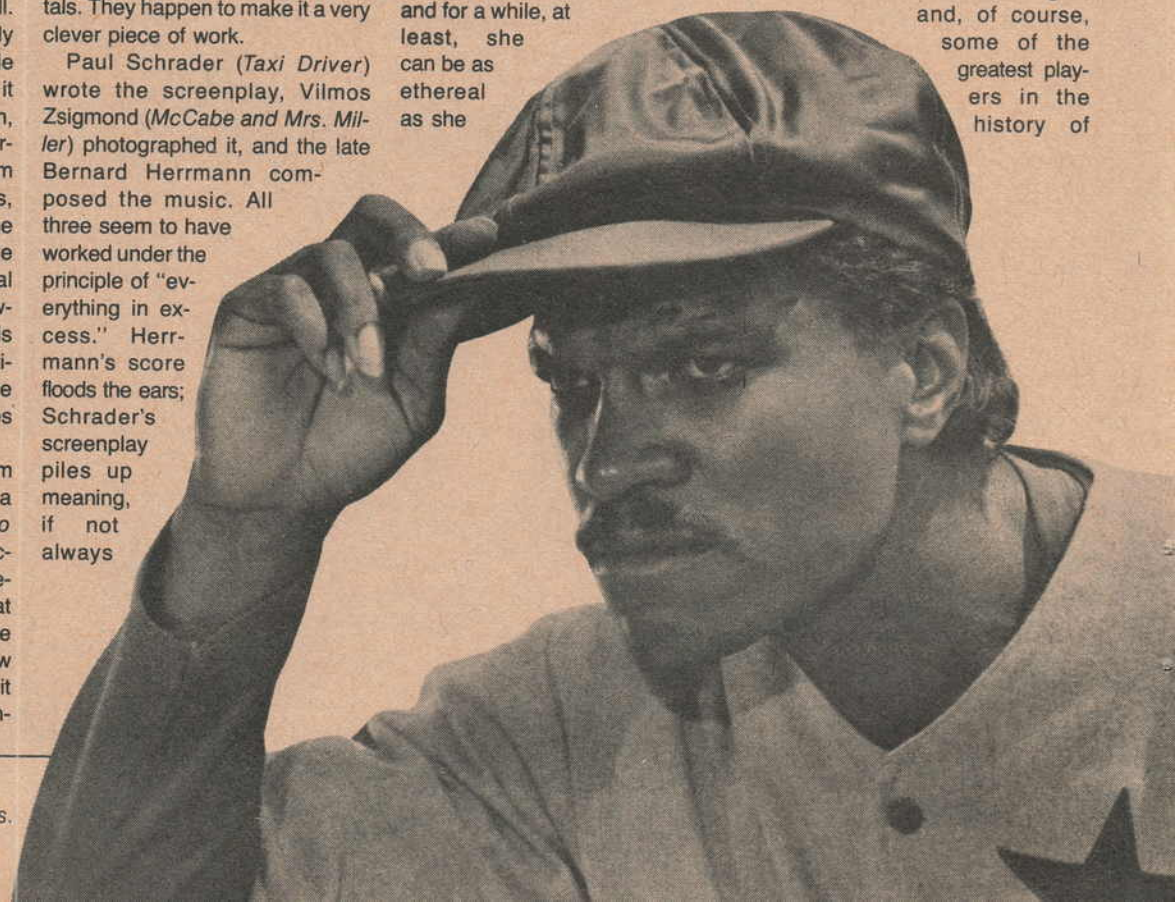
Paul Schrader (*Taxi Driver*) wrote the screenplay, Vilmos Zsigmond (*McCabe and Mrs. Miller*) photographed it, and the late Bernard Herrmann composed the music. All three seem to have worked under the principle of "everything in excess." Herrmann's score floods the ears; Schrader's screenplay piles up meaning, if not always sense; and Zsigmond's photography generates so much luminous haziness that, having seen the movie twice and thought about it for a week, I'm still not sure whether one crucial sequence is supposed to be a dream or merely fogged-up reality.

I don't think this is an accident. I think it is intelligent calculation (and, sometimes, miscalculation), rather like the use of devices from *Vertigo*. That is, it becomes a not entirely deceptive eyewash, continually focusing your attention on one kind of understanding when another kind is really what the film has to offer. If you can guess the surprise ending—and very possibly you can—you won't have spoiled things for yourself. You'll only have discovered a connection that the movie wants you to make all along. But you must come upon it with a certain difficulty, the way Michael Courtland does, or it won't have the proper value.

Cliff Robertson plays Michael, with Geneviève Bujold playing his wife and then the woman Sandra, and they are both superb. Bujold can for once make real use of her pixieish face, vacillating between childhood and maturity; and for a while, at least, she can be as ethereal as she generally seems to look. Robertson acts more by containing than by expressing emotion. In this role he has the authority and the appeal of his sorrow; and his eager, self-effacing, slightly unseemly courtship of Sandra is one of the most moving statements of romance in recent films.

The Romantic who made *Obsession*, Brian De Palma, has been challenging audiences for years. Ever since he emerged commercially in the late 1960s, he has specialized in filling rather modest structures with more ideas and activity than it would seem they could bear. Lately he has moved from comic satire (*Greetings; Hi, Mom*) to sort of serious mystery parody (*Sisters; Phantom of the Paradise*). In this latter line, *Obsession* is his best work. Despite an almost heroic unevenness in everything he does, De Palma begins to seem the most interesting of those younger American directors for whom their love of movies is the basis for every movie they make.

Before black athletes were accepted on the major-league baseball teams, they had teams of their own, their own league, and, of course, some of the greatest players in the history of



Billy Dee Williams.

the game. A bit of that history is captured, in fictionalized form, in John Badham's ***The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars & Motor Kings***, a movie about some players who, breaking out of the exploitive Negro League and forming their own team, barnstorm small towns with a game that is as much vaudeville as anything you might call baseball. The Motor Kings parade into town with a high-strutting cakewalk and with big, wide grins for the hayseeds. But when the phenomenal Bingo Long (Billy Dee Williams) gets up to pitch, he calls in his outfield—an act of bravado just for that moment when show biz meets the business of playing ball.

The real achievement of *Bingo Long* is that its high spirits aren't simply a cover for the spiritual depravity of the segregated America through which it moves. They are also a gift in their own right, so that the movie deals as much with how to enjoy life as how to survive the racist jungle. Set during the last of the 1930s, the film takes its All-Stars from the triumph of initial self-assertion to virtually instant obsolescence when their prize rookie breaks the color barrier and is signed by the majors. The beginning and the end of an era, in the course of one season.

Bingo Long has been put together pretty much as a series of skits, with some plot, mostly involving the evil owners in the Negro League, and with lots of broad character comedy, in which this cast excels. As pitcher and catcher, Williams and James Earl Jones control things in a partnership of loving combat. Richard Pryor, who adopts one disguise after another to get out of being black, is even funnier.

I don't believe there are even five seconds of preaching on race relations in *Bingo Long*, though you can read the whole movie as a rather eloquent sermon on what it means to play the fool when that is the only role you can have. For all its geniality and its random slapstick, this is a tough-minded film—and as much fun to stay with as anything I've seen this season.—*Roger Greenspun*

WORDS

AFTER NIGHTFALL

What would the Halloween ritual be without Count Dracula and Frankenstein's monster to entertain those of us thirsty for blood and man-made fiends? As potent cultural symbols, they've propagated in close to a thousand movies. Somehow literature has proved less hospitable to these figures; surprisingly so, since they first reared their fearsome heads from the pages of books penned by such prim Victorians as Mary Shelley (*Frankenstein*) and Bram Stoker (*Dracula*). But in our age of recycled products, some literary mutants of both Dracula and Frankenstein's monster do exist, if not the actual artifacts themselves.

Two recent biographies, ***Mary Shelley's Monster***, by Martin Tropp (Houghton Mifflin, $7.95), and Daniel Farson's ***The Man Who Wrote Dracula*** (St. Martin's, $8.95) focus on the continuing appeal of these classics: the erotic nature of violence (*Dracula*) and the malevolent potential of scientific endeavor (*Frankenstein*).

From a fiction contest staged by Lord Byron, Mary Shelley was inspired to write one of the most enduring of all science-fiction novels. Nothing much in this cloistered lady's life can explain the whys of this feat. Playing the analyst, Tropp takes on the impossible task of answering these questions, with predictable results: "As Frankenstein, she [Shelley] creates a Monster that can both vent her hatred toward her family and punish herself. The impossible goal is to expiate her guilt for killing her mother while releasing the rage born of the knowledge that her mother's death. . . ." And so on.

Farson, on the other hand, wisely warns against "playing the *Dracula* game" of Freudianizing the vampire myth. Critics have tried. Maurice Richardson, in his *Psychoanalysis of Ghost Stories*, writes of *Dracula* that ". . . from a Freudian standpoint—and from no other does the story really make sense. It is a vast polymorphy perverse bisexual oral-anal genital sado-masochistic timeless orgy."

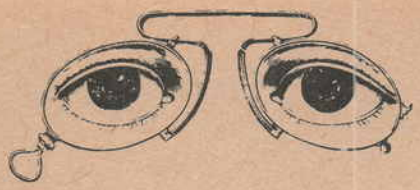
The Halloween ritual: Dracula and Frankenstein's monster.

While the novel isn't quite all of *that*, *Dracula* certainly is one of the greatest snuff books ever written. Most authors today are content to destroy their vampire characters with a good stake through the heart. Stoker not only recommended stakes but also suggests, as extra-precautionary methods, stuffing garlic in the vampire's mouth, decapitation, and cremation. This is certainly a guilt-ridden sexuality, drawn in images of blood. How else would a prim Victorian handle Eros?

Farson contends that Stoker was completely ignorant of his novel's eroticism (bloodletting, sucking) and that he vehemently endorsed severe censorship against pornography, a literature "so vile that it is actually corrupting the nation," as Stoker once wrote. "The only emotions which in the long run harm are those arriving from sex impulses."

The novelist obviously had all the makings of a good court justice, and now that today's censors have the pornsters by their throats, perhaps Stoker's moral view gives us a clue to the surge of blood sexuality in today's fiction. Indeed, so intense is the vampire legend that tourists are actually flocking to Transylvania. Those so inclined may purchase Kurt Brokaw's ***A Night in Transylvania*** (Grosset & Dunlap, $12.95), a lush traveler's guide to the Romania mythicized by Stoker's *Dracula*. The only problem here is that Bram Stoker never set foot in Transylvania, and the setting for his classic tale of "the Undead" was conjured from travel books of the day and the writer's own, blood-drenched imagination. So much for a tour through Dracula's genuine castle.

Fiction is by far the better ride. Those looking for literary reincarnations of Frankenstein's monster will find him updated and transmogrified in today's science-fiction



novels, the best of which must be ***Man Plus*** (Random House, $7.95), by sci-fi guru Frederik Pohl.

While *Frankenstein* explores the morality of man-created life, *Man Plus* sardonically examines the humanity of mechanized life. Can a colony of Americans be established on Mars before the fatal bomb destroys our planet? The answer to life turns out to be a cyborg, jargon for a cybernetic organism which is half-man, half-machine. Where Mary Shelley wallowed in sentimentality for her effects, Pohl remains continuously caustic, if not flippant, in his descriptions of the cyborg's mutated state of existence. Castration, lobotomies, and various dismemberments are handled with equal aplomb. Pohl's cold, mysterious narrator—his withheld identity makes for a good twist ending—describes the cyborg like this: "It was hard to realize that this object he was dissecting was Willy Harnett. It wasn't as much like an autopsy as like, say, field-stripping a carbine." Grotesque and laughable, funny and frightening, Pohl's cyborg is a good improvement on Shelley's monster, even if "it" can't have sex with its newly created Martian bride.

While there are no recent *Dracula II* efforts on the bookshelves vampirism is very much in vogue. The latest kink in the trend—as evidenced in the following three selections—is that the victims sexually enjoy having their jugular incised by a vampire's fangs. If women's libbers won't let writers glamorize rape, then give the readers murder by teeth.

The *Jaws* of the vampire books would have to be ***Interview with the Vampire*** (Knopf, $8.95). With this novel, her first, Anne Rice asks the question: "Is there sex after vampirism?" Her answer: "Yes, but not in the natural sense." Vampirism is equated with homosexuality, and we are warned: "If it itches, don't scratch." Stoker's *Dracula* was written pre-Freud, and so his vampire is just a good old lecherous heterosexual with a flair for sexual humiliation; i.e., he sucks on the girl friends of his persecutors. For the most part, Rice's vampire ridicules the Dracula myth, disclaiming all those wonderful touches about vampires and garlic, sunlight, and crosses. In their place, Rice has substituted lots of guilt—guilt about being unnatural. What we get is an older vampire who converts a pretty young man, their resulting love-hate relationship, the child they vampirize to complete their infertile marriage, and all those promiscuous, fly-by-night affairs.

The dramatic details of these conflicts are too easily resolved for the novel ever to be really suspenseful; yet a story about a two-

Christopher Lee as a vampire.

hundred-year-old vampire, confessing his violent adventures to an impressionable young boy, is conceptually no small coup. And when Rice sets her sights on exploring the sexual attractiveness of what man finds most abhorrent in himself, her yarn is perversely appealing to the imagination, if not to the libido.

The Space Vampires (Random House, $7.95), by Colin Wilson, is a loser on all counts: neither is it passable science-fiction nor does it induce a single, mildly horrific shudder. Prehistoric unisexual vampires float around in space so that they can feed off the life-forces of various galaxy systems. Arriving on earth, these asteroidal vampires perform feats of transsexualism on their victims, assuming the forms and identities of those they kill.

Wilson cannot establish, much less maintain, any vision of the future. If the stilted, movie-cliché-ridden dialogue doesn't ward you off, then you probably deserve Wilson's futuristic concept of vampirism. Can you tell the humans from the vampires? Are we all in fact vampires? Is there a positive vampirism that we all can experience, much like "milking a cow" or "the bee fertilizing the flower"? More to the point: who'd have guessed that a sci-fi vampire book could possibly be so predictable?

Unlike his fellow writers in the macabre, Stephen King takes the vampire myth head on, and his novel ***'Salem's Lot*** (Doubleday, $7.95) is replete with such ghoul-scaring devices as garlic, Catholic priests, the Eucharist, and holy water. (Not since *The Exorcist* have the rituals of the Catholic church received such good notices.) Stephen King obviously believes in the Undead, and his is the best of the vampire books precisely because he's approached his subject with such great conviction—so much so, in fact, that he's achieved the impossible feat of setting his Gothic tale in the present day and making the combination work. His story is an old-fashioned, modern-day classic.

A small New England town has slept peacefully ever since the townspeople boarded up that Marsten house, the reported scene of ritualized murders—infanticide was popular there, or so they say. After years of disuse, the old house is suddenly bought by two strangers to the town. No sooner do they move in than mysterious deaths begin to occur. The town's children are particularly hard hit; then all kinds of adults start dropping off like flies. Could there be vampires in that old house? How would you like your warm, defenseless neck sucked on while watching "Let's Make a Deal"?

Now, if for the movie they could just get Christopher Lee to play the old . . .—*Robert Hofler*

SOUNDS

THE NEW JAZZ EXPERIMENT

Anthony Braxton plays an arsenal of saxophones, from a tiny sopranino to a monstrous contrabass that's eight feet tall. He picks one up to play a short phrase, puts it down for another, then abruptly wheels the huge contrabass over to the microphone, stands on tiptoe, and blows into it, producing a sonorous rumble. His friends in the **Art Ensemble of Chicago** perform with war paint on their faces and with each musician stationed behind dozens of instruments, including all kinds of woodwinds and brass, marimbas, steer horns, zithers, gongs, harmonicas, and kazoos. Sometimes the Art Ensemble begins a concert with an elaborate theatrical put-on, a bit of slapstick, or a strange, incomprehensible ritual.

When these musicians began recording and performing in Chicago, during the late 1960s, their efforts were greeted with considerable skepticism. In 1969 they began leaving the windy city—where they had joined with other black jazzmen in an effective social and musical cooperative called the **Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians** (AACM)—for Europe. There they toured, recorded more widely, and began to build substantial reputations, while younger or more settled musicians kept the AACM going at home. Now the most prominent musicians from this midwestern gestalt are living in

New York, where they are becoming recognized as the most original and innovative new movement in jazz.

Before they set out to seek their fortunes, the musicians of the AACM devoted themselves to ceaseless experimentation. Each AACM concert was a unique experience, involving a specially assembled group of players and a configuration of structures and ideas which had never been tried before. Within the musicians' circle, each new attempt to broaden the horizons of the music was criticized and defended in group discussions. If a saxophonist wanted

Anthony Braxton: new jazz that reinvents itself.

to try a new manner of playing and his associates were less than enthusiastic, he would present a solo saxophone concert. For his next appearance, he might put together a group with two drummers and two trombonists, or a group without a rhythm section. He might direct that his collaborators improvise freely, or he might write out parts for them to play. These feverishly eclectic activities are still being carried on by AACM musicians in New York and by members who have remained in Chicago, and the result is a brand of jazz which constantly strives to reinvent itself.

Anthony Braxton—who is thirty-one years old, looks studiously earnest, smokes a pipe, and is a chess master as well as a remarkable saxophonist and composer—is typical of the AACM personnel in that any and all aspects of his music are subject to change without notice. Braxton was the first musician to record an album of unaccompanied saxophone solos; among his solo recordings is one astonishing tour de force, *Saxophone Improvisations/Series F* (Inner City). Later, on his *New York, Fall 1974* (Arista), he recorded a composition for four saxophones and a duet for clarinet and synthesizer. On *Creative Orchestra Music 1976* (Arista), his masterwork to date, he ranges from roaring big-band performances in the tradition of Duke Ellington and Count Basie, through spare mood pieces that are all whirrs, growls, and rustlings, to a duet for bass sax and his contrabass and then a grand, jaunty march.

When Braxton talks about his music, the word that pops up again and again is *structure*. It wasn't always a popular word among jazzmen, especially not at the height of the free-jazz movement during the 1960s. "At that time," Braxton says, "there was a false concept of freedom which was held by some musicians. That kind of freedom implied the right not to have to master your instrument; so it really wasn't freedom at all.

"What the AACM has done," he continues, "is to rediscover and begin to use the total time zone of the music, from Scott Joplin and Duke Ellington through people like Ornette Coleman and Albert Ayler. Our music constitutes a reevaluation of form; I think a lot of the musicians think of themselves as I do, as structuralists. But because of my interest in form and structure, some musicians and critics still challenge me a lot as to whether I'm a legitimate jazz musician."

The Art Ensemble of Chicago, which has been standing up to similar challenges since its inception in 1968, explores the total time zone of black music even more audaciously than Braxton. One side of their album *The Paris Session* (Arista-Freedom) is devoted to "The Spiritual," an audio drama which combines tongue-in-cheek re-creations of antebellum plantation music (played on banjo, harmonica, kazoo, and bones) with thunder-and-lightning sound effects, and it has a finale worthy of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Their *Certain Blacks* (Inner City) includes a stomping electric blues, dedicated to "Sonny Boy" Williamson.

But the Art Ensemble's most characteristic sound is a continually changing montage of musical coloration. Roscoe Mitchell will begin a phrase on his saxophone while Joseph Jarman traces a filigree pattern on marimba. As soon as trumpeter Lester Bowie begins playing over all this in a fractured version of Louis Armstrong's style, bassist Malachi Favors and drummer Don Moye enter with a rhythm line. Meanwhile Mitchell has switched to flute, and Jarman, after contributing a brief, sputtering flurry of notes on soprano saxophone, is plugging in an electric guitar. And so it goes, in a kaleidoscopic, unpredictable rush of sounds, which is augmented, at the group's public appearances, by costuming and makeup.

Although they are still controversial in more conventional jazz circles, the AACM musicians have already established themselves in New York's underground jazz scene. Their long apprenticeship in Chicago made them unusually resourceful and self-reliant, and since arriving in the Big Apple they have organized numerous concerts in artists' lofts, galleries, and theaters, in addition to performing with the groups of better-known jazzmen. Last summer, when Douglas Records taped a week-long summer music festival at one of the principal avant-garde jazz lofts, more than half of the groups that were heard were led by or featured musicians from the AACM or its spin-off, the **Black Artists Group** of St. Louis. *Wildflowers: The New York Loft Jazz Sessions* (Douglas/Casablanca), a series of five albums, offers an intriguing introduction to the new music from the Midwest. Among the players are Braxton, the Art Ensemble's Roscoe Mitchell and Don Moye, and such midwestern stalwarts as Julius Hemphill, Oliver Lake, Kalaparusha, and the groups New Dalta Ahkri and A.I.R.

For a more in-depth sampling of AACM music, the most important new departure in jazz since the innovations of Ornette Coleman and John Coltrane, try any or all of these recent album releases:

The People's Republic, **The Revolutionary Ensemble** (A&M/Horizon). Violin, bass, and drums explore with the refined sound of a chamber ensemble and the intensity and drive of a jazz band.

Raymond Ross

Don Moye of the Art Ensemble.

Raymond Ross

Julius Hemphill.

Dogon A.D., **Julius Hemphill** (Arista-Freedom). One of AACM music's most lyrical saxophonists digs into a new kind of blues, with a rhythm section composed of ex–Paul Butterfield drummer Philip Wilson and cellist Abdul Wadud. This is a kind of avant-funk that defies description but gets down.

Things To Come From Those Now Gone, **Muhal Richard Abrams** (Delmark). The founder of the AACM, pianist Abrams here offers some music which is openly lyrical and some music which is densely mysterious. And he introduces a brand new crop of young AACM musicians from Chicago, who will soon be making contributions of their own.—*Robert Palmer*

POP DEBUTANTES

In the pop-music industry there are executives who are rumored to possess "golden ears." Play them a tape by an unknown, and they'll tell you instantly whether the selection will be a hit or a miss. *And* they'll almost always be right!

The likely success of any new recording artist is probably the most difficult to diagnose. Who really knows what will take off? Nevertheless, there are four debutantes who have soared to the top of the pop-music charts, breaking many of the traditional rules in the process. The good success of their "debut" albums would have seemed a challenge to any executive whose ears had a forty-karat reputation.

Gary Wright is a case in point. A singer/composer/keyboardist, Wright is best known as a maker of lumpish "space rock." Formerly the leader of Spooky Tooth (a not very successful English "space rock" band of the late sixties), Wright and his grunting, groaning keyboards were the highlights of that group's most popular LPs: *Spooky Two*, *Last Puff*, and *Witness*.

Who would have expected this Spooky Tooth graduate to achieve instant superstardom as a solo recording artist? Wright, however, has proved to be a very talented lad. His solo debut LP, *The Dream Weaver* (Warner Brothers), demonstrates a surprisingly fresh approach to synthesized music. Eliminating the pyrotechnics one has grown to expect from synthesizer players, Wright does not throw knives at his instrument, nor does he perform handstands on his piano bench. Instead, he has made rhythmic music that can stand on its own without gimmickery.

Armed only with his bank of keyboards and a single drummer, Wright has merged old Pink Floyd and new Ohio Players. How? By laying down a slow, sexy, soulful beat and adding to it a sparse, synthesized bass pattern, as well as a synthesized drone on strings to support his hefty, soul-flavored baritone vocals. The result is this season's longest running debut hit, one that will most probably be a shoo-in, when prize-giving time rolls around, for the debut album of the year.

In becoming debut artist of the year, Wright will receive formidable competition from the Canadian group called **Heart**, whose single, "Dreamboat Annie," and debut LP, *Heart* (Mushroom), are also major-sized hits. Heart is everything Fleetwood Mac could have been had that group not undergone musical castration to achieve popular acceptance. Highlighted by Ann Wilson's punchy vocals, the group performs grenadine-flavored, harmony-laden ballads ("How Deep It Goes") and hefty rock 'n' roll ("Magic Man"), as well as all types of crowd pleasers in between these two ends of the pop-rock spectrum. While the group's arrangements do tend to wander, Heart is nonetheless captivating.

Critics and fans alike have labeled the **Brothers Johnson** as prime examples of "space funk." If you listen to their biggie, "I'll Be Good to You," and their hit debut album, *Look Out for Number One* (A&M), it is evident that they are neither convincingly spacy nor convincingly funky. One hearing of Brother George's modified walking bass is more than enough, and Brother Louis can't hold a candle to the guitar playing of Ernie Isley, the major mover of rip-roaring, soul-guitar superfunk. Not the most convincing vocalists in the world, their vocal tracks are, thankfully, buoyed by a bevy of back-up singers. A muddy mix buries their undistinguished playing. Obviously, these are session players who have decided to stand center-stage, but who lack the savvy to do it with the professional conviction that is requisite in being a compelling solo or main-act presence. For all the effort, the effect, the message is lame. That lack of conviction has not interfered with their sudden, unexpected stardom.

On the cover of his debut album (Midland), twenty-two-year-old **John Travolta** looks like any good Italian kid from New Jersey's suburbs. Put him in a denim jacket and ripped jeans, color his speech with a Brooklyn accent, and he is Vinnie Barbarino, head sweathog of ABC/TV's highly successful sitcom about affable classroom barbarians, "Welcome Back, Kotter."

How does Travolta do in the role of vocalist? Well, the actor does possess a passable baritone. He can hit and sustain a number of notes over a batch of thoroughly unobtrusive arrangements. Mining the Eric Carmen songbook, Travolta may have a better voice than Carmen; but Carmen's stylized gasps for breath, as well as his clenched-teeth, clawing-for-high-notes vocal approach, are infinitely more compelling than Travolta's placid delivery.

One could well guess that Travolta has become a pop star because of his television success. Certainly he is filling a void left by the absence of Bobby Sherman and David Cassidy. What price stardom!—*Henry Edwards*

John Travolta: from television success to the pop charts.

©1976 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

One of a kind.

He challenges the last uncharted world.

A frontier where discovery is the greatest reward of all.

He smokes for pleasure.

He gets it from the blend of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos in Camel Filters.

Do you?

Turkish and Domestic Blend

18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR. '76.

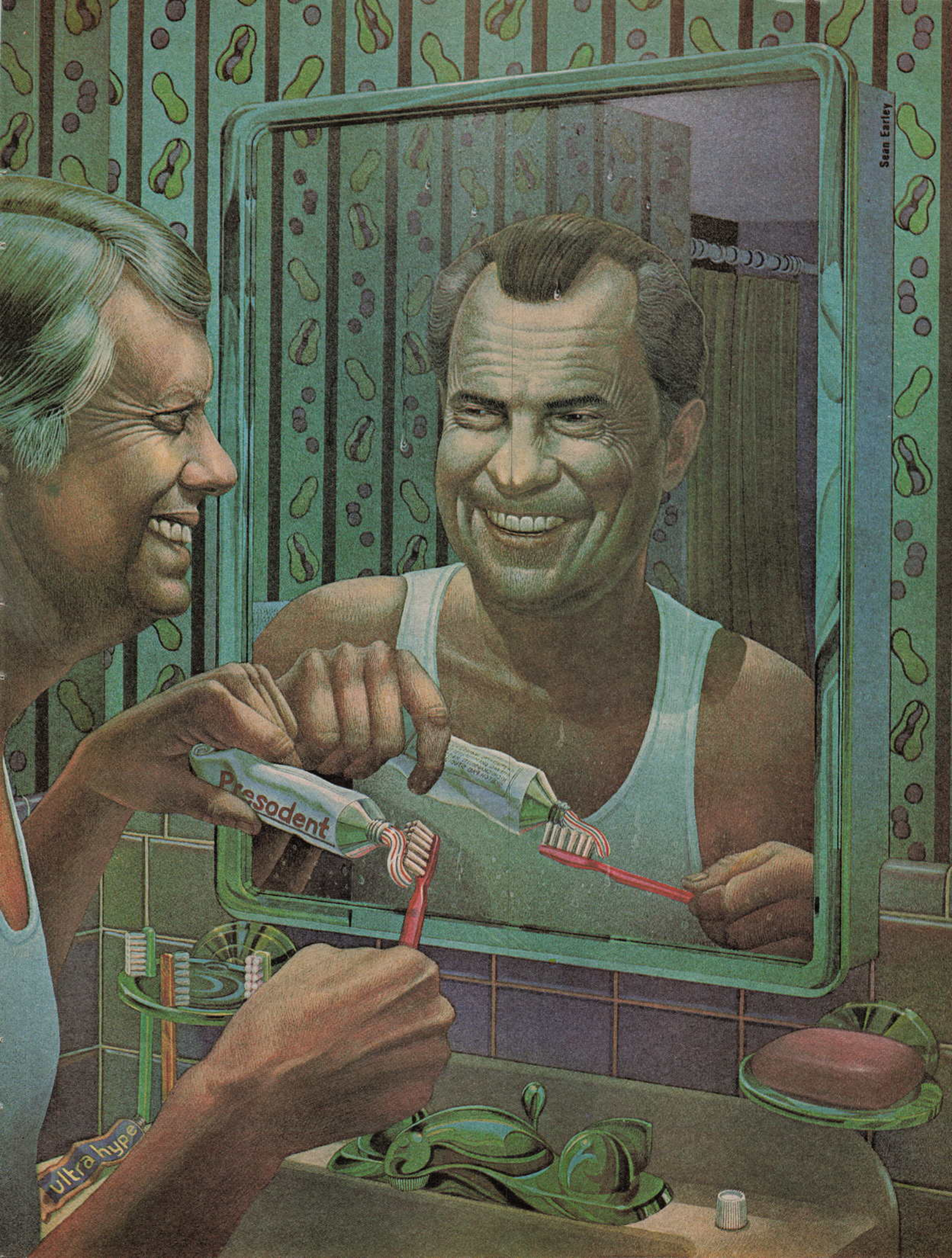
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

DON'T VOTE FOR CARTER TILL YOU READ THIS

IF YOU LIKED RICHARD NIXON, YOU'LL LOVE JIMMY CARTER

The jowls and five o'clock shadow are less pronounced, and the smile was probably lifted from a Burt Lancaster poster—yet under careful scrutiny the peanut populist from Georgia may be the latest incarnation of Tricky Dick.

BY BENJAMIN STEIN


Presodent
ultra hype
Sean Earley

Throughout his long career, whenever he was in trouble or needed a boost, Richard Nixon would appear in a new form, and word would be spread that there was a "New Nixon." Today a new shadow has fallen on our political landscape. The fit is not perfect: there are still edges that do not match precisely. But the overall outline is clear enough: the newest Nixon is Jimmy Carter.

Carter's people, of course, deny vehemently that there is any similarity between their candidate and the former president. But former Nixon staffers see the similarities clearly. One top Nixon aide, who was called the second most powerful man in the government and whose name alone would strike fear in Washington hearts, said recently: "The campaigns are not similar. They're identical."

In the candidate's first successful try at statewide office, his organization starts a whispering campaign against his opponent, based upon the crudest form of prejudice. The candidate wins and, while in office, becomes a national force. When he is confronted with the trick he used to start the whispering campaign, he denies knowing anything about it. Nevertheless, a former aide says that the candidate's organization did it, and confirming evidence comes from another former aide.

"His attitude," according to the former aide, "was to take the high road. But if it took the low road to win, then he felt, 'Go do it, but don't tell me about it.' "

The candidate is not Richard Nixon running against Helen Gahagan Douglas in California in 1950. That campaign was a model of fair practice compared with the one that Jimmy Carter ran in Georgia twenty years later.

The incident referred to, first revealed by writer Steven Brill, took place when Carter, running an uphill battle against southern moderate Carl Sanders for governor, formed an operation within his campaign called the "stink tank." Its most noteworthy activity that has so far come to light was the making of a leaflet with a picture of Carl Sanders celebrating a basketball victory by having two black players for the Atlanta Hawks pour champagne over his head. The Carter people mailed the leaflet anonymously to every white Baptist minister and barber shop in Georgia. Despite the testimony of two aides who worked in the operation, Carter denies it all.

This is just one small piece of a fascinating mosaic in which a picture of a political man emerges utterly at odds with the image he has tried to project in this campaign. And it is even more bewitching because the picture of Carter that unfolds from a study of the man is so startlingly similar to the impression of Richard Nixon that most people carry with them. If the American electorate thought in August 1974 that they would no longer have Nixon types to kick around anymore, they were greatly mistaken. If the polls are any indication, we are about to elect a man who resembles the worst images of Richard Nixon.

A look at how each man spent his childhood is instructive. Both came from rural backgrounds (although certainly Carter's was more rural). Both of them liked to dwell upon the many difficult chores they had as children. In his autobiography, *Why Not the Best?*, Carter devotes twenty-five pages to describing his work around the farm. It obviously made a big impression on him; but if he had to do even half the chores he says he did, he could not possibly have completed them in a twenty-four-hour day. This tendency to exaggerate his achievements began at an early age with Carter and, as we shall see, stayed with him all his life.

There are more similarities—each man remembers the exact number of times he was beaten as a child. Each was obviously in a more or less permanently strained relationship with his father. Nixon would tell his brother never to argue with his father, just as Carter says he would never argue with his father.

> Carter as businessman: "I was able to distinguish between the good people and the bad people. . . . The good people were the ones who bought boiled peanuts from me!"

As children, and as adults, both men were far closer to their mothers than to their fathers. The whole world remembers Nixon's reference to his mother as a saint. But in Carter's autobiography his mother comes out as a supersaint. He talks of her joining the Peace Corps at sixty-seven (certainly a remarkable act) as if it were the raising of the dead.

Both children's mothers were nurses. Both boys spent a great deal of time with their grandmothers. Both boys were greatly affected by a schoolteacher—in Jimmy Carter's case, Miss Julia Coleman, and in Richard Nixon's case, Lewis Cox. The teachers in both cases stressed hard work and devotion to striving.

And all of this had an effect at an early age. According to Carter's biography, from the age of five he knew that he wanted to go to the Naval Academy. While he was still in grammar school, he wrote for a catalog. Nixon has said that he knew from the age of nine that he wanted to be a lawyer and that this ambition was solidified by his reading about Teapot Dome. Both kids earned their own spending money at an early age by performing various chores and starting small businesses.

Carter's account of his selling boiled peanuts on the streets of Plains and what he learned from it is wonderfully revealing: "Even at that early age of not more than six years, I was able to distinguish very clearly between the good people and the bad people of Plains. The good people, I thought, were the ones who bought boiled peanuts from me!"

(Carter, the born-again Christian full of love and compassion, hasn't changed much according to Bill Pope, a former Georgia press aide. Pope summed up Carter's attitude for the *Wall Street Journal* as, "You're either for me or against me.")

But the similarities of the two politicians go far beyond their childhood experiences and activities. Richard Nixon, for example, is often viewed as the consummate press hater. But Carter is definitely strongly in the running and probably has passed Nixon, even at this fairly early stage. Newspapers as widely divergent ideologically as the *Wall Street Journal* and the *New York Times* report that Carter is phenomenally sensitive to any press criticism. Herb Hafif, a former large-scale fund raiser for Carter, reports that Carter is so frightened of the press that at one stage of the campaign he ordered his staff not to talk to the press unless written application was made. (The Carter organization says this was done as a courtesy to the press!) As late as two days before the Democratic Convention, Carter was still edgy about the press. On a "Meet the Press" interview, Carter was asked a question about how the press viewed him. With his voice trembling, he said, "That assumes that the press is unbiased, which I have a hard time doing."

Robert Shrum, a former Carter speech writer, reported that when Christopher Lydon of the *New York Times* wrote about Carter's "ethnic purity" remark in what Carter viewed as a derogatory vein, Carter's associates mysteriously hinted that they would ensure that Lydon got "in trouble" at the *Times*.

But all that is small change compared with the Carter operation's response when investigative reporter Steven Brill wrote a piece for *Harper's Magazine* about the many discrepancies between Carter's campaign statements and the facts. Here are the highlights of what happened, according to *Harper's* editor Lewis Lapham.

Jody Powell, then Carter's press secretary, after promising not to distribute any copies of the article, got a copy of it three weeks before the magazine hit the newsstands. But within three days Powell had passed the article around to reporters friendly to Carter. About the same time he told people that author Brill had flunked out of law school (which is not true, although it *is* true that Jody Powell was expelled from the air force academy for cheating), that

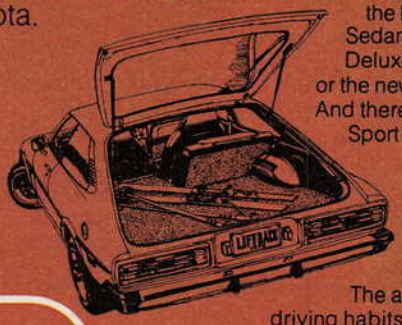
Illustration on preceding page by Sean Earley/Sketchpad Studio

QUALITY.

Quality in a small car. What does this mean to you? To Toyota it means an automobile that's inexpensive, not cheap. The new generation of Toyota Corollas are built with quality. The proof? 9 out of 10 Toyota cars sold in this country since 1958 are still on the road today. Quality. You asked for it. You got it. Toyota.

Quality is durability and how a car handles the road. Power assisted front disc brakes help you maintain control. MacPherson strut front suspension helps keep the ride smooth and unit body welded construction helps keep the Corolla tight and virtually rattle free.

Toyota's quality is in a line, not one car. No matter what your space needs you'll find it in one of ten Corollas: the Hardtop, 2-Door Sedan, 2- or 4-Door Deluxe Sedan, 5-Door Wagon, the new Sport Coupe or the new Liftback™ with a split, fold down rear seat. And there's a sporty equipped SR-5 model of the Hardtop, Sport Coupe and Liftback.

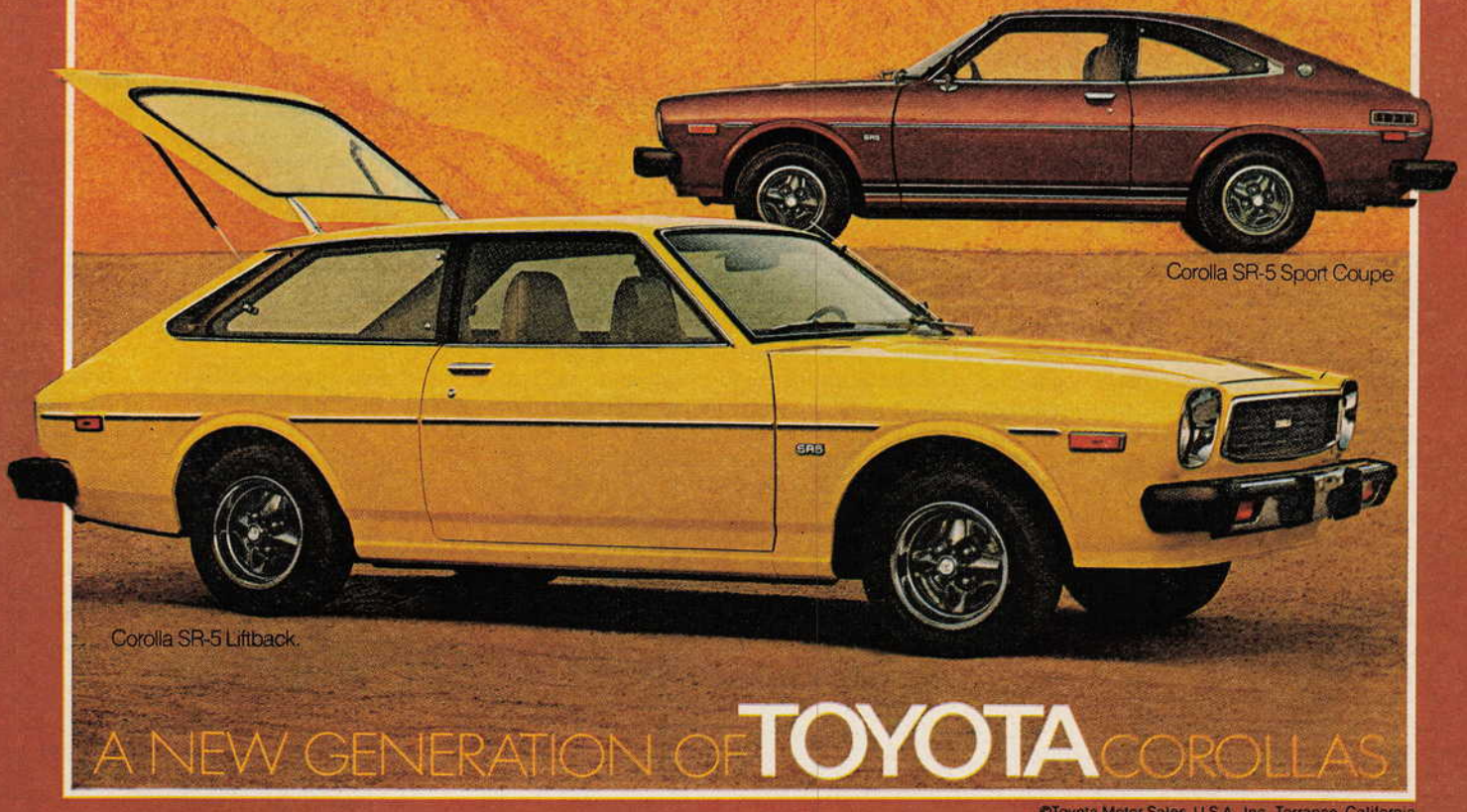


YOU ASKED FOR IT.

A quality car can be economical. The Toyota Corolla gets great gas mileage. Note: 1976 EPA tests, with 5-speed overdrive transmission, 39 mpg on highway, 24 city. These EPA results are estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on your driving habits and your car's condition and equipment. California EPA ratings will differ. An automatic transmission is available on Deluxe models.

Quality. You asked for it. You got it at nearly 1,000 authorized dealers across the U.S. These same dealers comprise a network of service departments with Toyota trained mechanics. The new generation of Toyota Corollas. If you can find a better built small car than a Toyota...buy it.

YOU GOT IT.



Corolla SR-5 Sport Coupe

Corolla SR-5 Liftback.

A NEW GENERATION OF **TOYOTA** COROLLAS

©Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc., Torrance, California

Brill's article had been commissioned by Birch Bayh (also not true), and that Brill was known for his incompetent work (far from true).

On the same day that Powell distributed copies of the article—again, well before *Harper's* had reached the newsstands or subscribers—Lapham started to receive telephone calls and letters from irate Georgians about the supposedly confidential article. Lapham and Brill noticed that the letters were unusually similar, as were the phone calls. When Brill called a random letter writer who claimed to be an independent citizen interested in literature, the phone was picked up at Carter headquarters in Atlanta.

A few days later a Powell-written rebuttal of Brill's article appeared in a number of newspapers. The rebuttal did not disprove specifics with facts but simply said over and over again that what Brill had heard had not in fact been said, despite the existence of corroborating evidence. (That habit—blandly denying a truth that can be documented—is one of the Carter practices most eerily reminiscent of Richard Nixon's worst days, when Nixon repeatedly proclaimed his innocence despite the existence of incriminating evidence that he had taped himself.)

The final touch was that a few weeks later, the Carter organization distributed copies of an article that Brill had written several months before, criticizing Henry Jackson. The Carter people described Brill's anti-Jackson piece as a "careful, sober, accurate" appraisal by a "truthful reporter." If the Carter people's reaction to the press sounds obsessive, consider that it is coming from a candidate whose press secretary, during Carter's governorship, used to listen to Atlanta radio-talk shows and phone in angry rebuttals whenever anyone criticized him on the air.

But Carter shares many other personality traits with Nixon, in addition to sensitivity to criticism from the press. Both men, after painful political defeats, went into severe depression. After Carter lost the 1966 Democratic gubernatorial primary in Georgia, he went through what he later described as "a very difficult stage." He went on to say that successes brought him no pleasure and that failure was "a horrible experience." A longtime friend from Americus, Ga., says that Carter in 1966 was the most depressed person he had ever seen.

When Nixon lost the 1962 gubernatorial race in California, he was extremely low until his life started to pick up again in New York City. After moving to New York, Nixon was befriended by an older, more prosperous attorney who later became a major power in his campaigns—John N. Mitchell. Carter found Charles Kirbo—an older, extremely successful Atlanta attorney—who has become a major Carter adviser. Both Mitchell and Kirbo are gruff, conservative men who wield enormous influence over their candidates.

Like Nixon, Carter, when he shook off his depression, started running hard for office. He is, in his own words, highly competitive. "Show me a good loser, and I'll show you a loser" is Carter's admonition to himself in his autobiography.

Both men are humorless in public, but Carter is also equally humorless in private. The *Wall Street Journal* said that "trying to find funny anecdotes about Mr. Carter is like trying to find square grapefruit." Reporters who have covered Carter describe him as brassy, self-assertive, incredibly energetic, and shrewd, vindictive, and self-disciplined. If these adjectives do not sound like the ones that the press used to attach to Nixon, someone is forgetting something. In fact, Hugh Sidey of *Time* magazine recently summed up Carter as having "a siege mentality, like Nixon."

But there are many similarities beyond both background and personality. One of the most interesting is that people who are in a position to know say that Carter's campaigns bear an astonishing resemblance to Nixon's. Indeed, when you start counting the ways, there is almost no stopping.

> Carter as seen by the one nationally prominent journalist who has followed his career from the beginning: "He's one of the four phoniest men I ever met."

Both men started running for the presidency more than two years before the election. Richard Nixon crisscrossed the country in 1966 for Republican candidates, amassing a pile of political IOUs. Carter started running hard *in 1972*, when he still had two years left of his term as governor. He made up his mind to run after he had met the major candidates in 1972 and had decided that he was better suited to be president than they. He started drumming up national publicity by doing things like putting a portrait of Martin Luther King, Jr., in the Georgia Capitol and appearing at governors' conferences with fistfuls of resolutions.

Many people believe that Nixon sought the 1968 nomination in an unusually methodical way, but his approach was positively impetuous compared with Carter's. Before Carter made a move, he had polls and studies done all over the country to tell him if he had a chance. When he learned that he did, he developed a plan so precise and thorough that it allocated the amount of effort to be spent in each state down to a decimal point beyond a percentage.

Both Nixon and Carter made sure that their party's platforms would be thoroughly inoffensive to any major group and then arranged a convention that was no more than a lengthy coronation.

Like Nixon, Carter has surrounded himself with a considerably younger group of non-ideological, efficient, frighteningly dedicated staffers. For Nixon's Ziegler, Haldeman, Ehrlichman, and Magruder, there is Carter's Jody Powell (press secretary), Hamilton Jordan (campaign manager), Gerald Rafshoon (media expert), and Patrick Caddell (pollster). The *Wall Street Journal* quotes a Carter aide as saying, when talking about the Carter organization, "It sounds like I'm describing the whole Nixon operation." William Safire has also written, in the *New York Times*, that the group around Carter is extremely reminiscent of the men who surrounded Richard Nixon.

A disgruntled former campaign aide of the Georgian says that Carter promised him that he would not create "an elite guard." The former aide says that after a few months in the campaign, he saw that Carter was doing exactly what he had promised not to do. He saw the similarity between Nixon's small group of advisers and Carter's group as being "so close that it's incredible."

Like Nixon, Carter is far more concerned about image than about substantial issues. (In 1968 Nixon was willing to be specific on minor issues, such as textile quotas, while staying fuzzy on the big issue—Vietnam. Carter is vague on the major issues of 1976, inflation and détente, but he is extremely specific about granting a pardon to Vietnam draft evaders and naming a new attorney general and a new secretary of agriculture. It is interesting that these were also the two cabinet posts Nixon harped on the most in 1968.) By keeping his options open and not offending people on the big issues, Nixon hoped to avoid antagonizing any large group while making himself steadily acceptable. Staff memos during the 1968 campaign spoke of building up "warmth" while projecting a feeling of "peacefulness" and "compassion." Does it sound familiar?

It should. It sounds like any one of a thousand Carter speeches of 1976. Reg Murphy, former editor of the *Atlanta Constitution* and a long-time Carter watcher, says that while Carter was governor, he mastered the techniques of selling a candidate and that he is now doing the same thing on a national scale. (Murphy, the only nationally prominent journalist who has followed Carter's career from the beginning, describes him as "one of the four phoniest men I ever met.")

Comparing Carter's rhetoric and Nixon's is a thorough eye-opener. Nixon, in his 1968 acceptance speech, said, speaking of himself, "I see another child tonight. He

NINO CERRUTI

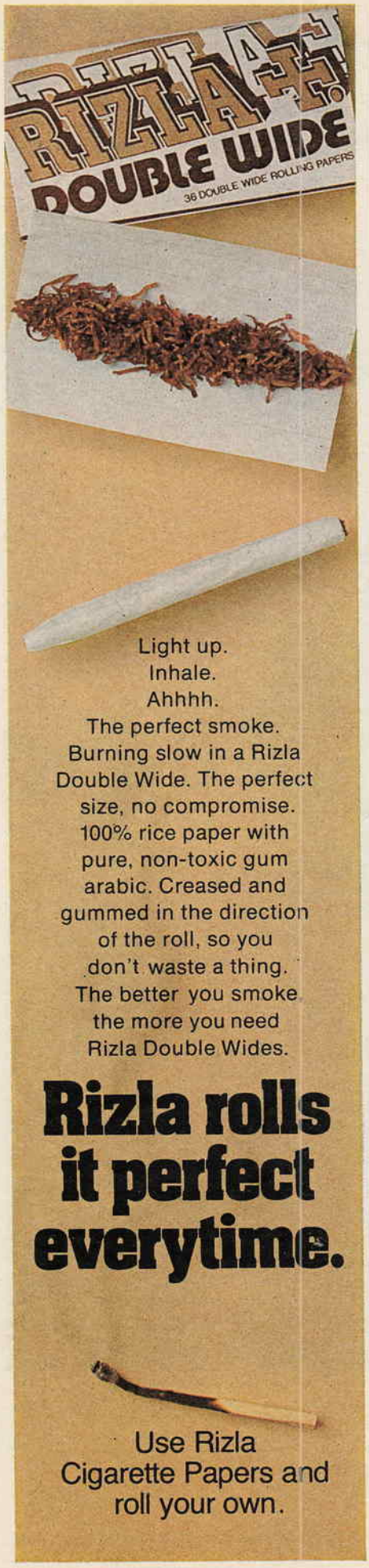
CREATES THE EUROPEAN LOOK IN SPORTSWEAR. AUTHENTICALLY.

BRASS ON THE ASS ™

Paris designer Nino Cerruti brings European sportswear to America in his Rue Royale® Collection for fall. The Continental approach: a leather blazer and Brass-On-The-Ass denim jeans.

For name of nearest dealer, write M. Wile & Co., 2020 Elmwood Avenue, Buffalo, New York 14240

©1976, Hart Services, Inc.



"Carter as sportsman: "Show me a good loser, and I will show you a loser."

hears a train go by. At night he dreams of faraway places where he would like to go. It seems like an impossible dream. But he is helped on his journey through life. . . . And tonight he stands before you, nominated for President of the United States of America."

Carter said, in his acceptance speech this June, "I remember years ago as a farm boy sitting outdoors with my family in the middle of the night, gathered close around a radio connected to our automobile battery, and listening to the Democratic conventions in far-off cities. I was then a long way from the selection process. I feel much closer tonight." (In his book Carter describes listening to the 1936 Republican convention with the radio hooked up to the car battery.)

One of Nixon's favorite speeches concerned a man who said that America's best days were behind her—in the 1770s. He would always add, "We must always believe that America's best days lie ahead." In his acceptance speech Carter said, "There is a fear that our best years are behind us, but I say that our nation's best is still ahead."

In 1968, and many times later, Nixon said, "America's in trouble today not because her people have failed, but because her leaders have failed. And what America needs are leaders to match the greatness of her people."

Carter's standard speech contains the following: "America needs leaders that are as good as her people." Both men use the phrase "new leadership" to describe what they will provide if elected. Nixon used the "I see" rhetorical device over and over in 1968; for example, "I see a day when we will again have freedom from fear in America and freedom from fear in the world." And Carter said in 1976: "I see an America on the move again, united, a diverse and vital and tolerant nation. . . ."

But there are more profound and frightening likenesses beyond all of these parallels and similarities. Because people believed Richard Nixon lied, over and over, to those who trusted him, he was forced from office. Nixon's lies about Watergate probably form the primary public perception today of his years in office. Carter should learn a lesson from this. He has misrepresented himself on so many issues that if the truth ever catches up with him in the public mind, he will be in hot water indeed.

Some of Carter's little lies are funny. He routinely describes himself as a "naval officer, nuclear physicist, peanut farmer, and businessman." In fact, Carter has no degree in nuclear physics; and although he claims to have taken some courses in that subject, the course work was in engineering, not nuclear physics. It is a small error, but why does Carter repeat it over and over again? Likewise, he is not really a farmer. He is a peanut broker and warehouser. He does own a peanut farm, but his brother operates it.

Carter claims repeatedly that he reorganized the state government in Georgia in a fundamental way, abolishing 278 out of 300 state agencies and "slashing the administrative costs of government more than half." He promises that if elected he will do the same thing to the federal government.

Let's hope not. What Carter really did was simply to put all of the existing agencies into twenty-two umbrella superagencies. No funded agencies were abolished. The number of state employees rose by more than 30 percent. Total state spending rose by more than 50 percent. The funding for the governor's office rose by almost 50 percent.

(In a startling reversal of the Carter campaign's claims of budget-cutting prowess, Betty Rainwater, Carter's deputy press secretary, confirmed that the budget had grown by 50 percent and added: "Budget growth is a healthy thing in a state"!)

Carter says in his autobiography that he took office with the budget of the state of Georgia running at a non-surplus position and left the state with a $200-million surplus. Ms. Rainwater, the helpful press aide, said that this not only is true but also is on the record. In fact, the record of the state auditor of Georgia shows that Carter inherited a *surplus* of $91 million and left a surplus of $43 million—not quite the same as Carter's claim.

Perhaps the most arresting of Carter's misstatements is also the most touching—were it true. Consistently during the primaries, Carter claimed to have set up 136 day-care centers for retarded children, using former welfare mothers to feed and clothe the children. The welfare mothers, he would say with a catch in his voice, turned into some of the best workers on the state payroll. The problem is that the program never existed. The responsible Georgia state officials say that no such program exists or has ever existed. Yet when *Harper's* writer Brill brought the artful untruth to Jody Powell, nothing was done. Carter continued to make the same claim. Ms. Rainwater said that while there may not have been any "formal" or "particularly identifiable program," there was an informal program of which there are no records(!)

A standard Carter pitch is to tell black voters that he would "rather die than betray your trust in me." And black voters have strongly supported Carter. Why they do so is difficult to answer. Carter's first govern-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

Pet of the Year

"I can remember every man I've ever been to bed with, in great detail. There are no regrets."

Below, right: Laura with the Pet of the Year's grand prize: a 1977 Porsche 924. Available from Volkswagen of America, the 924 is worth $12,000. Designed as a sports car for everyday driving, the 924 has a four-speed transmission and transaxle design, which permits its front-mounted engine to achieve rear-mount-like balance. Laura is wearing an equally grand prize, a natural American Lynx coat, designed by John Anthony for Goldin-Feldman. At right, top: Laura, wearing her gift of Sil-O-Ette swim wear, cavorts about in another exquisite prize, a $2,300 Sol Cat 18 catamaran-sailboat with thirty-foot mast.

Photograph by Pierre Houles

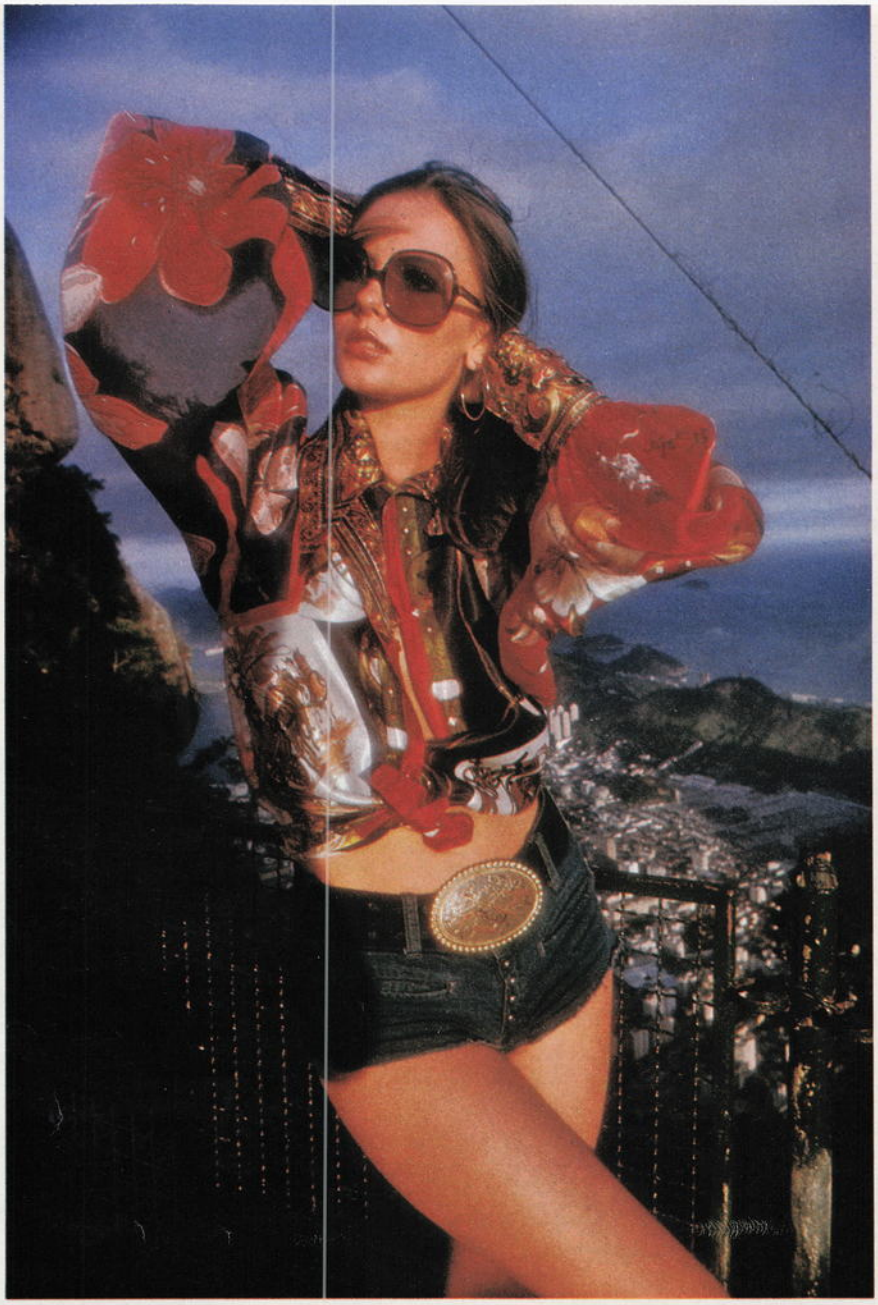
Photograph by Frank Laffitte/Loungewear by John Kloss for Cira/Hairstyle by Raymond & Nasser, N.Y.C.

"I'm strictly a one-man girl," proclaims Laura Doone, our raven-tressed, twenty-two-year-old 1976 Pet of the Year. And as the votes for Laura came pouring in from the 50 million *Penthouse* readers throughout the world, it became crystal-clear that a lot of men would like to snuggle up in Miss Doone's singular company. Not surprising, since, besides being one of the most beautiful women in the world, our tenth Pet has won a queen's ransom of cash and gifts valued at well over $50,000. Moreover, Laura is nothing if not a well-rounded lass. With a 36½-18-35½ figure, this five-foot-seven beauty is a highly sought-after model, an aspiring actress, and a photographer who is nearly as adept behind a camera as she is glamorous in front of the lens. For relaxation, Laura will be out on the tennis courts where, she admits, "I'm very competitive," or behind the wheel of her grand-prize Porsche 924, "driving as fast as the track will allow."

"I think the sexiest thing in the world is to make love with a bit of clothing on."

Perhaps it's because I give so much of myself, physically and otherwise, when I'm with a man that I could never dream of cheating on someone I love," sighs Laura in a voice that retains just a trace of her native New Orleans. "Or perhaps it's because I can remember every man I've ever been to bed with, in great detail. There aren't any regrets, and I don't want there ever to be any in the future. I'm a true romantic. I must have a man I can depend on, someone who makes me feel secure. In the winter I like to make love by the fire and then share a bottle of wine. In summer the best place for sex is in the water or on the beach. The idea that someone might come along and catch us does add to the excitement, I must admit."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE



"I think the sexiest thing in the world," says Laura, "is to make love with a bit of clothing on—either some shoes or a lacy bra or just a shirt or jeans. It adds something to the lovemaking, making it seem more exciting and more spontaneous, somehow. I like my men to be aggressive in bed, and I like to feel soft and feminine beside them." Laura is very much a lady who's aware of her own sexuality, and it's also clear that she's attuned to her own emotions as well as to those of her lover. Radiating confidence and self-assurance, she insists her man possess the same qualities. "I've spent too much time trying to get men to conquer jealousy," she says thoughtfully. "For a relationship to work, it must be based on trust. If a beautiful woman walks into the room, I expect the man I'm with to fall off his chair. And if a groovy-looking man comes along, I wouldn't be surprised if I did exactly the same."

"I like my man to be aggressive in bed, and I like to feel soft and feminine beside him."

Laura is quite ready to put her considerable expertise as a model to work when she's snapping the shutter. "One thing I'd love to do is a nude session with another woman," she explains. "Women understand each other instinctively; we have a kind of instant rapport. I'm sure I would be able to capture on film the special feminine sensuality of a woman's body. It's a very beautiful thing to behold, and I would love to present such pictures to the world."

"The best place to have sex is in the water."

"How did it feel to discover that I'd been voted Pet of the Year? Why it felt terrific, of course. Being a Penthouse Pet has already done marvelous things for my career, and you can just imagine what it feels like to know that you are among the most desirable women in the world. I feel very lucky."

Observing Laura's plentiful *Penthouse* exposure, some readers may be surprised to know that she considers herself shy at heart. "It's just different when you do a set of photos, not like baring your *self* at all," she explains. "And while I'll always be proud of appearing in these pages, I'm fairly certain I'll never do another set like this again." So here it is, faithful 50 million—the final and delicious presentation of the 1976 Pet of the Year, Miss Laura Doone.

$
Jay
'76

IS JAY ROCKEFELLER FOR REAL...

or is he just another rich kid who thinks he can eventually buy the White House?

There is an inevitability about John Davison ("Jay") Rockefeller, as there is about all Rockefellers who commit themselves. Just as his uncles, pressed into various missions, succeeded in creating new wealth and reputation for the powerful name, so Jay pushes on, employing chunks of his own huge fortune, a large staff of political technicians, some hard-earned experience, and a talented, attractive wife to achieve his immediate goal—the governorship of West Virginia—and to move toward his ultimate goal on this earth, the United States presidency.

Jay, thirty-nine, is the Rockefeller reputed to be liberal because he overthrew Republican family tradition and became a Democrat in 1966. He is also the fourth-generation Rockefeller who, at twenty-one, was given a choice of taking the full name of his great-grandfather, the pinch-faced founder of it all, whose name has never been fully redeemed in the public mind. Old John D. Rockefeller (1839–1937) lived as the world's richest man but was always remembered as the grasping, ruthless tycoon of Standard Oil Company.

Faced with a lifetime of carrying that name, Jay chose to do so, later explaining that Rockefeller "stands for public service, a sense of responsibility, and a high standard of demand on oneself." For

Illustration by Sean Earley/Sketchpad Studio

BY NICK THIMMESCH

Jay Rockefeller that meant becoming the unofficial crown prince of the Rockefellers; studying Japanese at International Christian University in Tokyo; working for the Peace Corps; transplanting himself to West Virginia to serve two years as an antipoverty worker; and then beginning a political career that has yet to blossom fully.

Now, in what looks like a good season for Democrats, Jay is finally on his way and is favored to win the governorship denied him in 1972. On his way to the Democratic nomination in 1976, however, Jay spent a whopping $1.7 million, an unprecedented amount in a state where election money has flowed as freely as moonshine in the hookworm belt. Some think that West Virginia hankers to be had. Jay tries to dissolve the wealth question with humor. "I was born with a big nose and lots of money," he says. "I'm sorry I have one, and I can't do anything about the other."

When Jay arrived in 1964, West Virginia had an overdrawn reputation as being the Republic's poorhouse, perhaps ready for conquest by a rich, outside savior. (Jay's personal fortune has been estimated to be as high as $55 million.) Jack Kennedy, in a grand and expensive act of seduction, enjoyed a successful one-nighter with the mountainous old gal in 1960.

But Jay learned that while West Virginia might drop her worn shoes on the floor for a dalliance, she would not permanently bed down with a stranger. He also learned that the New Frontier rhetoric, which made West Virginians feel sorrier for themselves and yet more hopeful at the same time, paled as the state's economy recovered with the great demand for coal.

The "carpetbagger" label stuck like barnacles on Jay for years, and only now, after he has lived two-thirds of his adult life in the state, is he accepted as a true-blue resident, entitled to such citizen's rights as folksy colloquial speech and entrance to the multitude of speakeasies that call themselves clubs (membership: one dollar). Though Jay, with his six-foot-six-inch frame and lean visage, could be typecast as a mountain man, the courtship with the people who live in the green hollows between the Blue Mountains has not been a smooth one.

The expenditure of lots of money and a dozen years in West Virginia have left him with more anomalies than triumphs:

• He is widely advertised as a humane leader. His photographers have taken all manner of black-and-white photos (to show problems, shoot in black and white; to entice tourists and industry, use color), positioning Jay next to people who need help (old folks, the unemployed, and kids). And yet his closest associates feel close to him only professionally and are hard put to offer the names of his intimate friends. Like many a Rockefeller, Jay is remote, isolated, and terribly protected in his private life. "Whenever I visit his home," says one of his most trusted aides, "I feel it's like the two-dollar tour."

• Sired by a prayerful family rooted in fundamental religion, Jay once related how his "Christian mind" deterred him from "taking milk and sugar they need for the children" from a poor family offering him coffee. So he drank it black, against his taste. He often describes his mission as trying to "benefit" society. Still, in recent years, Jay has played political "hardball." He has employed a cold practicality that has galled idealists who once worked for him and has prompted one leading Democrat to say, "Jay has no convictions. He would come out for cancer if it would help him become governor."

• Though for many years he endured the charge that he was a jet-setter rich boy, interested only in exploiting West Virginia for egotistical and then political purposes, Jay has made no effort to change his lifestyle or manner in order to conform. His suits are those of a Wall Street lawyer or broker, pin-striped and tailor-made. His hair is neatly trimmed and combed, never shaggy or looking as if it had fallen victim to an undistinguished graduate of a local barber college. His speech is Ivy League and Pocantico Hills, thus projecting an assumed superiority, however benevolent. Servants and round-the-clock bodyguards are on his premises. Jay Rockefeller remains a Rockefeller.

"Jay would come out for cancer," says one leading Democrat, "if it would help him become governor."

• While most Rockefellers manage, through superwealth and power, to translate disaffection to aloof coolness, Jay Rockefeller is caught up in a distressing, embarrassing feud with the respected mayor of Charleston, John G. Hutchinson, and Mrs. Hutchinson. Its origins, while innocent enough, cause nonsensical gossip and can only beget more trouble for the participants.

Like all Rockefellers who make a commitment, rather than having fun with their money, Jay had to mull and fret over the Big Decision for life. As of one special Sunday in April 1964, Jay hadn't made it.

He was restless and, at twenty-seven, was ready to put his Jaguar XKE, Georgetown townhouse, heated swimming pool, and Washington party girls behind. On that day in April, Jay was performing his duty as godfather at the christening of the infant son of Charlie Peters. Jay and Peters had worked in the Peace Corps together and were friends.

For many weeks Jay had told Peters that he wanted to work on domestic problems, and Peters, once a lawyer in Charleston, had been telling Jay what great opportunity was back in West Virginia. The catalytic moment, however, was when Jay met the godmother of the day, Mrs. Betty Chilton and her husband, W.E. Chilton III, the publisher of the Charleston *Gazette*, the principal newspaper in West Virginia.

Chilton speaks in that gruff, privileged voice, the kind Humphrey Bogart had, and Jay warmed to his words. Chilton, like Jay, had gone to a New England prep school and Yale, and with the three roman numerals behind his name he was at least of a similar mold. The Chiltons were an old family in West Virginia, wealthy, prominent in politics and newspaper publishing, and Democrats. As Chilton listened to Jay telling of his interest in working with the poor—popular stuff in those Great Society days—he saw a possibility.

"Jay wanted to do antipoverty work," Chilton recalls, "and I told him he was welcome to stay with us until he got located. He came down in June and lived in our house until October, when he moved into the Kanawha Hotel [a rather shabby hostelry for poverty fighters]."

Chilton says that Jay "worked like a dog in his job, got interested in the local semipro football team for a diversion, and if he had to do any socializing, did it outside the state on weekends." In October Jay began shuttling between Charleston and Emmons, a small mining hamlet fifteen miles away but more distant in time, since it was four miles off the nearest paved road.

Emmons (population 240) was a classic poorhouse for unemployed miners and their families. The people of Emmons had little to do and scant motivation to rise from their misery. When Jay arrived in his one-bunk trailer, towing a British Landrover, he was suspected of being a "revenuer," a welfare recipient, and a Republican organizer.

But after a few days of loping about in his T-shirt, jeans, and desert boots, Jay started drawing people to his trailer. First came the youngsters. Some said they wanted to shake the hand of a millionaire for the first time. Soon the parents came around to the tall, thin, young outsider. He asked questions, and so did they, and Jay began giving advice and help.

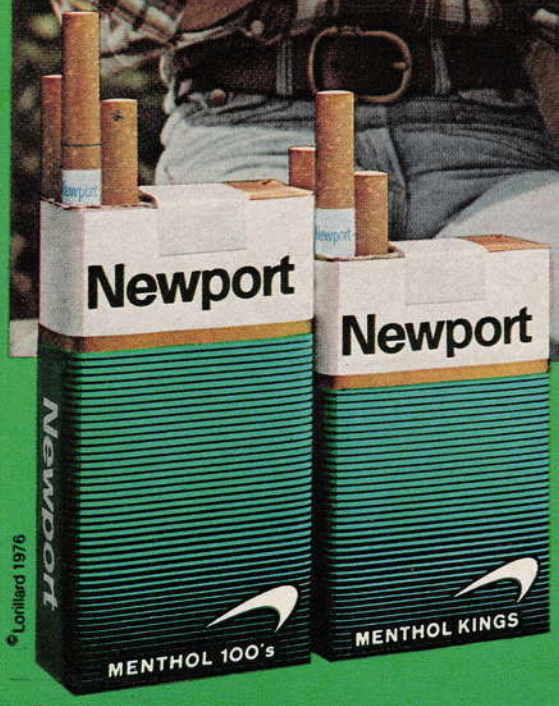
Many children didn't go to school because their parents owed money to the school and were ashamed. Many never made high school, because their parents hadn't. Only one percent of the adult population were high-school graduates.

One of Jay's fellow workers at the Emmons project was Bill Miller, a huge young man who had played professional football. Miller, raised in a mining town, was dividing his time playing end on the Charleston "Rockets," a semipro football team, and doing antipoverty work.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

Alive with pleasure!

Newport



©Lorillard 1976

After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; 100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report April 1976.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

In Malaysia
the monsoon is life itself.
But when a sorcerer brings the rains
he can also bring death and

THE TIGER'S SUIT

Almost the worst corpse I've ever seen was that of a Malay woman, an epileptic, who, out planting rice in a field, had had a fit and tumbled into a flooded ditch. She had been alone, and as soon as she was submerged, the horse leeches swarmed beneath her loose blouse and over her legs and face. She hadn't drowned; she died from loss of blood—it had been sucked by those fattened leeches. They still clung to her, black with her blood, after she was hauled out. Her color was the most awful gray, like a dead sea creature with salt in her veins. Then the leeches were struck by the air, and they peeled off and sank in the ditch, leaving the woman covered with welts the shape of watchstraps. It gave Ayer Hitam, where I was American consul, a week of fame. People came from all over to look at the ditch, and even now you can see the spot clearly because no one would plant rice near it after the tragedy. It had the makings of a horror story: the corpse found with its blood sucked, an investigation, some detective work, the news that she was an epileptic, and the chilling truth—leeches.

I never thought that I would see anything worse; then the corpse of the child turned up, Aziza binte Salim. I suppose what made it particularly dreadful was her age—not more than seven—and the fact that she was a girl. Most people are apprehensive about their daughters; Malays turn this apprehension into paranoia or at least underpin it with the ferocity of Islamic suspicion. Aziza was a prize, a cute, monkey-faced girl with jet-black hair. She lived in the *kampong* at the northern end of the town, which bordered on the derelict rubber estate. The Malays there had repossessed the huts of the Tamil rubber-tappers, shading them with banana groves. I often used to walk out that way in the late afternoon when the consulate closed, to limber up for tennis. My walks were a displacement activity: I would have had a drink if I had gone to the club after work—then another drink, and another, and no tennis. Though I never knew her name, I went through the *kampong* afterward and—how shall I put it?—I noticed she was missing. Then I remembered her laughing face.

The monsoon was late that year, so late that it looked as if the rice shoots would never be planted. The fields had been prepared in that clumsy traditional way, by buffaloes dragging the metal ploughs through the water, stirring the mud. But weeks later there was still no rain, and the paddy fields were beginning to show the ridges of the empty furrows as the water level dropped. The ditches dried, and the embankments came apart as the grass that knitted them together died. A sad sight: the quilt of drying fields that had been so green in the previous planting, the sun's slow fire bringing death.

While the agricultural officers were deliberating over their clipboards (one American-trained Malay used to come to the club and say, "These guys haven't got a chance"—I wanted to sock him in the jaw), the *kampong* was deciding things its own way.

I had the story from my Tamil *peon*, Peeraswami. As soon as it became clear that the situation was desperate, the Malay rice farmers met and decided to bring their problem to a *bomoh*, a medicine man, whose hut was deep in the bush, not far from the village of aboriginal Laruts who acted as his messengers. It was a part of the jungle where not even the sultan's tax-collectors showed their faces. This *bomoh*, Noor, had a reputation. Later, when I saw him in court, he appeared to be a most mild man, somewhat comic in his old-fashioned wire spectacles.

But he scared the life out of Peeraswami, who said that the Malays from the *kampong* had sworn that no one should reveal their identities—they took a vow of secrecy before they set out. Most of the stories about the *bomoh* Noor came from the Laruts, who spoke of goats that had disappeared and of odd howlings from the *bomoh*'s hut. The Laruts had never engaged him, but the reason was simple: Noor was expensive. He asked the visiting Malays to make a contribution before he allowed them in.

The next thing he said was that the *kampong* was cursed: the curse was keeping the monsoon away.

They expected to hear that. They would have been surprised if he had said anything else. But how to cure it?

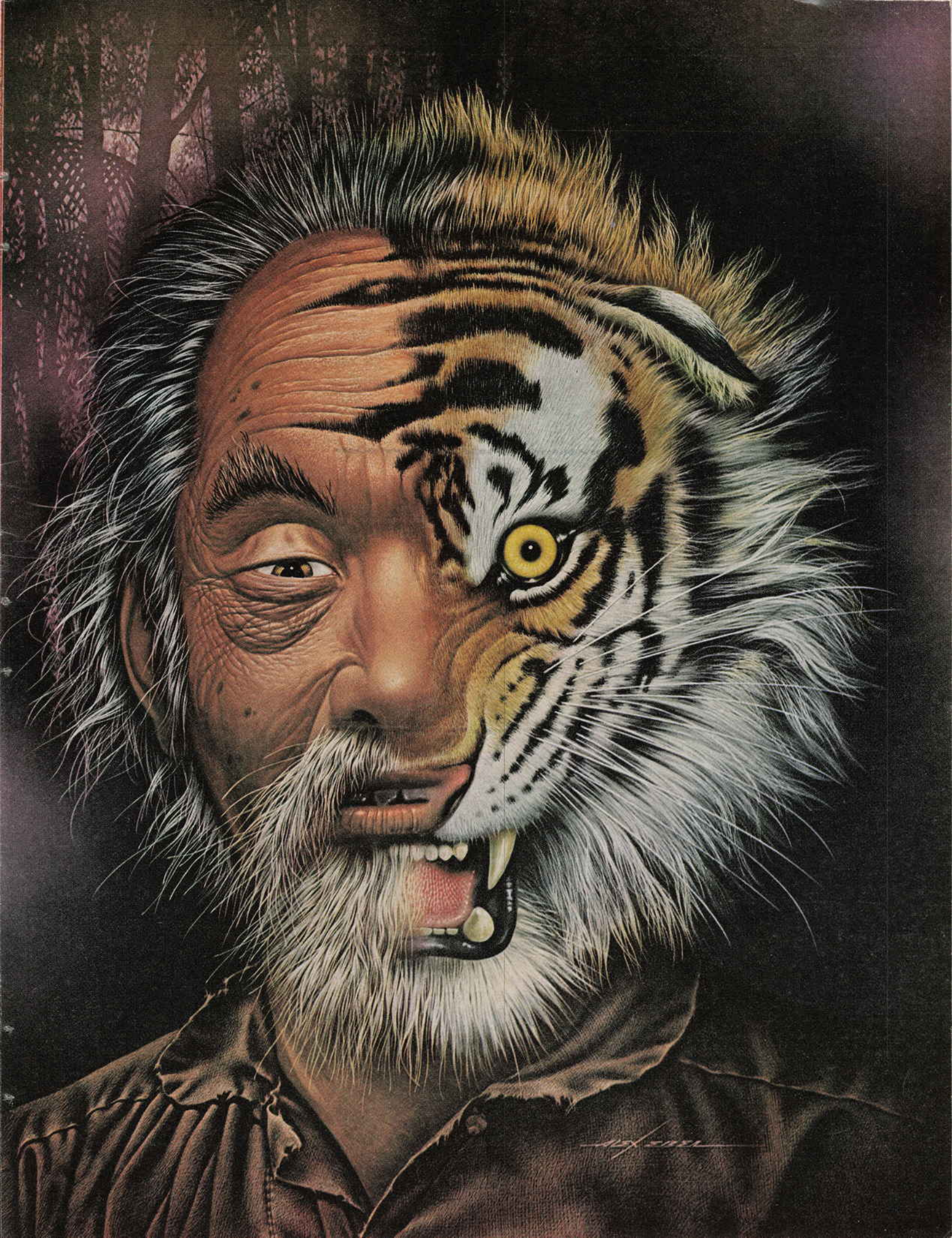
"There is always a cure," said the *bomoh* Noor. "Can you afford it?"

They said yes, of course; but when the *bomoh* only smiled and said nothing else for several minutes, they began wondering if their answer should have been no.

"Three hundred dollars," said Noor, finally.

At that time, the exchange rate was three

FICTION BY PAUL THEROUX



to one, Straits dollars to American green. But this was quite a sum to simple rice farmers who, long before the next harvest, would be living on credit from the Chinese shops. They had a fear, common in agricultural societies, of being uprooted and driven to a hostile part of the country to begin again. They asked the *bomoh* his terms.

"Half the money now, the balance when it is finished."

"When the rain falls," said one man.

"When it is finished, there will be rain."

The strange distancing construction of the Malay verbs made them inquire further: "You're going to do it yourself?"

"It will be done," said the *bomoh*, using the same courtly remoteness.

"By you?"

"It is tiger's work," said the old man. He smiled and showed his black teeth. Even the most menacing *bomoh* had an accent of comedy, which could be as effective a curative as fear. The ramshackle hut, the clay bowls of beaks and feathers, the stink of decayed roots, had, mingled with the riddle of their threat, an element of the clownish. But no one laughed. The old man said, "The money."

They handed over the hundred and fifty. The bills were counted and put in a strong box. The old man gestured for them to sit down.

The sun continued hot, wilting the foliage of the elastic figs; the frangipanis lost their leaves, and the bougainvilleas at the club took on a frail, drooping look, rusted blossoms and slack leaves hanging from brittle branches. The dust was everywhere. The grass courts behind the club were impossible, and I recall how an especially hard backhand shot would send the ball bouncing into my opponent's face with a great puff of red dust. This was bad, and most people said it would get worse. It was a suffocating business to take the shortest walk. I worked late just to be away from the club and the temptation to drink heavily. The other members wilted visibly at tables, cursing the heat over glasses of beer. Ayer Hitam was parched, changed in color from the yellow of stucco to the deep red of the risen dust, and the tires of the trishaws left marks in the sun-softened tar.

After another week I was drinking—the joyless anesthetic of gin. One lunchtime, on the club veranda with Squibb, we heard a commotion—whoops, shouts, a great gabbling. Odd sounds in such exhausting weather. On the road beyond the club's cricket ground there were people running, twenty or more. They were gibbering and crying out, beating their way from a banana grove. The cries reached us, "*Matjan! Matjan!*"

Squibb said, "Something's up."

We went to the rail. The elderly Chinese head boy, Stanley Chee, crossed the veranda with a tray and towel. He peered at the road and cocked his head.

"It's a tiger," he said.

"Balls," said Squibb. "There hasn't been a tiger here for twenty years. Sure, you get them in Tapah, the Cameron Highlands, those places. But you never get them as far south as this. There's nothing for them to eat, and they've all been poached away."

"*Matjan!*" The word was clear.

"If it is a tiger," said Angela Miller, "I'd love to see it. But an Ayer Hitam tiger would probably look like the one in that Saki story—toothless and frightened."

Stanley Chee was still studying the mob in the road. He said, "This tiger killed someone."

"No," said Angela, touching her throat.

"They have the body—there, you can see them carrying it."

If it had been a car accident, none of us would have gone near. Malays have been known to overturn a vehicle and kill the driver at the scene of an accident. But with Stanley's assurance that it was a tiger, we left the veranda and met the procession.

And that is when I saw the corpse, which, as I say, was much worse than that poor epileptic's. It was clearly a small girl. She had been torn open, partially eaten—or at least frantically chewed—and flayed like a rabbit. Her blood stained the sheets they were carrying her in: red blossoms soaked it. Nor was that all, for just behind the first group there was another group, with a smaller sheet, and this bundle contained Aziza's head.

> The people at my club asked me to use my influence and get them into the hanging at the Central Jail.

People were running from all directions, the Chinese from the shops, Peeraswami and his pals from the post office; and the Malays continued to shout while the impassive Stanley said, "They found her in the *lallang* like that; they think it was a tiger. She is the daughter of Salim, the carpenter."

While we were standing there, I got a sudden chill that made me hunch my shoulders. I thought it was simple fear and did not notice the sky darkening until it had gone almost black. Bizarre: but the monsoon is like that, bringing a dark twilight at noon. The bamboos started cracking against each other, the banana leaves turned over and twisted in the wind, the grass parted and flattened—pale green undersides were whipped horizontal. And there was that muffled announcement of a tropical storm, the distant weeping of rain on leaves. I looked up and saw it approaching, the gray skirt of the storm being drawn toward us. The Malays began running again with their corpse, but they had not gone thirty yards when the deluge was upon us, making a deafening crackle on the road and gulping in the nearby ditches.

The rice was planted. The rain continued.

It was about a month after this that we heard the news of the lawsuit. It was Peeraswami who explained it to me, and I am ashamed to say I didn't believe him. I needed the confirmation of Squibb and the others at the club, but they didn't know half as much as my *peon*. For example, Peeraswami knew not only the details of the lawsuit but all that background as well—the arrangement that had been made in the *bomoh*'s hut and that tantalizing scrap of dialogue, "It is tiger's work."

What happened was this. After the death of little Aziza—after the first of the rain—the *kampong* held a meeting. Salim was wretched: the rain was proof of his daughter's curse. And yet it was decided that the remainder of the money would not be paid to the *bomoh*. Salim said that whoever paid it would be regarded as the murderer of Aziza and that this man would be killed; also, the *penghulu*, the headman, pointed out that the fields were full, the rice was planted, and even if it did not rain for another six months it would be a good harvest. The *bomoh* had brought the rain, but he could not take it away. A Larut boy, in town selling butterflies to tourists, was given the message. There was no response from the *bomoh*. None was expected: the matter was settled.

Then the *bomoh* acted. Astonishing! He was suing the *kampong*'s headman for nonpayment of the debt, a hundred and fifty Straits dollars plus costs. Peeraswami had the news before anyone. A day later the whole of Ayer Hitam knew.

"Apart from anything else," said Squibb, "they'll tear him apart as soon as they set eyes on him."

"He's a monster," said Angela.

"He must be joking," said Ralph Strang, the government surveyor.

"If the *kampong* don't kill him, the court will," said Alec Stewart.

We consulted Stanley Chee.

"You don't know these Malay boys," he said. "They are very silly."

I had to ask him to repeat that. The rain made a clatter on the roof, like a shower of tin discs. Now we were always shouting, and the monsoon drains, four feet deep, were filled to the brim.

The *bomoh* was taken into custody, and a magistrate was sent from Seremban to hear the case. The week of the trial no one worked. It was like Ramadan: a sullenness came over the town; the streets were empty and held a damp, still smell of desertion. Down by the jail a group of Malays took shelter under the eaves from the rain and called out abuse to the upper window.

I knew the court would be jammed; so the morning of the trial I drove in my official

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

Discover your own pleasure.
Mix your club soda with white rum from Puerto Rico.

White rum and soda

There comes a time when the things that used to please don't please you anymore. Your style becomes your own. You discover your own particular pleasures. And mixing your club soda with white rum is one of them.

White rum has a gentle taste and smoothness that sets it apart from gin and vodka. Because all white rum from Puerto Rico spends a year or more aging in white oak casks, maturing to a velvety perfection. That's the law.

Gin and vodka, on the other hand, are not given the benefit of aging—a fact to which people are fast waking up.

White rum lends its distinctive smoothness to club soda, tonic, orange juice; vermouth—all your favorite mixers.

It's natural to feel at home with the taste and smoothness of white rum. It's a pleasure that more and more drinkers are calling their own.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS

For free "White Rum Classics" recipes, write: Puerto Rican Rums, Dept. H-18, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. **10019**

©1976 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico

Don't look for
the silver lining, prepare yourself for

THE WORST

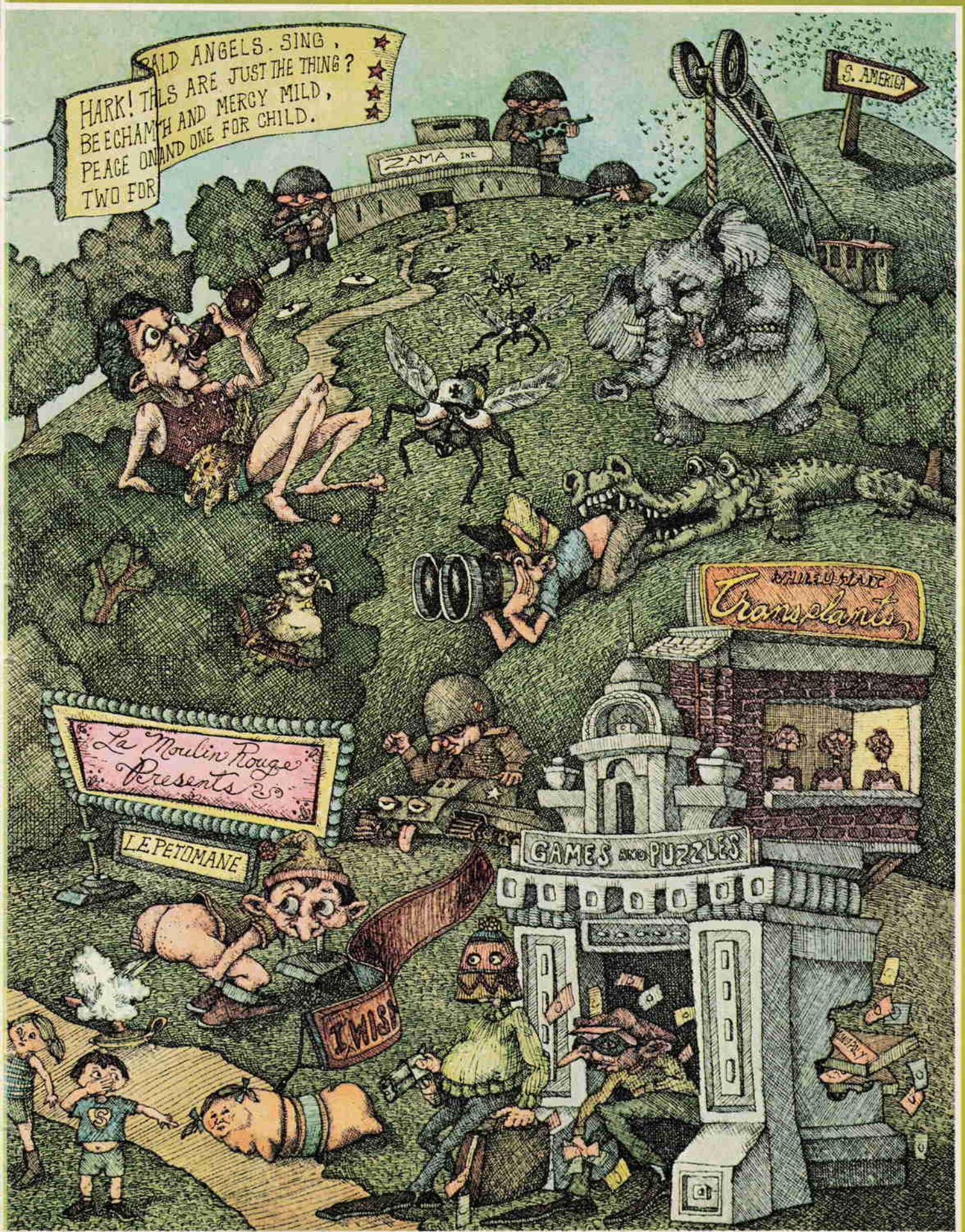
WORST SEX AID: In certain parts of Borneo and the Celebes, men still attempt to enhance their desirability by undergoing a surgical procedure that makes circumcision seem like a day at the beach. First a hole is punched through the skin covering the tip of the penis. Then the oil-soaked feather of a dove is inserted to help the wound heal but prevent the hole from closing. When the process is completed, the man has a permanent slot in which to insert an *ampallang*—a small length of metal or ivory—prior to intercourse, thus turning his penis into a miniature T-square.

The device is said to drive women delirious with ecstasy, and the size of the *ampallang* is decided by the woman. A traditional way for a Dyak woman in central Kalimantan to indicate her size preference is to present her mate with a cigarette burned down to the length she would like.

WORST CONTACT SPORT: "Purring" enjoys moderate popularity in Wales. Here are the rules: two opponents stand face to face, grasping each other firmly by the shoulders. At the starting signal they begin kicking each other in the shins with shoes reinforced with metal toeplates. The first man to release his grip on his opponent's shoulders is the loser. The sport of kinks, perhaps?

Or consider face slapping, which was in vogue in Russia during the early 1930s. Nothing much to it—just two men slapping each other openhandedly until one or the other cried uncle. The most celebrated match took place in Kiev between Wasyl Bezbordny and Michalko Goniusz in 1931. They were at it for thirty

BY BRUCE FELTON AND MARK FOWLER


HARK! THLS ARE JUST THE THING?
BE ECHAM TH AND MERCY MILD,
PEACE ONHAND ONE FOR CHILD.
TWO FOR
ZAMA INC
S. AMERICA
Transplants
La Moulin Rouge Presents
LE PETOMANE
GAMES AND PUZZLES
TWIST

hours, until spectators intervened and separated the bloody-faced competitors.

There *is* one form of athletic competition potentially more violent than either of the above: grenade throwing is an official sporting event in the People's Republic of China.

WORST CAR THIEVES: Two thieves working a Detroit parking lot jimmied open the door of a parked minibus and began poking around for valuables. Thus occupied, they failed to notice two plainclothesmen sitting in the front seat. The officers quietly put the car in gear and drove to the police station.

WORST MILITARY FRATERNITY: Military heroes in Uganda who win favor with Idi ("Big Daddy") Amin are appointed to the honorary Order of the Mosquito. Amin selected the malaria-carrying insect as the official emblem of the order in recognition of the mosquito's important role in discouraging European settlement of Uganda.

WORST DRUNKARD: When an ill-tempered, 250-pound Hell's Angel ties one on, he can be dangerous and unruly; but, with all due respect, an intemperate biker is tame compared with a pie-eyed elephant.

Drunken elephants are a mammoth problem in South Africa's Kruger National Park. It seems that pachyderms are particularly fond of the sweet fruits of the marula tree (*Sclerocarya caffra*), which thrives within the park's boundaries. After a feast of marula fruit, an elephant becomes enormously thirsty and wanders off to the nearest stream to fill up on gallons of water. Intestinal fermentation then converts the fruit sugars to alcohol and leaves the animal thoroughly shellacked. You can hear a drunken elephant from miles away; it trumpets like a warped Al Hirt record. Furthermore, a crapulous elephant loses all its inhibitions; it stampedes, galumphs, staggers, and finally collapses into a stupor. Park rangers are concerned about the property damage the animals cause on their rampages and about the possibility that the elephants will injure themselves.

Another intoxicated member of the animal kingdom is the cuddly koala bear of Australia. Qantas Airlines, through its television commercials, has made the vacant, confused, slightly out-of-it facial expression of the koala familiar to every American. But what the commercials do not tell us is that the koala's blank stare and slow-motion reactions are the product of a mind-altering drug found in the eucalyptus leaves on which the bear feeds exclusively. In its natural form eucalyptus has no effect on human beings, but it leaves the koala completely stoned.

WORST ADVERTISING JINGLE: The copywriters on the Beecham's Pills account —Beecham's is a popular British laxative— have not fared well in their recent invocations to the muse. Most of their ad copy is dull, pedestrian stuff, suggesting the predictable link between clogged pipes and sluggish ways: "If sometimes you feel dull, out of sorts, less than your best," says one typically uninspired advertisement, "the cause could easily be constipation." Hardly the pinnacle of English prose.

In more florid times Beecham's ad writers were able to fuse Christian theology and the mechanics of bowel evacuation to come up with this Christmastime jingle:

> Hark! the herald angels sing,
> Beecham's Pills are just the thing.
> Peace on earth and mercy mild,
> Two for man and one for child.

WORST JOB TITLE: Thirty women, hired in 1974 by a Canadian construction company to fasten clusters of steel rods to a crane, organized to protest being designated as "hookers."

WORST EXECUTION: Suicide was, paradoxically, a capital offense in Britain in the nineteenth century: if you survived your own attempt at killing yourself, the state would finish the job for you. Around 1860, according to Nicholas Ogarev, a Russian expatriate living in London, a man who had slashed his throat was taken to the gallows to be hanged for his crime. But physicians warned the executioner that hanging the man would be impossible: the pull of the rope would open the wound in his neck and enable him to breathe. Paying the doctors no heed, the state hanged him anyway, writes Ogarev, "and the wound in the neck immediately opened, and the man came back to life again although he was hanged. It took time to convoke the aldermen to decide the question of what was to be done. At length the aldermen assembled and bound up the neck below the wound *until he died*."

WORST HOAX: Nearly two centuries after its perpetration, the Berners Street Hoax of 1809 seems a wonderful jape, the mirthful brainchild of a comic genius at his inventive best. Hearing of it for the first time, moviegoers think immediately of the now-classic stateroom scene in the Marx Brothers' *A Night at the Opera*. In truth, the hoax was something less than funny. It was a daylong nightmare for everyone concerned.

It began with Theodore Hook, a notorious practical joker, strolling down Berners Street, a residential avenue on the outskirts of London. For no special reason the house at 54 Berners Street, a nondescript affair set back from the pavement like all the other row houses up and down the street, struck his fancy. Hook boasted to his companion, a man named Higginson, that he could make the house, unprepossessing as it was, the most famous spot in London. He invited Higginson to bet that he couldn't do it, and his friend accepted the wager.

Within a few days Hook had ascertained that the sole inhabitant of the house was an elderly widow named Mrs. Tottingham. In the course of the next two weeks, he sent out more than a thousand letters over Mrs. Tottingham's forged signature, each one filled with mischief.

Early one morning, with Hook watching the action from a well-chosen hiding place across the street, a dozen chimney sweeps converged at Mrs. Tottingham's front door

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136

"Yeah! and he gives you one of these, just for straight *sex, no deviations!"*

Now you can own some of the world's GREAT EROTIC ART MASTERPIECES

Select from over 40 pieces of erotic art and sculpture... at surprisingly low prices!

Now, for the first time, great works of erotic art are no longer the preserve of a privileged few. **Now, they can be yours.**

You can be the proud owner of an erotic sandstone sculpture or an original signed litho by Scornavacca.

Enjoy the warm harmony of Moulton's paintings, the romantic fantasies of De Felice, the powerful love scenes of Betty Dodson... in your own home!

These fine art masterpieces can be purchased **exclusively** through the ARTEROS/PENTHOUSE ART COLLECTORS CLUB... at prices considerably less than what you would expect to pay for art of gallery calibre.

As a club member, you may select the art of your choice **(no obligatory purchases)** from our magnificent Catalogue and subsequent Quarterly Bulletins.

For complete details, **plus** the 16-page color catalogue, send the signed coupon and $1.00 to cover postage and handling. Club Members **must** be at least 18 years old. Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery.

Don't miss this opportunity to own these incredible erotic masterpieces.

ARTEROS-PENTHOUSE
ART COLLECTORS CLUB LTD.
DIVISION OF PENTHOUSE PRODUCTS
909 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10022

Enclosed is $1.00. Please send Catalogue to...

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

1. I am an adult, 18 years of age, or over.
2. I believe that an adult person has the right to buy and have, in the privacy of his home, material dealing intimately with sexual relations and nudity, which I consider to be private matters.
3. I understand that I have the right, as a law abiding citizen, to receive for my own private use any material of interest to me. I desire to exercise this right and agree not to make such material available to minors.
4. I am not a law enforcement official, postal inspector or member of any censorship group.
5. I affirm that I desire to receive brochures from Arteros/Penthouse Art Collectors Club, Ltd. advising me of the material available for purchase.

_____ _____
Date Signature

I am _____ years of age. (NOTE: this blank must be fully completed before the order can be filled.)

12:01
·803075
12:01
12:01
12:01
Pulsar

TIME ZONE

Digital wristwatches for the computer age—the styles are out of this world.

Time was (and not so very long a time ago it was) when there were many kinds of watches, nearly all of which told time the same way. Right there on the face of the watch was a big hand and a little hand. The little hand told the hours, the big hand the minutes; and if you wanted to get complicated about things, a third hand swept the dial in seconds. It was slightly less confusing than using a sundial.

Then, several years ago, a few men started wearing watches that had jet-black faces. There weren't any hands on these timepieces —in fact, you couldn't tell at first sight what the watches were for. Except that whenever the wearer wanted to know what time it was, he would press a button on the side of the case and red numerals would suddenly glow: *3:45*. No big hand, no little hand. Just direct information, reading left to right. Another press of the button and seconds might flash by. Or the day. Or the date. The device told the time, but it didn't look like a watch at all.

Clockwise on rock on the left: Longines LED M-726, $195; Telestar, a subdivision of Gruen, $175; Speidel LCD #1183, $185, Timeband LED T282, $49.95; Pulsar with calculator and 18-k. gold case, $3,950. On the right-hand rock, from the bottom: Wittnauer Polara, $195; Time Unique with an "I love you" message, $99; Citizen Quartz Alarm Watch, $275.

12:01
12:01
10 21
12:01
MICROMA
62 10:21
10:21

They are called digital watches, and within a few years they have changed from extremely exclusive status symbols (starting price: $2,100) to an exceptionally popular instrument for telling time. You can still, if you like, buy a digital watch for $12,000; on the other hand, you can wear one and spend $40 for the privilege.

While the $40 and the $12,000 watch are not exactly alike (if you want to wear platinum or eighteen-karat gold, you are going to pay, no matter how simple the timepiece itself), all digital watches work on the same basic principle.

Central to the development of the digital watch is a quartz-crystal oscillator. Just as a tuning fork is constructed to produce a precise tone whenever struck, the quartz crystal will begin to vibrate when activated by an electric power cell. In fact, the quartz crystal vibrates 32,768 times every second—which is much too fast to hear (that's why digital watches don't tick) and much too fast to see (if you watched a quartz crystal, you wouldn't know it was doing a thing). The most important part of all this, however, is that like a tuning fork, and like a crystal wineglass, the oscillation is dependent upon the molecular structure of the quartz. That's why digital watches are so accurate—the movement by which the watch measures time is always the same. It isn't a spring which winds down; it isn't a pendulum that swings slightly less with each change of motion; nor is it something which grinds against something else. So it doesn't wear down. It just keeps oscillating at the same pitch whenever it receives an electric current. Only the battery needs to be replaced, and—if the quartz is a good one—the watch can remain accurate to within a minute a *year*. Also essential to the digital watch (and the reason that it was so expensive when it first came onto the market) is a tiny computer. The computer "reads" the motion of the quartz and translates it into hours, minutes, and seconds. As miniaturized computers became more sophisticated, digital watches began appearing with the ability to tell the date, to "freeze" time like a stopwatch, and even to perform non-time-telling functions. The more you want your digital watch to do, of course, the more complicated the computer. This is a major factor in determining a digital watch's cost.

As long as there is a battery in the watch, the crystal oscillates and the computer computes. If you buy a digital watch that is labeled "LED," you won't see the time going by. LED watches are the black-faced jobs, the first digital watches to appear. LED is an acronym for "light-emitting diode," the diode being a tiny, transistorized source of light that glows virtually without the production of heat. When you push the button on the watch's side, the LED picks up the information from the computer and tells you the time. It is unobtrusive and yet quite visible in the dark. But the LED watch does have two disadvantages: you have to reach over and press the button to tell the time (not the easiest operation when both hands are full); and in complete daylight, the red numerals are sometimes hard to read.

An LCD, or "liquid-crystal display," shows the time constantly. Molecules in the liquid crystal "line up" according to instructions from the computer. Unlike an LED, the crystal emits no light of its own—the LCD works by reflecting the light in the room. This is great in the daytime or in a brightly lit space; it is useless in the movies or at night. To compensate for this, manufacturers of LCD watches have installed tiny "night lights," which provide the correct amount of illumination so that the LCD can be read. Unfortunately, this means that there is something besides the battery which occasionally has to be replaced. (LEDs last . . . well, not forever, but still longer than human beings. Your grandchildren might have some trouble with the watch.) LCD watches can perform quite as many functions as an LED; they are simply a different way of displaying the same information. Owners of original-model LCDs complained that the numerals would start to fade after a few years. However, liquid-crystal-display technology has progressed to such a degree that the LCDs are now considered quite as efficient as LED models.

Some manufacturers, recognizing that neither type of digital has managed to gain preeminence with the public, produce both types of watches. Others champion one display method over the other. As digital watch manufacturers have become competitive, there has developed an increasing concern with style—you can now choose your digital watch from nearly as many stylistic varieties as can be found for traditional timepieces.

All of this ignores a basic and indisputable fact about digital watches: they are great fun. Adults have their toys, and a digital watch is one of the best. Just pushing the button and watching the red light appear makes telling time a kind of participatory experience. Besides, it is nice to know that the exact hour and minute can be had when you want to be time-conscious, but also that the time is not staring you in the face during a luxuriously lengthy date.

More expensive computers make for more complicated designs. The Citizen watch people have developed a digital watch that also serves as an alarm clock; so you need never sleep past your stop. Seiko manufactures a highly effective digital stopwatch which, like the competing Microma, can store a lap clocking even while giving you information about the rest of the run. Having a computer on your wrist can provide fairly endless entertainment: two of the watches shown here can be adjusted (by the manufacturer) to print out a private message ("Vote Jimmy '76" for the politicos; "I love you" for romantic types who like gifts which remind as they tell time).

The computer aspect of a conventional digital watch is nowhere near as evident as it is in the Pulsar Time Computer. To wear this watch is literally to put a calculator on your arm. It can add, subtract, divide, multiply, figure percentages, and—almost incidentally—tell you the time of day. Pulsar also makes a more modest LED watch that eliminates the need for pressing the command button; they've installed a mercury switch that activates the display unit with a flick of the wrist. Because even the tiniest computers contain memory banks, many of the recent digitals do not need to be readjusted after a thirty-day month. After proper setting, they compute the date according to month and day; they also indicate when to "switch over" after 30 and when to go on to 31. These digitals need resetting once every four years—to compensate for leap year. Seiko has considered this problem, however, and has announced a new watch with a forty-year, perpetual calendar, making adjustment ten times less necessary. Digital watches, in other words, provide nothing if not options for the consumer. There is, however, one problem about which you must be warned: if you buy a digital which says "I love you," you may never again be content with Big Hand-Little Hand.

For information on where to buy watches featured, see page 186.

Photographs by Silano

Clockwise from left: Microma Chronograph stopwatch, $110; Bulova #82604, $170; Concord with diamonds and message, $12,000; The Black Watch by Sinclair, $49.95; Novus PR 64B, $170; Seiko Quartz LG Chronograph stopwatch, $325.

JIMMY CARTER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

ment post was on the Sumter County School Board, starting in 1956. More than two years after the Supreme Court order barring segregation, Carter acted as if nothing was changed. In fact, when a group of white parents came to the school board, concerned over the proposed site of a black school because it would have required that their children walk down the same street as the black children to reach each other's segregated school, Carter proposed a motion, which was passed unanimously, that the school be built elsewhere. (Later, the resolution was rescinded because of the cost.)

Furthermore, when Carter was on the school board, he voted for a proposal to take sick-leave funds and use them for a raise for whites and not for blacks. Actually, the proposal sounds fairer when you know that county policy at the time was to have sick leave for white teachers but not for blacks.

These may be small things, and Carter may have been doing no more than other people of high character did in the late 1950s. But what was Carter, who claims to have been a friend of blacks and pro-civil rights, doing in 1970?

- When he ran against the liberal Carl Sanders in Georgia, he described himself as the "red-neck" candidate, boasting that he could win "without a single black vote." (It is interesting that Ms. Rainwater denies that statement, even though it is recorded in newspapers and TV shows of the time.)
- Carter's slogan was a carefully copied replica of Wallace's "Send Them a Message." Carter's was "Isn't It Time Somebody Spoke Up for You?"
- Five days before the primary, Carter made a well-publicized visit to a private, white-only academy in Atlanta and said he was there "to reassure Georgians of my support for private education." The school in question had been founded to avoid public-school integration.
- Carter energetically sought and obtained the endorsement of former governor Marvin Griffin, a staunch segregationist.
- In the 1970 primary campaign, Carter promised to invite George Wallace to speak before the Georgia legislature. He did, and Wallace accepted.
- Roy Harris, virulently segregationist founder of the White Citizens Councils of Georgia—the same White Citizens Councils that today's Jimmy Carter disdains and ridicules in his autobiography—endorsed Carter in his newspaper, the *Augusta Courier*, in 1970. The *Courier*, one of the only newspapers of any size to support Carter in 1970, routinely referred to black people as "niggers."

Rainwater says that "if" Harris supported Carter and Carter accepted the endorsement, it was only because "he [Carter] wants to unite people, not to divide them." To which one might well respond, What about the people Roy Harris's newspaper called "niggers"?

- Hosea Williams, a black Georgia civil-rights leader at the time, said that "The blacks of Georgia fared better under Lester Maddox than under Carter."

There is much more questionable material about Carter and the blacks. But the point is that Carter *could tell the truth* and say that he was a Wallace surrogate who has now changed. Instead, he claims to have *always* been a strong and good friend of black people. Again, there is the eerie quality of Carter saying one thing when the facts prove another.

Similar discrepancies pop up in Carter's statements on Vietnam. Carter now says in his autobiography that the Vietnam War was immoral. In his speeches he says it was racist. At press conferences he said

> Carter as civil-rights leader: "When some white parents complained that the site of a new black school would require their children to walk down the same street with the black children, Carter requested that the school be built elsewhere."

he called for a complete pullout from Vietnam in March 1971. But no one has been able to find a public record of Carter's coming out against the war in March 1971, and the Carter people have been unable to supply it. There is evidence, however, that in June 1972 Carter proposed a resolution at the Democratic Governors' Conference, asking the governors not to make Vietnam an issue in the 1972 election. There are also statements on the record that as late as April 1975, right before the fall of South Vietnam, Carter called for another year of funding the Saigon government.

Again, people are entitled to change their minds. But Carter takes a new position and claims that it has been his position all along, in total indifference to the facts. It's unsettling.

All of this fits into a pattern of Carter's feeling at liberty to dissociate whatever he says from his political actions. Apparently, he is not constrained by what is on the record or by what people know or by what he has said. Since most of his audience is unfamiliar with his record, Carter can simply produce a new record, as often as necessary, thinking that it is unlikely that the truth will ever catch up with him.

The story of Herb Hafif, Carter fund raiser and campaigner until last summer, is a good example of Carter's disregard for the obligations of mere words. When Hafif went to Carter to offer help, he told Carter that he wanted to be in on the important decisions and wanted to be able to reach Carter during the campaign.

Hafif, who still has hopes for the Georgian, says that Carter looked at him and said, "I'm just an average person. I'm nobody special, but I need your help. You understand that there are a lot of demands on a candidate's time. But if you ever call me, night or day, I'll get in touch within that day."

Three months later, after Hafif became unhappy with the way the Carter campaign relegated blacks and Chicanos "to the back of the bus," he met with Carter, who looked at him sincerely and told him to reorganize things in California to his liking. Hafif went home and three days later was fired, allegedly for creating divisions. When he called the "average person" who had promised to call him back night or day, his calls were ignored. Then a highly placed friend of Hafif called Carter, and Carter told him that he didn't know anything about the whole affair. It must have been a mistake by someone on his staff, Carter said. (Despite the evidence of a letter and a telegram hiring and firing Hafif, Betty Rainwater says she doesn't think he was ever involved in the campaign.)

Needless to say, the "mistake" was never corrected. In that story, though, are many of the ingredients that make Carter so worrisome. He blandly promised something and just as blandly did not do it. And if you say that all politicians do the same, the answer is that one of Carter's key claims—in fact, it is perhaps the central claim of his entire campaign—is that he is not a politician, but rather a simple peanut farmer, naval officer, nuclear physicist, and businessman.

And so, we come back again to the public outrage at Richard Nixon—a man who, people think, claimed he was something he was not. Carter, on issue after issue, has claimed so many things that are not true that eventually the misstatements become lies, and these are important not only about the issues but also about the kind of person Jimmy Carter is.

For Nixon, the end came because the public decided that he had lied too often. Carter's flaw is that, in his overwhelming desire to be president, he has flown in the face of truth in so basic a way that his personality, too, gives pause: why does Carter lie when the truth is documented? It isn't his childhood or his campaign or even the issues that make Carter resemble what people feared most about Nixon; it is Carter, the man.

THE ROAD CAR. DRIVE IT!

To drive. To be one with the car. And with the road. That's an experience few cars can give.

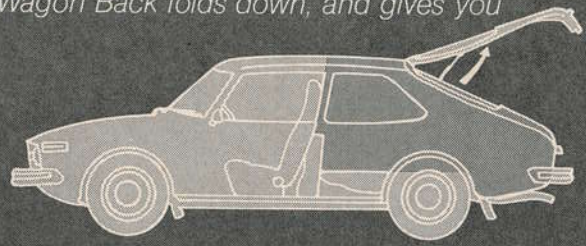
The Saab was designed above all to let you have that experience. To let you feel the excitement, confidence and security that comes from a great road car.

Saab has front-wheel drive for directional stability, excellent traction, and superb road holding in the turns.

Four-wheel disc brakes, linked by a dual-diagonal braking system, for safe, fade-free stops.

And a responsive, yet economical, two-liter, fuel-injected, overhead-cam engine that moves you from 0 to 60 mph in under 12 seconds.

Hidden within this Road Car is a practicality that's amazing. The rear seat of the Saab 99GL Wagon Back folds down, and gives you more than twenty-one square feet of flat cargo space, more than many station wagons. Put the seat up, and you've still got more trunk space than most cars the same size.



But there's no better way to discover the thrill of a great road car than driving it.

And that's exactly what we want you to do. Test drive a Saab today. See what a difference a great road car can make.

SAAB-SCANIA of America,
Saab Drive, Orange,
Connecticut 06477

SAAB
THE ROAD CAR.

TIGER'S SUIT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

car with the *CC* plates and parked conspicuously by the front steps. A policeman opened the door and, waving the crowd aside, showed me in. I saw the *bomoh*, sitting at a side table with an Indian lawyer. At a table opposite were the gloomy Malays, the headman, Salim, some others, and their Chinese lawyer. Two fans were beating in the courtroom, and yet it was terribly hot; the windows were shut to keep the rain out, sealing the sodden heat in.

The *bomoh* took his spectacles off and polished them with his shirttail. He had looked like a petty clerk; now he looked only frail, with close-set eyes and a narrow head. He replaced his glasses and laid his skinny arms on the table. The Indian lawyer, whose suit was stained with dark patches of sweat, leaned over and whispered to him. The *bomoh* nodded.

"The court will now rise."

The magistrate entered, a Chinese man in a black robe and a ragged wig. He sat, dropping behind the tall bench until only his head showed, and fussed with papers. He called upon the *bomoh*'s lawyer to present the case, which, flourishing a truncheon of rolled foolscap, the Indian did, beginning with, "My client is owed the sum——"

The headman was called. The Chinese lawyer squawked something about "blood money" and was silenced by the magistrate. After twenty minutes of wrangling, the magistrate said, "I have heard both sides of this unusual case. I order that *Penghulu* Ismail pay within thirty days the sum of one hundred and fifty——"

There were shouts, screams, stampings, and a woman's wail briefly drowned the rain.

"Silence or I'll clear the court!"

The magistrate continued with his verdict. So it was settled. The *kampong* had to pay the debt and the court costs. When the magistrate had finished, the clerk of the court stood and shouted above the hubbub, "The court will now adjourn."

"What happens now?" I said.

A fat Tamil in a light seersucker suit next to me said, "They are going to try the blighter for murder."

I was afraid that if I left the court I'd lose my seat; so I stayed and talked to this Indian. He had come all the way from Singapore. He was a lawyer there who handled shipping cases, but, as he explained, "I'm on the criminal side myself." This was a celebrated case: he knew the *bomoh*'s lawyer, and he explained the defense.

"Well, it's a fine point. A British court would have thrown the book at him, but these Malay chaps are trying to do things their own way." He grinned, displaying a set of rusted, betel-stained teeth. "Justice must be seen to be done. It's not so simple with these witch doctors. They're always giving trouble. Traditional law—it's a big field—they're going into it in K.L. In a nutshell, this silly blighter *bomoh* is claiming he did not do the murder. Yes, there *was* a murder, but a tiger did it. You see?"

"But he won the other case; he got his money. So he must be guilty."

"Not necessarily. Contract was made with him. Breach was proven; you heard it."

"Which means he killed the girl."

"No, tiger killed girl."

"But he's the tiger."

"No, he is man. Tiger is tiger."

"I don't get it," I said.

The Indian sighed. "Man cannot be tiger. If tiger killed girl, tiger must be brought to trial. If tiger cannot be found, man must be released."

I said sharply, "It's the same damned person!"

"Listen, my friend. I will explain you for the last time. Tiger killed girl, and *perhaps* man became tiger. *But*, if such is the case, he was not man when he killed girl and *therefore* man cannot be held responsible for crime. He can change shape, into monkey or tiger or whatnot. He can work magic.

> The policeman lay in the mud, his arms stretched out . . . and his face had been removed: he wore a mask of dark meat.

So traditional law applies."

"Has he got a chance?"

"No, but it will be interesting all the same."

The magistrate returned. The *bomoh*'s lawyer outlined the facts of the case, arguing along the lines the Indian had suggested, and he concluded, "I submit, m'lud, that my client is innocent of this deed. He has never been to the *kampong* in question; he has never seen the girl."

The *bomoh* was put in the witness box and cross-examined through a translator. He sat with his head slightly bowed, answering softly in Malay. The prosecuting lawyer charged him, flung his arms about, rounded on him with accusations. But the *bomoh* said, "Yes, I took the money, half of it, but I did not kill the girl. A tiger did that."

"I am putting it to you that you are the tiger," said the furious lawyer.

The *bomoh* spoke and then smiled. It was translated: "I think that someone like you who has been to a school can tell the difference between a tiger and a man."

There was little more. An adjournment, the sound of rain, the suffocating heat. Then the verdict: guilty. The magistrate specified the punishment: the *bomoh* Noor was to be hanged.

People stood and howled and shook their fists, and I saw the *bomoh* being led away, a small, foolish man in a faded shirt, handcuffed to two hurrying policemen.

It was difficult not to feel sorry for the deluded witch doctor who had sued the *kampong* and delivered himself into the hands of the police. He was a murderer, undoubtedly, but my sympathy for him increased when his appeal was turned down. The people at the club, some of them, asked me if I could use my influence as a member of the diplomatic corps and get them into the hanging at the Central Jail.

There were some stories: a French priest from the Catholic mission had visited him, to hear his confession—what a confession *that* would have been!—but the *bomoh* sent him away; in another version of that story, the *bomoh* was baptized and converted to Catholicism. Food was brought to the *bomoh* by a group of Larut tribesmen, and it was said that attempts had been made to poison it.

The failure of his appeal met with general satisfaction. Squibb said, "I'd hang him myself if they gave me a chance. I've got the rope, too."

The night before the hanging I heard a cry, a low, continual howl. I had just come back from the club and was having a brandy alone on my upstairs veranda. I closed my eyes and listened very carefully. I had not imagined it; it had roused the village dogs, which replied with barks.

I gasped and had to put my glass down. For a moment I felt strangled; I couldn't breathe. My mind hollowed, and in its emptiness was only the sound of crickets and a solitary gecko. I had never experienced such frightful seconds of termination. But it was the rain: I had become so accustomed to the regular sprinkle that it was like a sound within me. Now there was no rain, and it was as if my heart had stopped.

The sun, the first for many weeks, woke me the following morning; and hearing excited voices from the road, I rose and took the car into town. There was a great mob gathered at the Central Jail, mostly Malays. I parked the car and pushed to the center of the mob, where there were a half-dozen policemen holding the crowd back. A police guard in a khaki uniform lay in the mud, his arms stretched out, one puttee undone and revealing not a leg but the bone of a leg. And his face had been removed: he wore a mask of dark meat.

Fifty feet away the jail door was open. The hasp of the lock dangled; it had obviously received a tremendous blow. The Malays' interest was all in the dead man, stinking in that bright dawn, but what interested me was not the twisted hasp or even the disorder that led to the cells, the smashed bench, the overturned chair, but rather the door itself, which was painted that Ministry of Works green. It had been raked very deeply with claws.

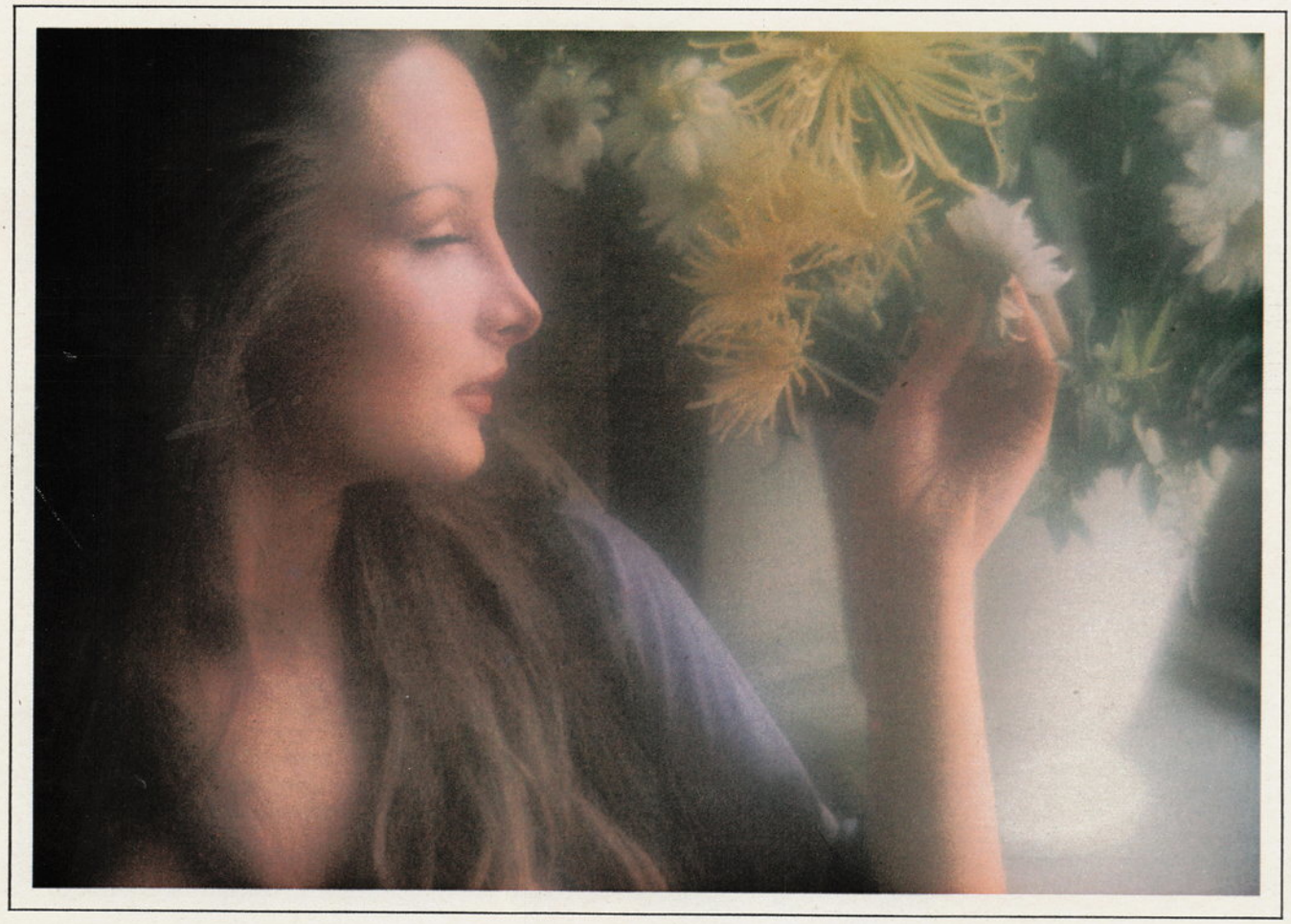
"*Tuan!*"

I turned. It was Peeraswami, all eyes and teeth, and he hissed, "*Matjan!*"

"I don't have a type. When I'm attracted to a man, my skin begins to tingle. If I'm really turned on, my bones feel like they're glowing."

CAROLYN

Kissing is almost as delicious as making love.

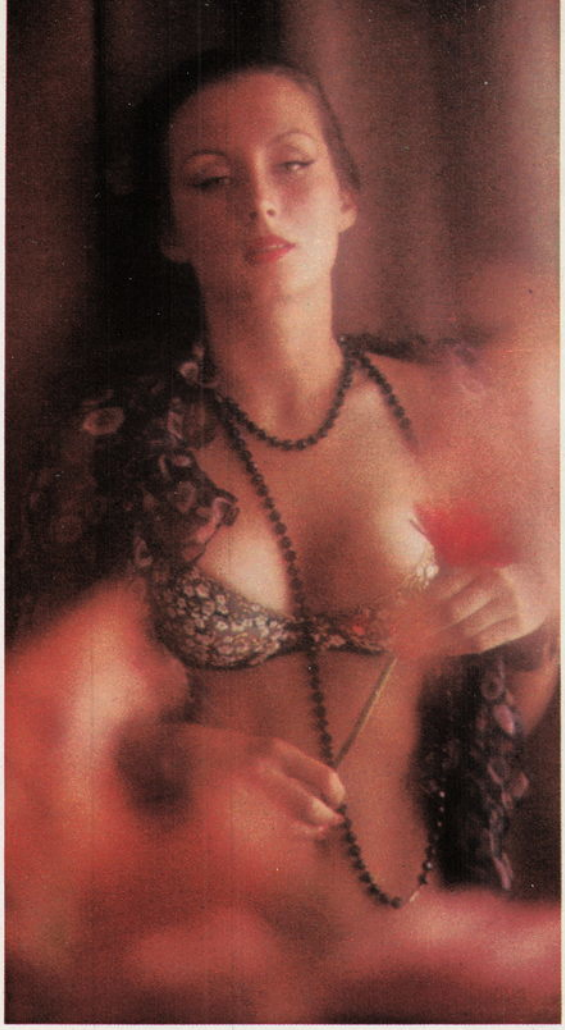


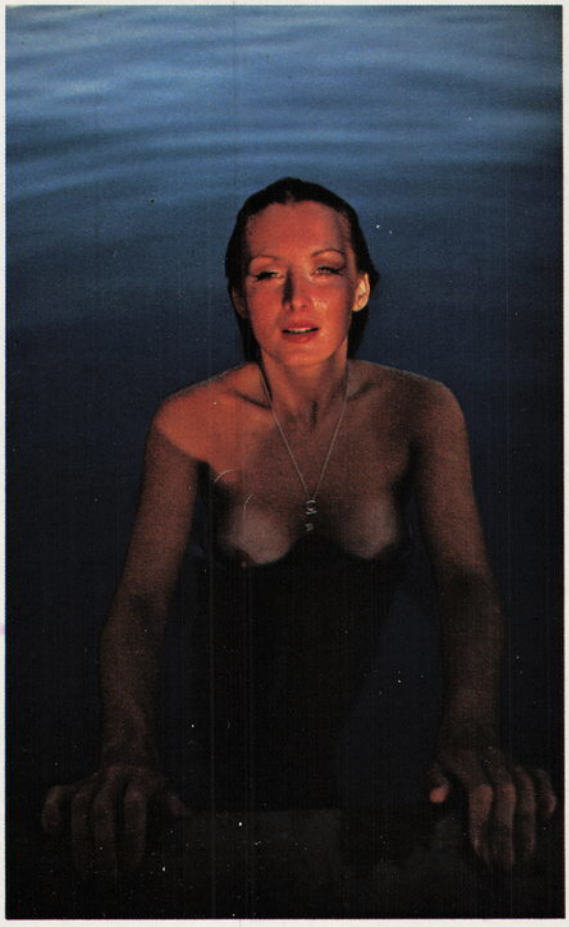
WOMAN OF THE DUNES

"I'm hot-blooded to begin with, but when I lie on the sand and feel the sun heat up my body, it seems to get all my juices running," says Carolyn Patsis, our hazel-eyed, twenty-year-old Pet. Forget about the sun! The sight of Carolyn's 37-25-37 figure sinuously stretching on the Westhampton dunes is enough to melt any mere mortal. "Men think I've got a sexy face, and they figure I'm a very lusty person," explains this saucy native Long Islander. "But I'm really just an old-fashioned, romantic kind of girl. All I want is to have a log cabin near the water and share it with a man with whom I'm very much in love. I'll never get married. That would mean there's something besides love keeping us together. I like my relationships to be totally loving."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

"A man can be rich or just beautiful. He can be powerful or just starting out without a nickel to his name. I guess I don't have a type. When I'm attracted to a man, my skin begins to tingle. If I'm really turned on, my bones feel like they're glowing. My appetite disappears, and I can't sleep. I'll stay up all night, looking at my lover until dawn."





"I'll stay up all night, looking at my lover until dawn."

Carolyn is a down-home girl, who's rarely strayed far from the powerful waves of the Atlantic. "Before Bob Guccione took me to London and Rome," Carolyn says, "I'd never even been on a plane. Most people don't believe this, but on the flight between London and Rome, the crew actually let me take control of the plane. My second time in the air, and I could feel the power of the machine in my grasp!" Carolyn obviously captivated the crew. And no wonder. She is a robust lass who knows when to seize the moment and when to let the moment seize her. And when it does, the impact is really momentous, as she explains: "I'd never done nude pictures before, and I found it a wonderful, exciting experience. I'm sure it's because Bob put me at ease. It's very important for a man to know how to talk to a woman—how to make her feel beautiful, important, and secure."

"When I'm just gazing at my lover, I find his eyes so exciting. But when we touch, his mouth becomes even more exciting. The most erogenous part of my body is my mouth, and I think kissing is the finest aphrodisiac—especially when it leads to lovemaking that is long and slow, romantic and emotional." That, Carolyn, is the sort of oral examination we'd all like to take.

C.BECHSTEIN

MISS CAROLYN PATSIS/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

What can the Vietnam veteran reasonably expect if Jimmy Carter is elected president?

Although there can obviously be no final, certain, before-the-fact answer to our question, it merits immediate consideration. The president's power—if applied—is crucial in achieving solutions to the many problems that continue to afflict the Vietnam veteran.

In an attempt to find out what Carter, as president, might press Congress for in alleviating Vietnam veterans' problems, *Penthouse* talked with Dr. Peter G. Bourne, one of Carter's principal advisers. Bourne is well qualified to discuss these matters. His book, *Men, Stress and Vietnam* (Boston, 1970), written as a "research" consequence of personal battlefield experience with the U.S. Army Special Forces in Vietnam in 1966, is generally considered the scientifically definitive work on the unique psychological stresses encountered by our armed forces during the Vietnam War.

As a result of our interviews with him, Bourne's remarks on Carter's views and positions can be summarized as follows, with our editorial comments being added in parentheses:

Jobs: In addition to Carter's stated commitment to a national policy of full employment, there should be a special effort to compel the Department of Labor and the Veterans Administration to fulfill their already-existing legislative responsibilities to help Vietnam veterans in the areas of job training, placement, and the operation of information and counseling programs. *(In spite of legislation, these responsibilities have not, for the most part, been met, owing to bureaucratic inertia, delay, and ineptitude.)*

Also, there should be an acceptance of the Vietnam veteran as a "minority" member, within the framework of the Equal Employment Opportunity Act. That is, so long as Vietnam veterans' employment rates are far in excess of the rates of similarly aged non-veterans, an effort is called for to provide preferential hiring of the veterans, in connection with legally mandated affirmative-action programs.

Health Care: Final resolution of this problem area is tied in with Carter's yet-to-be-defined national health-care (or insurance) plan. He does support a veterans' health-care program that would be on a par with that available to all Americans under a national program. *(Here Carter is in clear opposition to the old-line veterans' organizations, such as the American Legion and VFW, which are adamantly opposed to changing the Veterans Administration's medical system. Although these old-guard organizations would be inclined to support improved treatment and facilities for disabled veterans, the record of the recent past suggests that the VA medical system is a sacred cow in their own—and the Congress's—eyes.)*

Psychological Readjustment: In this matter, although Carter supports ideas contained in the various pieces of legislation currently working their way through Congress, he does not endorse any specific bill. He is aware of the Vietnam veterans' psychological-readjustment problems and considers them worthy of special consideration, not unlike the attention due those difficulties faced by veterans who are physically disabled.

Pensions: Carter supports the Democratic platform, which states that "the next Democratic administration must act to rescue the pensioner veterans below the poverty line. Thirty percent of the veterans and fifty percent of the widows receiving pensions have total incomes below the poverty line." When *Penthouse* reminded Bourne that such a rescue might cause a doubling of veterans' pension costs, he said that it would be necessary to look at the fiscal impact of such a change and to see if it was feasible. With respect to making cost-of-living increases automatic in the veterans' pension-and-disability system, Bourne indicated that Carter was reluctant to favor such an idea because of its potential inflationary effect. But he would favor, Bourne suggested, some form of benefits policy that would guarantee an adequate income for all those unable to work, so that they could live in dignity. *(It seems clear, from Bourne's remarks, that Carter's ideas about employment are more conservative than commonly supposed.)*

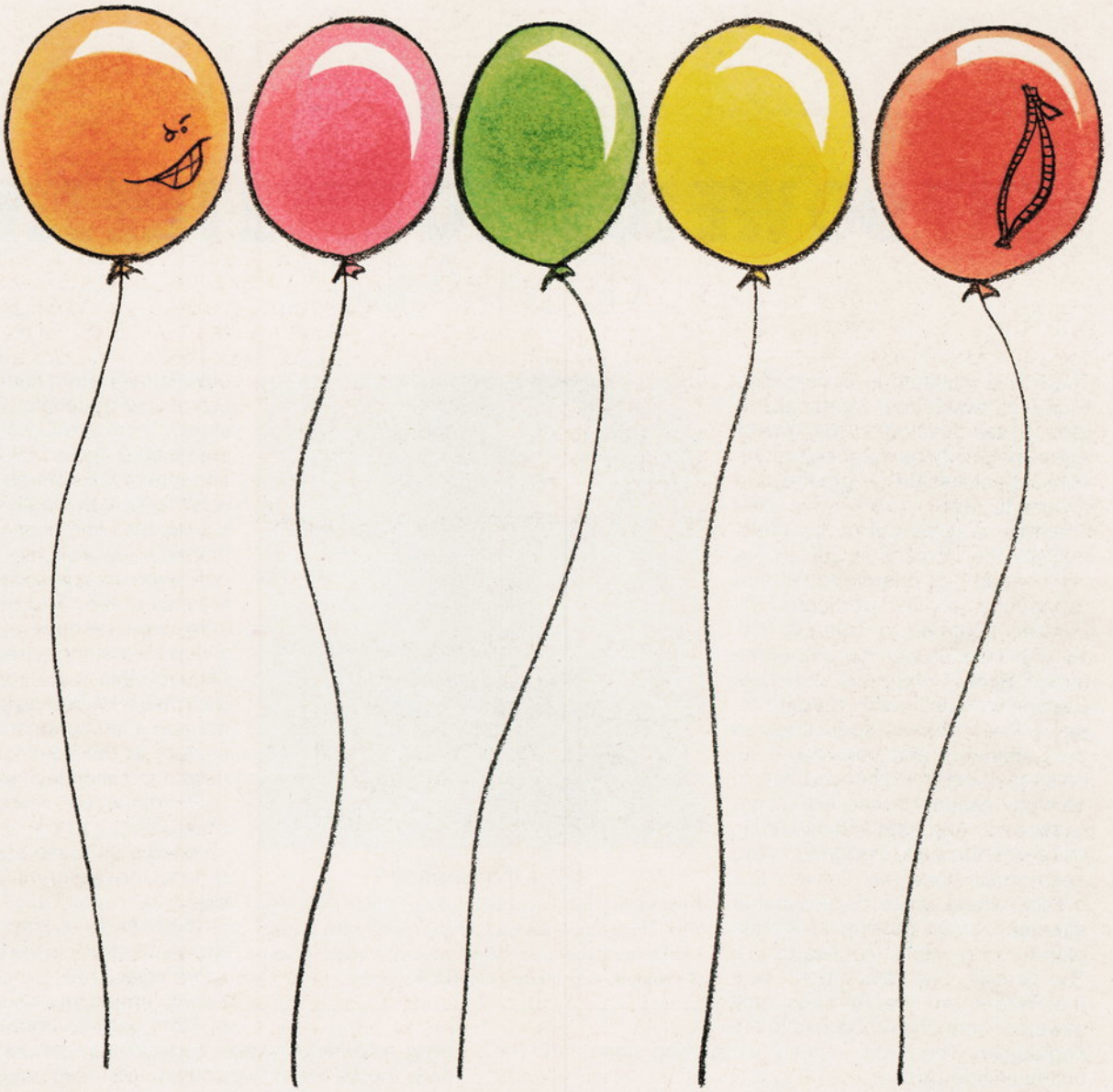
> The only certainty is that on November 3, the problems of Vietnam veterans will still exist. But we will know then *who* will have the responsibility for doing something about them.

Education: Again, Carter supports the Democratic party's platform, which states that "educational assistance should be expanded two years for those veterans already enrolled and drawing benefits in VA-approved educational and training programs." In addition, he favors an open-ended extension of the time limits for veteran eligibility to receive educational assistance. In essence, instead of the present ten-year period for Vietnam veterans, which amounts to a "use it or lose it" policy, Carter favors one which says, "Use it when you can, and when it makes individual sense." *Carter's position is quite different from present policy in that he*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 174

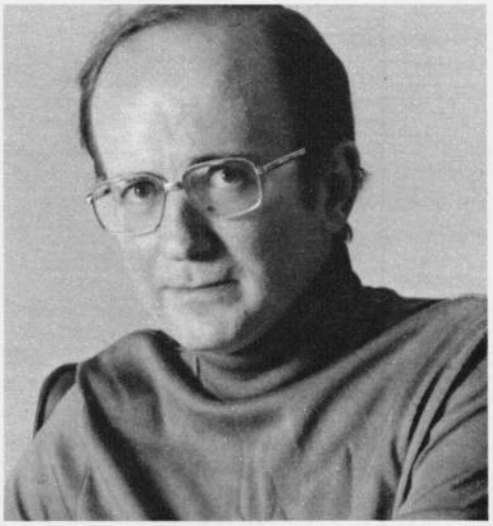
Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Mr. President, your fly is open. Pass it on."

WHY DO WE LOVE TO HATE THE JEWS?
(Don't Ask!)



By John Leonard

A novelist (*Black Conceit*), former editor (*The New York Times Book Review*), and presently the *Times's* chief cultural correspondent, Leonard, though not Jewish himself, is a literary *mensch* nonpareil.

There is a museum in Paris called Cluny. Its twenty-four rooms above ground are devoted to the Middle Ages, including the magnificent unicorn tapestries. Below ground is a different story: the Palais des Thermes, a system of public baths built by the Romans in 200 B.C.; a "Frigidarium" of quarry stones and red bricks; a pillar dedicated by Parisian boatmen to Tiberius (A.D. 14–37). Tiberius was not one of the nobler Roman emperors. Whereas Caesar wouldn't even read Pompey's mail, Tiberius specialized in paid informers and considered almost anything that annoyed him to be high treason. He was, in the end, suffocated. And here is his totem in this cellar, this cave of history, where each small stone has its own foul breath, where, even on a summer afternoon, a chill obtains, as though blood had a way of cooling to ice. The Greeks, one remembers, built the Parthenon; the Romans built sewers. There should be rats in the Frigidarium. There are, instead, whispering stones and the unimaginable past.

I thought of Cluny while watching Spiro Agnew on the "Today" show last spring. Programs like the "Today" show are, anyway, public baths of a sort. And there was Mr. Agnew—the felonious ex-vice-president, one of the few we've actually caught and convicted—flacking his new book. It was a novel called *The Canfield Decision*, full of references to "Jewish cabals" and "Zionist lobbies." Mr. Agnew, on camera, was full of himself. No, he said, he wasn't anti-Semitic. It's just that the American press is "unduly influenced" by Zionist opinion; that United States policy in the Middle East is "less than evenhanded"; that "as you look around in the big-news business you see a heavy concentration of Jewish people." Get the message? There are Greeks, and there are Greeks. Some build Parthenons, and others take bribes. Those eyes, hammered into the skull and glittering like the blind heads of nails, and that skull, like a slightly deflated football, were mesmerizing enough. But a sense of the mind behind and inside them—a cave of small, cold, whispering stones—recalled Cluny: although this is my first visit, I have been here before, below ground. If not rats, then scorpions. It is a substratum of the common consciousness, the historical imagination.

Of course, Mr. Nixon had a thing about Jews and the arts and about "Jewboys" in those agencies of the federal government insufficiently awed by his afflatus. The fighting Quaker. And not long ago General Brown was back in the news. You will remember that Gen. George S. Brown, chairman of our Joint Chiefs of Staff, got into trouble in 1974 for telling a Duke University seminar that the Jews "own, you know, the banks in this country, the newspapers," and that Israel had too much influence on the Congress. This past June General Brown was up for another two-year term as chairman of the Joint Chiefs and had some second thoughts for the Senate Armed Services Committee, which had been deputized to consider his nomination. It had been wrong of him, admitted General Brown, to say that Jews owned the banks and newspapers. And it had been "inappropriate" to assert that "the Jewish community in the United States had an undue influence on the Congress of the United States." What did he mean by "inappropriate"? Did he, asked Sen. Robert Taft, Jr., still believe that the charge of "undue influence" was

"Israeli commandos wouldn't have bungled a Watergate burglary; the trouble with the CIA is that there aren't enough Jews in McLean, Va."

accurate? "In all candor," replied General Brown, "I do." After a committee recess he would amend himself into waffling that "Jewish influence in the interest of Israel is absolutely proportional to the effort they put in—they work hard at it. . . . I have never implied anything sinister, wrong, or illegal." A majority of the committee, and, subsequently, a majority of the Senate, promptly renewed his lease on office.

Well, just a few know-nothings, right? A president, a vice-president, a chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff: they agree like bells, says the English proverb; they want nothing but hanging. No, alas, not just a few. And not just Klansmen and crackers, country clubs, college fraternities, service organizations, the army, restricted hotels, restricted neighborhoods, restricted cemeteries . . . but a habit of the American mind, among intellectuals and suburban matrons and black militants, a psychological murmur of the sewer, almost an idling of the base emotions before a gear is engaged, always there, ready to resent, to blame, to accuse *them*.

Why in *this* country, which was supposed to be a second Israel, an escape from European history, out of the cave and into the open spaces? Russia, Germany, France, Poland, Spain, Italy, yes: the peasants needed somebody to hate, and the Jews were the somebodies. But America, where the peasants have money—what did the Jews ever do to *us*?

Some years ago the critic Leslie Fiedler wrote: "Whatever the fate of the Jew in America, he knows he has not helped forge the conscience of the country. He may give a special flavor to New York or Hollywood, even to one or more of the arts in recent days; but he does not exist for the American imagination at those deep levels where awareness is determined. The encounter with the Jew is irrelevant to America's self-consciousness." Mr. Fiedler wrote this before his own exhaustive inquiries into the nature of popular culture in the United States, thereby scanting some important evidence he would later come to stress. But he was certainly right about our eighteenth- and nineteenth-century self-consciousness, our imagination of ourselves. The Jew had little or nothing to do with our idea of progress, our notion of the frontier, our witches, Indians, and slaves, the unannealed wound of our Civil War. Americans have never had to worry whether or not the rest of the world is willing to allow us to exist.

The most a Jew had done to us was to write the words on the Statue of Liberty: "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free. . . ." And yet there is as much anti-Semitism in the fiction and poetry of Theodore Dreiser, Ezra Pound, Thomas Wolfe, e e cummings, Sherwood Anderson, T. S. Eliot ("And now the jew squats on the window sill, the owner. . . ."), Ernest Hemingway (see the portrait of Robert Cohn in *The Sun Also Rises*), and F. Scott Fitzgerald (see the portrait of Wolfsheim in *The Great Gatsby*, although Fitzgerald would later grow up to Monroe Stahr in *The Last Tycoon*) as there is in, say, Chaucer and Shakespeare. It shouldn't have happened here, but it did.

I say "we," "our," and "us," which is presumptuous, considering that I am an American only because of one too many potato famines in nineteenth-century Ireland. Where I grew up, in Southern California, there weren't any Jews. Of course, there were, but most of them were Episcopalians, like Barry Goldwater in the old Mort Sahl routine: "I admire somebody who's Jewish and does something about it." They were the sons of haberdashers and the daughters of dentists. By their names and noses, they were not recognizable. One wanted to bury one's head in their miracle fabrics. They had been engineered for denial. Their fathers and mothers, who deserve to do some time in Purgatory, were more middle-class than anything wetly dreamt of in the nights of Babbitt: You Can't Be Too Careful. As a principle or a strategy, You Can't Be Too Careful ends in shame. But most of us growing up in Long Beach, Calif., where the churches looked like airports and the high schools looked like filling stations, were tourists, transients. Our dream was of passing from the lower-middle to the upper-middle. There were locks on those doors, but the system pressed us, filed us, like keys to open them. If we were wholesome and alert, the system worked, although if one were to try to diagram it, it would look as complicated as a synthetic carbon derivative. Speaking contests, grade-point averages, extracurricular seriousness, service-club awards, clean fingernails, a National Merit scholarship.

I went to Harvard for two unhappy years. I arrived wearing the white-buck shoes and the sport coat stitched together out

CONTINUED ON PAGE 176

Pet of the Year Gifts

The girl on the Kawasaki motorcycle (KE 175) is none other than Laura Doone, the 1976 Pet of the Year, who's off and racing to enjoy her spectacular reign. On the following pages are just a few of the things which will make Laura's life-style a good deal richer—prizes for being voted the most dazzling beauty in all Petdom. Her fast-paced riding outfit, complete with all the necessary cycling accessories, by the way, is also by Kawasaki. Like the other manufacturers, they know a real beauty when they see one. For a girl who's a hard-driving beauty who likes to take the road in style, what better way to get herself off to a racing start? Not a bad way to start a year of queenly living. That year has advantages which are not illustrated in the photographs here. How, for example, can we show you the prize that will enable Laura to get her acting career off the ground, a year of study at the New York Academy of Theatrical Arts? Or take you along with Laura and her very special friend on a vacation which has been arranged by the Penthouse/Viva Leisure Club as part of the Fall Travel Plan? The male winner of Laura's private contest is surely a person all will envy. On her travels Laura will make use of a set of spectacular swim wear from Back to Nature of Fort Lauderdale, Fla. And while nature's sun turns Laura's skin a delicious brown, Bausch and Lomb sunglasses will protect her eyes from the sun's bright rays. Come winter, their patented ski goggles will keep her vision clear of flying snow. It's hard to think of any way that a Pet like Laura could be made more enticing, but dabbing on a bit of Chantilly perfume by Houbigant is one way she might start. Those fortunate enough to be with Laura after the sun has gone down will see her in a set of John Kloss for Cira Lounge and Sleepwear. The world won't see Laura when she's hidden away at Raymond and Nasser, but everyone will see the result of their hair-and-beauty care. It's one way of keeping a Pet as beautiful in life as she looks in our pages. And since perfect bodies must also be conditioned, we're happy that Laura will enjoy a one-year membership at the Profile Health Spa in New York City. No wonder that Laura says she loves living in New York and taking advantage of everything there is to do here. The city has laid itself at her feet. She'll even be getting six months of exceptionally skillful skin care from Agnes Timar of Forest Hills. And finally, since every Pet needs spending money to see her through the year (no matter how plentiful, delightful, and practical her gifts may be), Penthouse International has added its vote of $5,000 cash spending money to join the glittering gift array.

Opposite page, top: PANASONIC 19-inch color television #CT906; NORELCO Ladybug shaving set; JVC 3050 radio-TV; COBRA citizen band CB 138 AM-SSB; BASF tape; PHONE MATE answer-phone; MINOLTA SR-T 202 camera with 50mm f/1.4 lens; ROKKOR-X f/2.8 35mm and 135mm lenses. Bottom, clockwise from BIC 980 turntable: SCOTT R326 stereo receiver; ADC Accutrac 4000 turntable; ONKYO TX 2500 receiver; FISHER RS 1015 AM/FM stereo receiver.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RON SCHWERIN

Panasonic
phone-mate
BASF
64
90
JVC
COBRA

ONKYO
TURNTABLE
MULTIPLE PLAY

ROSSA

This page: Laura in wardrobe by MIA FASHIONS of Montreal on Chappy YAMAHA motorbike with OTHELLO game. Insert, clockwise from top: a LOOPING traveling clock, DUNHILL dress lighter, SUZAN "Sweet Bird of Youth" neckpiece, UNIVERSAL GENEVE silver watch, KENNETH LANE jewelry, LONGINES watch; and, in the center, a diamond-and-emerald crown on a gold coronation key designed by Mike Hayden of FEUER AND WOLF INT'L.

Opposite page: Laura, wearing a NIK-NIK by ROBERT-GENE LTD. dress, leans against her ROSS Gran Tour ten-speed bike with a backgammon set from LEDERER nearby. Insert, left: the PORSCHE 924. Insert, right: Laura in a natural American Lynx coat, designed by John Anthony for GOLDIN-FELDMAN, and a string of matinee cultured pearls from the CULTURED PEARL ASSOCIATION. This page, insert, bottom: a pet for a Pet, an Old English sheepdog from AMERICAN KENNELS.

ROCKEFELLER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

"I met Jay when our basketball team, made up of poverty workers, was playing in the Charleston City league," Miller says, recalling Rockefeller on the team. "Jay was very tall and gangly and had more spirit than ability. I was awed by his Rockefeller name.

"There was an All-American on the court, bumping Jay all over. But Jay gave it back. He was a hell of a competitor; so I liked him right away. We wound up working Emmons together.

"Sometimes he would eat with my family, and he even rummaged around our icebox—he was so much at home. My wife felt sorry for him, because he usually ate in restaurants. I was still suspicious of him. I couldn't tell whether he would stay. Of all the places a Rockefeller could land—West Virginia?"

But Jay was being given reason to stay. He bought into the "Rockets" and enjoyed them. Chilton arranged for Jay to meet with prominent Democrats to discuss a political career. Jack Pauley, an early political adviser, said: "Everyone knew that he would run. I knew there was no way he would stay in the antipoverty program. He felt he couldn't get much done there." And then, in April 1965, again at Chilton's urging, Jay bought a mountainside home near Charleston.

Chilton got two of his social friends, young women, to volunteer to decorate Jay's new home. One, Mrs. Berry Thomas Payne, an attractive, lively young blond, was on the verge of a divorce. By all accounts, she and Jay became very special friends. They wound up at the same parties and met in the same clubs, and Jay was always a guest at her parties. Gossip proliferated, but to this day Jay's close friends say that the relationship was unconsummated. But Berry Thomas Payne's admiration for Jay became obvious in small-town Charleston.

Bill Miller and Mrs. Payne became enthusiastic campaign workers for Jay when he got into politics. On January 31, 1966, Jay announced that he had been a registered Republican out of respect for his family, but "by instinct, philosophy, and now by choice, I am a Democrat." Cynics claim that announcement marked Jay's Big Decision for life because if he was to have a political career in West Virginia, it would best be served if he ran as a Democrat in a state where that party prevails two-to-one in party registration.

"Jay worked harder than anyone else in the campaign," Bill Miller recollects. "He was up at four to get to the plant gates. I didn't think that Jay was completely in control of what he was doing."

Nevertheless, Jay, the celebrity, came in first in a field of fourteen and was then installed in the House of Delegates. West Virginia's labor chieftains wryly observe that Rockefeller had a four-to-zero "wrong" voting record as far as labor was concerned when he was in the House.

In 1968 Jay was elected secretary of state and soon after irritated many a West Virginia Democratic county boss by trying to push through election reform. (West Virginia has been notorious or legendary for its "bought" elections.) But Jay did not reform the election system. He succeeded only in making many a professional Democrat think of him as a smart-ass rich kid from New York.

Jay also recruited a squad of advisers who put him in left field. Suddenly, Jay was for the abolition of strip-mining, for gun control, for liberalized abortion, and for withdrawal from Vietnam. These views sat well in certain spots in the Republic, but not in West Virginia. And these were the opinions that Jay enunciated in his fouled attempt to unseat Republican Gov. Arch Moore in 1972.

Before that ambitious effort, Jay became embroiled in a bitter fight with Charleston Mayor Hutchinson and his wife of two years, the former Berry Thomas Payne, Jay's volunteer decorator, whose heart had become involved in the project. Before he married Berry Thomas Payne, Hutchinson was a social friend and a political supporter of Jay's. When Hutchinson ran for city treasurer in 1967, Jay backed him with kind words and money. When Jay ran for secretary of state in 1968, Hutchinson endorsed him.

> Even though he's lived in the state for twelve years, the issue Jay's enemies reach for when exasperated is "carpetbagger."

On April 1, 1967, Jay Rockefeller married Sharon Percy, daughter of Sen. Charles Percy and twin sister of Valerie Percy, whose brutal murder in 1966 remains unsolved. On May 29, 1969, Hutchinson married the divorcée, Berry Thomas Payne. According to the people who frequent Charleston's country clubs and therefore are gossips, the Rockefellers and the Hutchinsons got along at first. But trouble seemed inevitable.

It erupted in September 1971, when Hutchinson, as mayor, was beset by the city's first garbage-workers' strike. Jay, eager to run for governor the next year, asked Hutchinson to settle with the strikers. Hutchinson insisted that giving in would create a precedent for other strikes. Mrs. Berry Thomas Hutchinson then publicly criticized Jay, and the feud was on. The strike ended in a week, and Rockefeller clearly lost. Draw the curtain.

One year later the curtain rises again, this time on the Democratic state convention, where Jay was to be nominated for governor. As mayor, Hutchinson was scheduled to welcome delegates. But Jay arranged it so that Hutchinson was scratched in order to have Hollie Brown, head of the garbage-workers' union, deliver the greeting—a rude slap at Hutchinson.

There was a garbage strike that fall, too, lasting until the day after the election. As the garbage piled up, so did animosity toward Democratic Gubernatorial Candidate Rockefeller. Meanwhile, Hutchinson defeated the strike and became a hero to Charleston.

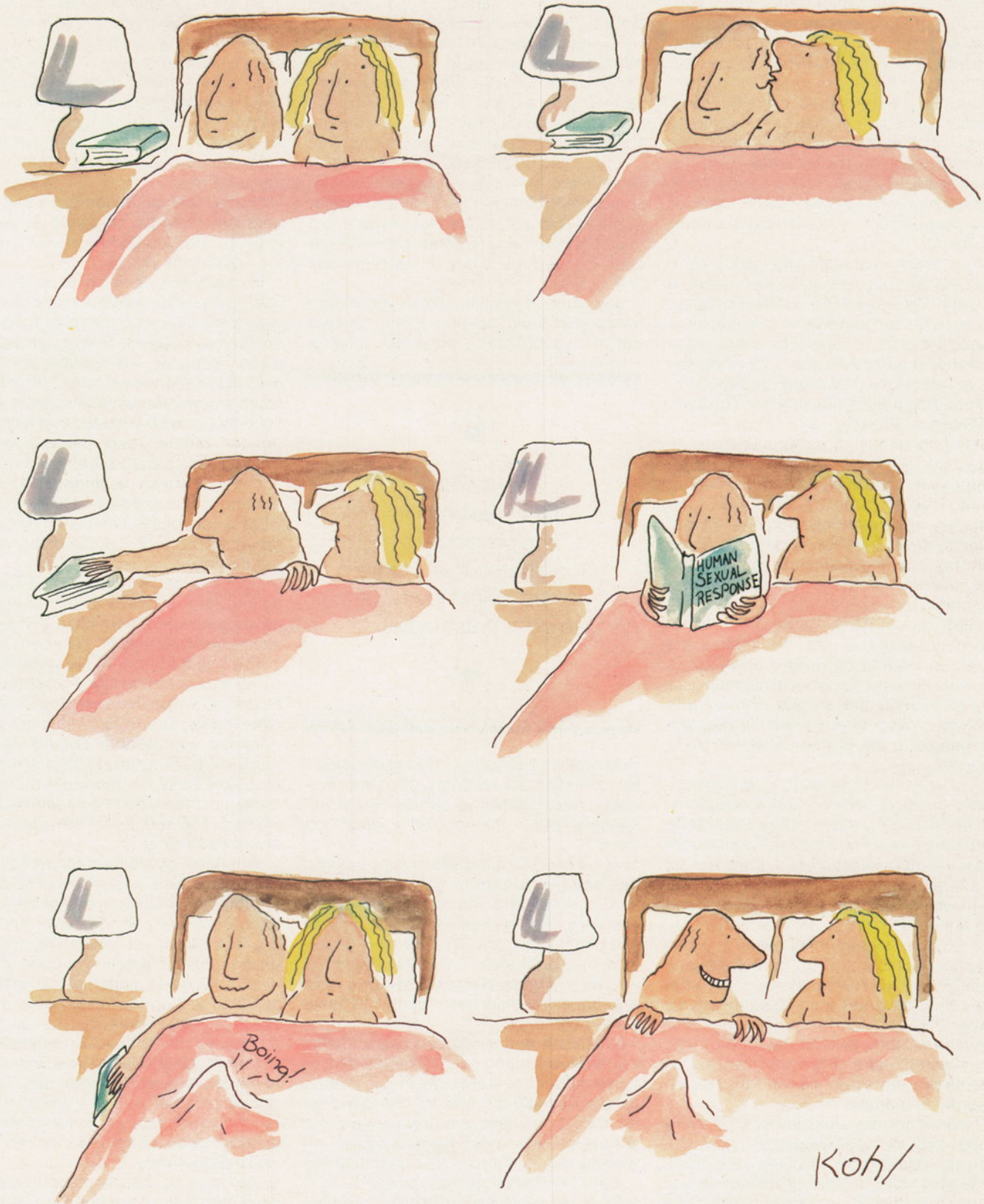
Fired by his success, Hutchinson plunged into the 1976 gubernatorial primary against Jay. He made sarcastic references to the golden spoon in Jay's mouth, called his grandfather "the greatest robber baron of all time," and implied that the Rockefeller family could use Jay to retard coal production in West Virginia because of what Hutchinson said were huge Rockefeller holdings in western oil and coal. Draw the curtain. Hutchinson came in a poor fourth; Jay outpolled him, eight to one.

Rockefeller's victory was astounding, as he won nearly 50 percent of the vote in a field of eight candidates. He not only defeated Hutchinson, whose popularity should have carried Charleston, the state's biggest city, but also crushed two other proved vote-getters—former State Supreme Court Justice James M. Sprouse and Congressman Ken Hechler.

Hechler saw Jay as another Jack Kennedy, victorious because of wealth and charisma. "There were some rather shady political machines that supported him, as well as strip-mining interests, and they will be expecting rewards," Hechler said, a touch of bitterness in his voice.

In that 1976 primary Jay showed political maturity or practicality, depending on where you sat. He took no controversial stands. He market-researched *what* the people wanted and then eloquently promised *it* to them. He kept the "outsiders" working for him under cover. He won over regulars, who could deliver bundles of votes. And he did not blanch at the notion that spending a lot of money can bring many "sure" voters to the polls in West Virginia.

Although the Jay of 1972 supported the abolition of strip-mining in West Virginia, the Jay of 1976 said he no longer held that position, because the coal industry had turned around. "Reclamation techniques have changed, and I'm the person responsible," Jay announced. Since West Virginia's rugged, green hills hold the state's only treasure, coal, Jay finally learned the best side to be on. Although the Jay of 1972 was for liberalized abortion on de-


HUMAN SEXUAL RESPONSE
Boing!
Koh/

mand, a strict gun-control law, and the right of government workers to organize into unions, Jay backed off all these in 1976.

While wiping away the negative views that rankled West Virginians, who are, in their hollows and small towns, really conservative people content to grow vegetables and children, Jay plumped for the positives. Since the first explorers crossed the Alleghenies, West Virginia's rugged terrain has discouraged road building. West Virginians feel that bad secondary roads will always be with them, like death and taxes. But, no, there's a new way! The flyer reads: *"By now, you probably think that nobody can ever fix the awful roads of West Virginia, but . . . Jay Rockefeller can do the job."*

And West Virginia's unemployment, long-storied but presently just under 6 percent? The speech goes, "The Rockefeller Job Plan can and will be put into effect as one of the first orders of business of the Rockefeller administration." Jay Rockefeller will develop a revolving fund for communities to acquire industrial land and will establish a job bank.

Jay Rockefeller will also take the state sales tax off food, expand "Meals on Wheels" for older people, allow higher deductions on state income taxes, and give tax breaks to lower-income homeowners. How? The flyer says that it can be done by a sound financial manager and that "Jay Rockefeller is a sound financial manager."

Peter Hart of Washington, D.C., is a renowned survey expert. He makes his bucks by finding out what's on people's minds. He works for Jay Rockefeller and has canvased the slopes and people pockets of West Virginia, from the eastern panhandle to the Big Sandy River. He is amazed.

"For the first time ever in my experience," he says, "when we ask questions, the *candidate*'s name is offered as a solution to the problems. If we ask people to list West Virginia's problems, they tell us roads, jobs, and integrity in government. Then we ask how can they be solved, and the answer to each is *Jay Rockefeller*."

The issue Jay's enemies reach for when they are exasperated is "carpetbagger." Jack Pauley, Kanawha county clerk, who, like Jay, converted from Republicanism, says: "When regular politicians feel threatened, they ask, 'Is Jay one of us?' They weren't sure. They are now, but as late as two years ago, he was still 'carpetbagger' to many."

Ned Chilton feels that Jay was too easily upset over the "carpetbagger" question. "It was a bogus issue," Chilton says. "Hell, he led the ticket in 1966. In 1972 there was no way Jay could win. Nixon carried the state by 202,000 votes, and Arch Moore won by 73,000; so Jay didn't do so bad. If Arch would have come out for cannibalism, he would still have won."

For generations outside interests, principally in New York and Great Britain, did own most of West Virginia's resources. So politicians always hustled votes by arousing suspicions about "outsiders" like Jay Rockefeller.

But twelve years of this scare stuff was enough. Mayor Hutchinson's strident efforts to paint Jay as a tool of the evil Rockefeller clan was an utter failure. Jay went all out to prevent the use of the "carpetbagger" argument in 1976. Jay's first move to eradicate the word *carpetbagger* once and for all was to accept the presidency of a small West Virginia college, Wesleyan, located in Buckhannon and run by the United Methodist Church. Wesleyan (enrollment 1,700) is a pleasant, wholesome, church-oriented school, and just for openers Rockefeller's aides always let a visitor know how Jay could have left the state for the presidency of the University of Chicago.

Jay plunged right into Wesleyan in September 1973 and gave it not only his best but also $250,000 to build the John D. Rockefeller IV Physical Education Center. No one ever accused Jay of using Wesleyan as a stepping-stone. His worst enemies admit that he did a good job there.

> Jay has the fire in his belly for the presidency, and Sharon has it more so. She'd love to go to Washington.

Jay moved around the campus like a campaigner, befriending students and holding long talks with them. One recent graduate, Sue Grove, said: "Wesleyan was just another dumpy, little liberal-arts college in a rural area. But when Jay left, it was *West Virginia Wesleyan* and you were proud that you had been there. His name woke people up."

Wesleyan and Buckhannon are idyllic, but as Ned Chilton says, "There's a lot of horseshit around about Jay loving it here. He's a Rockefeller, and he can get a jet and go anywhere and live where he pleases. He stayed here because he wanted to finally prove that he meant it."

Still, Jay Rockefeller can be eloquent in talking about why he remains. One evening last summer he spoke to several hundred high-school-age delegates to the West Virginia Girls State convention. The setting was Jackson's Mill, situated on green plains near the Monongahela River.

Rockefeller sat on a bench overlooking this quiet scene, mulled over his prepared speech, and spoke extemporaneously to the roomful of fresh-faced high-school girls. He didn't want to load them down with civics or the state of the nation or the Bicentennial.

So when he rose to speak, he joshed a bit, sending the girls into titters of laughter and indiscriminate applause. He gradually became more serious, telling them how, when he was gone so much in the 1972 campaign, his two-year-old son, angry because of his father's absence, would strike the TV set when his father's face came on the screen. Then, Jay became earnest.

"I don't feel comfortable describing my personal feelings or giving a personal speech," he said and recalled his work in the antipoverty job.

He said his decision to stay "comes back to one experience and one person," a young man he was trying to help in his antipoverty days. He accompanied him at a job interview. The sunlight was in the eyes of the interviewer, who then asked the youth to lower the venetian blinds. But the youth became so flustered that he couldn't get the blinds down. He felt so inept, Rockefeller said, that he could not even "open his mouth to answer the simple questions the interviewer asked him—what is your name, what can you do, what do you want to do?" Of course, he didn't get the job.

Rockefeller says that the humiliated young man is forever in his thoughts. "I never recovered from that," Rockefeller says. "And I ask myself, 'How can I help?'"

Then he told how, in New York City, he lived in an eighth-floor apartment but never knew who lived on the seventh and ninth floors. But in Buckhannon he "understood why people around us would pick up our two-year-old off the sidewalk if he strayed too far, feed him dinner, and bring him home, and I would never have to worry. I learned that here people care about each other."

Whenever Jay talks of his wife and children, there is the implicit understanding of Sharon's fear that harm could come to their three children, ages six, five, and three. While Sharon, an attractive mate and mother, seems at ease in public, she carries the dreaded memories of her twin sister's murder. Valerie Percy was stabbed to death in the middle of Charles Percy's successful run for the U.S. Senate in 1966.

Homicidal crazies have a way of trying to exceed previous horrors. Sen. Ted Kennedy knows that. And Sharon Percy Rockefeller is sure there are nuts out there who would like to kidnap or kill a child born of Rockefeller-Percy.

Jay says he was so happy as college president that for the first time he thought about dropping out of public life, to make a career in education. But Sharon Rockefeller is not about to forgo ambitions for Jay's political future. In public she is the better campaigner, dispensing smiles and easy conversation, taking a woman or a man by

CONTINUED ON PAGE 157

Images of Woman

Robert Farber

With over 70 sensuous full-color nude photographs, IMAGES OF WOMAN is a testament, a stunning statement of talent by a gifted, impressionistic Young Master.

Farber's art is grounded in imagination and the camera. There are no darkroom "tricks", only the artist's eye, a camera, colored filters, multiple exposures and a myriad of lenses. It is the first ingredient, the eye, that sets this stunning book apart from the pack.

The gap between film and painting has been bridged by Farber's photography and a concise test by Gail Lighthipe. How Farber photographs nudes — and how you can too — is the subject of IMAGES OF WOMAN.

How to create; to capture a mood and transform the image through color and light; the handling of composition, indoor and outdoor settings; the use of film; technical problems and solutions.

An outstanding professional, Mr. Farber's work has appeared in several international photography magazines, as well as assignments in advertising and fashion. Most recently, he has shown in VIVA, G.Q., and Penthouse. His camera art has been likened to that of Bruegel and Degas but, taken strictly from life, it can only be called "unique".

Here's your chance to learn from this brilliant young stylist and, at the same time, own a portfolio of photographs which in itself is a work of fine art. Study IMAGES OF WOMAN and your eye will never be the same again.

Send check or money order for $16.95 plus $1.00 postage and handling or you may charge on your American Express, BankAmericard or Master Charge card. Send to Penthouse Book Society, Dept. PA02, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. NYC residents add 8% sales tax. Allow 4 to 6 weeks delivery.

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

MERLE HAGGARD

> If you don't love America,
> you should leave it.
> And if you
> do love it, then
> stay here and try to fix
> the sonofabitch.

With very little fanfare indeed, Merle Haggard has quietly risen to the pinnacle of country-music success—and in the process has helped down-home country music achieve sudden prominence. An endangered musical species only a decade ago, the country sound has since become the hottest-selling item disced out by U.S. record companies. Haggard, an intensely proud man, has been a leader in its resurgence, along with such other country luminaries as Johnny Cash, Waylon Jennings, Charley Pride, Charlie Rich, Willie Nelson, and Kris Kristofferson.

Of them all, however, the man they call The Hag perhaps best expresses the country singer's traditional preoccupation with such eternal verities as respect, loyalty, and friendship—and with such time-honored potential nemeses as whiskey, women, and the law. Like the best country balladeers, Haggard has "lived" what he calls his "hurtin' songs" to such a thorough extent that when he sings "I've Done It All," he is merely reporting on a life that, until 1960, appeared to be totally misspent.

Born in Bakersfield, Calif., on April 6, 1937, Haggard is the son of a hard-working farm couple that headed west from Oklahoma during the depression. When the family settled in Bakersfield, Haggard's father went to work for the Santa Fe railroad. Merle was nine when his father died, and with his mother, Flossie, working during the day, he soon became an adventurous wanderer. By the time he was fourteen, he was regularly cutting school. At a juvenile correctional institution, he got in with youthful criminals and became an outlaw in the truest sense of the word. By the time he was twenty-three, he had already served six years behind bars. Freed from prison in 1960, Haggard straightened out his life and began singing at a series of small clubs. After several hit records had established him on the corn-pone circuit, "Okie from Muskogee" made him both a superstar and a millionaire. Since then, Haggard has solidified his position as one of the most gifted and respected performers in country-music history.

After *Penthouse* sent free-lancer Lawrence Linderman to track down the thirty-nine-year-old singer, Linderman reported: "The word on Merle Haggard is that he goes his own way and is so unconcerned with the press that he's virtually impossible to interview, unless you happen to bump into him on the road and he feels like talking that day. With that in mind, I took my chances and headed for Las Vegas, where Haggard was appearing at the Sahara Hotel. When I drove into town, I got in touch with Fuzzy Owen, Haggard's manager. He arranged for the *Penthouse* interview sessions to be conducted in Haggard's dressing room, between Merle's two nightly performances.

"The first evening I came by, however, Haggard wasn't up to talking. Earlier in the day he'd arm-wrestled every member of the band, and he was in such acute pain as to be unable to play his fiddle. The Sahara management dispatched a doctor to Haggard's dressing room, and the young M.D.—a country boy himself—told Haggard he'd torn chest muscle away from the bone. Haggard was asked to lie on the floor and was given a concerted, somewhat painful massage—during which he nonetheless giggled like a kid every time the doctor's fingers pinpointed down into the affected muscle. Five members of Haggard's crew, slugging away at their beers, laughed even louder. The group acts much like a close-knit family.

"The next night I watched Haggard perform (he's got a beautifully clear and strong voice), and he received a warm, enthusiastic reception from an S.R.O. audience. When we later sat down to talk, Haggard mentioned that Las Vegas crowds are tamer than the audiences he used to play for, and that remark led to the opening question of our interview."

Photograph by Paul Levin/Camera 5

Penthouse: Until just a few years ago, you and your band had a reputation for somehow igniting assorted brawls, mayhem, and general violence wherever you played. Was that a bum rap?

Haggard: No, 'cause it really *did* happen. For a long time, we were like the late Bob Wills's band. Roy Nichols, my lead guitar player, says that Wills's music would make you want to either fuck or fight, and a helluva lot of both went on at any dance Bob played at. We were like that, too. I still don't know what it was, but our music would just get everybody goin'. I remember one night in Amarillo. The owner of the dance hall we were playing picked us up when we got to town and told me, "Merle, we've had this club for five years. We have a real fine reputation, and we never had a fight yet." I said, "Well, I hate to tell you this, but we'll fix that reputation right quick." And sure enough, we hadn't been playin' twenty minutes when the damnedest fight broke out that you ever seen. They tore that whole sonofabitch *up*!

Penthouse: Are we correct in assuming you've played more than your share of the kind of grubby country bars that Glen Campbell calls "fightin' and dancin' clubs"?

Haggard: When I was coming up, I worked in every kind of club you can think of; and yeah, some of 'em were rougher than others. I can recall one really unfriendly place down in Hugo, Okla. I was onstage, playin' and watchin' guys beat each other to a pulp, when somebody came runnin' up to me and said, "Hey, a couple of ole boys are tryin' to break into your camper to get at your wife." I stopped what I was doing, ran and got my pistol, and bluffed those jokers out. All *kinds* of crazy things used to happen in them dance halls.

Penthouse: Do you ever miss those days?

Haggard: Yeah. And about two years ago I made the mistake of thinking I'd enjoy gettin' back into that scene; so I agreed to play the Reo Palm Isle dance hall in Longview, Tex. The place was built to hold about 900 people; and when we got there, a crowd of about 3,000 was waitin' for us. People were all over the stage and all over Roy Nichols and my bass player, and I couldn't get a decent note out of *none* of the guys. That was the last time we played one of them places; it's just a lot easier playing coliseums and showrooms.

Penthouse: And a lot more lucrative, especially since the nation's appetite for country music has increased to the point where even singers like Andy Williams are starting to come on like Ferlin Husky. Does this sudden profusion of supperclub, rhinestone cowboys disturb you?

Haggard: Not a whole hell of a lot. I know of big entertainers who haven't done very well in their own fields for a long time and who've seen the success of country music; so they've cut a couple of country records. They do well for a short period of time, but I don't think they're going to shit the country-music public for long. I've never seen anyone who *can* shit 'em. The A-number-one rule about country music is sincerity. I've found that my audiences look for that, and I just try to be honest with them.

Penthouse: Is the business side of country music similarly sincere?

Haggard: No, and I found that out right quick. And it *irritates* me. I think you should be able to depend on a man's handshake, but you can't do that in this business. It's like a man's word is worth nothing and a piece of paper is worth *everything*, and that's just no good. People in my organization have never needed more than a handshake; and I've never even signed a contract with my manager, Fuzzy Owen, and we've been together for fifteen years. I'd better correct that a little: I believe we may have drawn up some kind of thing to protect his family, but we never signed anything to protect us against each other. Anyway, I just don't like how people act when they get to talkin' business. So I always say that it's not my bag and that I'm not business minded. Maybe I'm not, 'cause the truth is, I'd rather go fishing than negotiate a contract—and I've actually done just that on a couple of occasions. The thing is, I just won't do what I don't *want* to do.

> I don't know any people who've gotten to the top, and if there is such a place, I bet they were so busy they didn't know they were there.

Penthouse: Has that attitude ever hurt your career?

Haggard: I don't think so, but it has got me into a couple of jams. One time I was hired by CBS-TV to play Curly in Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Oklahoma*, which is a show where people sing "Everything's Up-to-Date In Kansas City" and stuff like that. Minnie Pearl and Jeannie C. Riley were in the cast; so I guess it was all right. The one thing I told the producers at the beginning was that I wouldn't do a bunch of dancin' and crap like that. And they said fine: we'd have six days of rehearsal, and they'd film it for worldwide television.

But then they went back on their word. As the week progressed . . . they had some funny boys around there—in fact, I think the whole goddamn *crew* was funny—who kept insisting that I dance, until the thing really got on my nerves. During rehearsal one night, I saw Fuzzy Owen standin' behind the curtain, and as me and Jeannie C. Riley danced by, I said to him, "Fuzzy, on my next round past you I'm goin' straight to the bus."

Well, the people from the show all followed me out there and wanted to know what the hell was wrong. I told 'em, "Look, it's a big mistake for me to do this show, because you got me doin' what you said I wouldn't have to do—all this dancin' and choreography crap. I just don't see what my fans are gonna identify with. Those truck drivers ain't gonna *understand* all this, and I don't blame 'em. It's bad for me, and I don't enjoy it; so I'm gettin' out."

They argued and said there was only one day left before filming started. But I told 'em I wasn't gonna do it, and if they wanted to file a lawsuit to just go on and get the thing over with. It actually ended up okay: they got somebody to take my place, and I never heard a word about it afterward.

Penthouse: You seem to be very much of a traditionalist about your music. Does it bother you that such singers as Olivia Newton-John and John Denver have been walking off with the bulk of country-music awards?

Haggard: Well, I guess it's a fact that there's two kinds of country music—the old style and what you might call modern country, the kind sung by the two singers you just mentioned. Now I think Olivia Newton-John, for example, makes fine records. But as far as calling them down-home country—well, the instrumentation is down-home country, but her English accent doesn't quite seem to fit. I'm a fan of hers and I dig her records, but for Olivia to win the Country Music Association's female-singer-of-the-year award—I think it was a bad mistake. It should have gone to someone who'd had records and albums out for years, not to someone who'd had three hits, who doesn't write her own songs, and who has a producer to tell her what to sing. I also think that anyone who wins the biggest award in country music should know who Hank Williams is. This may or may not be true, but I've heard it said that Olivia was asked if she liked Hank Williams and she answered, "Yes, and I'd love to meet him someday."

The reason she got the CMA award is obvious: the industry people want her as their representative because she sells a lot of records, which they think means she can further country music's popularity. I think they're dead wrong. Country music has been around for a long, long time, and has done its *own* popularity building.

Penthouse: Country music is currently bigger than it's ever been and still growing. What's responsible for that?

Haggard: I think you can put it all down to the exposure country music's gotten in the last ten years—which is more exposure than it's ever had before. There's also been a change of attitude about it. Not so many years ago, country music was looked down on, and you wouldn't see well-dressed people admitting they liked it. But that's changed now. I happen to think the desire for it has always been there, and I personally can't see why anybody *wouldn't* like

CONTINUED ON PAGE 178

Its father was a turntable. Its mother was a computer.

Introducing Accutrac. The only turntable in the world that lets you tell an LP which selections you want to hear, the order you want to hear them in, even how many times you want to hear each one.

Sounds like something out of the 21st century, doesn't it? Well, as a result of some amazing advances in electro-optics, computer programming and direct drive engineering, Accutrac gives you the experience today.

Just imagine you want to hear cuts 5, 9 and 7 on an LP. In that order. Maybe you even want to hear cut 9 twice, because it's an old favorite. Simply press buttons 5, 9, 9 again, then 7. Accutrac's unique infra-red scanning beam, located in the tonearm head, reads the surface of the record and directs the tonearm to follow your instructions.

What's more, it can do this, by cordless remote control, even from across the room.

The arm your fingers never have to touch.

Since Accutrac's tonearm is electronically directed to the record, you never risk dropping the tonearm accidently and scratching a record, or damaging a stylus.

And, since it cues electronically, too, you can interrupt your listening and then pick it up again in the same groove, within a fraction of a revolution. Even the best damped cue lever can't provide such accuracy. Or safety.

What you hear is as incredible as what you see.

Because the Accutrac servo-motor which drives the tonearm is decoupled the instant the stylus goes into play, both horizontal and vertical friction are virtually eliminated. That means you get the most accurate tracking possible and the most faithful reproduction.

You also get wow and flutter at a completely inaudible 0.03% WRMS. Rumble at −70 dB (DIN B). A tracking force of a mere 3/4 gram. And tonearm resonance at the ideal 8-10 Hz.

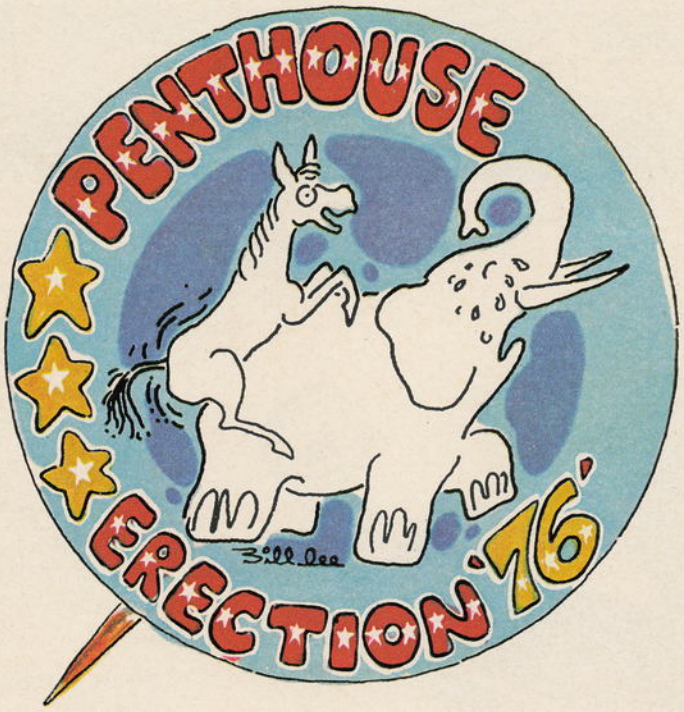
The Accutrac 4000 system. When you see and hear what it can do, you'll never be satisified owning anything else.

The Accutrac™ 4000

ADC

ADC Professional Products Group. A division of BSR (USA) Ltd. Route 303, Blauvelt, N.Y. 10913.

The National Convention, that
quadrennial orgy of American politics, created
no more than a national yawn—only
because TV viewers didn't have
the behind-the-scenes vantage point of . . .



The Democratic National Convention of 1976 opened "like a clam in heat," moist with desire but unable to get off the ground. The news media outnumbered the politicians, and neither one seemed to be particularly enthusiastic over the outcome since both Jimmy Carter and a constant boredom were foregone conclusions. My friend, Al Goldstein, who reviews pornographic movies for his equally pornographic publication, once gave me some advice about surviving the monotony of a *bad* porn flick: "After a while you just look at the printed patterns on the sheets and pillowcases, look at the lamps, try to guess whether or not they're using a Sealy Posture Pedic, forget about the stars, and review the wallpaper." Not a bad idea, and it made life a lot easier for me. After all, I had no intention of competing with Walter Cronkite and John Chancellor, whose armies of bespectacled, electronically wired newspersons

BY BILL LEE

Self-portrait:
Bill Lee covering the
Democratic convention.

were zipping in and out of caucus rooms like flies in an outhouse, digging and scraping up as much manure as possible to be spread across two networks, CBS and NBC (ABC provided only token coverage, adding insult to injury by hiring Barry Goldwater to analyze the Democrats). Reporting a historical event can be a real drag when history just isn't happening, and not even well-exercised media bootstraps could pull this Conventional anticlimax off the ground. But there is always the "human condition," or, as Allen Funt of "Candid Camera" fame puts it: "catching people in the act

Jimmy Carter promises the American public, "I only want to put the 'head' in."

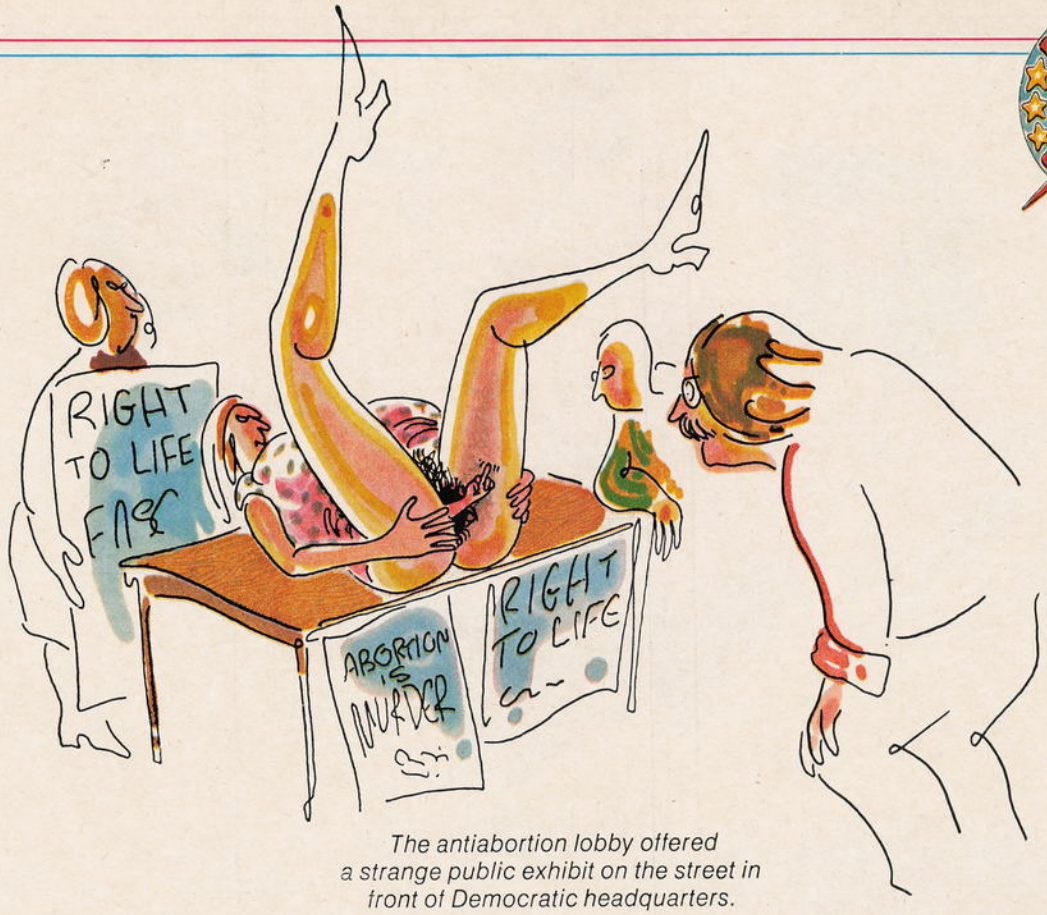
of being themselves." I call it "the human condition," and there is never a shortage of news in that area.

Hanging a press pass from my humble countenance is not unlike "gilding a bagel," but I did it anyway. It opened all of the right doors, allowing me access to those air-conditioned staging areas (the wonders of modern technology have eliminated those "smoke-filled rooms"). I nervously pass through the portals of power, apprehensive of their noble inhabitants, only to discover that royalty does not exist beyond the police barricade. Two hundred secret-service Harpos, Chicos, and Grouchos, running in circles, inconspicuously plugging in earphones and shifting revolvers, set the scene. There are no gods in politics, just human beings who enjoy playing that role. Watching a United States congressman pick his nose and deposit the dark nuggets therefrom in his mouth cured me of that illusion. At that moment I ruminated shrewdly: "What's the difference between picking your *candidate* and picking your *nose*???" "You can't," I answered myself, "blow your candidate!!!" But even that idea soon dissipated when I remembered that the Gay Liberation caucus was located in this same hotel. The press pass also gave me access to "press people," an interesting group of tuned-in spectators who ran the full stereotypical gamut from old conventioneer warhorse to bright, young, eager-nosed novice. It was one such hyped-up youngster from Toronto, Canada, who fed me one of those "bad news–good news" jokes that I'm still trying to figure out. "The bad news," said he, "is *Penthouse* magazine has been *banned* in Canada. The good news is it's selling at *four dollars a copy* in the underground." Hey, Bob, are you listening?

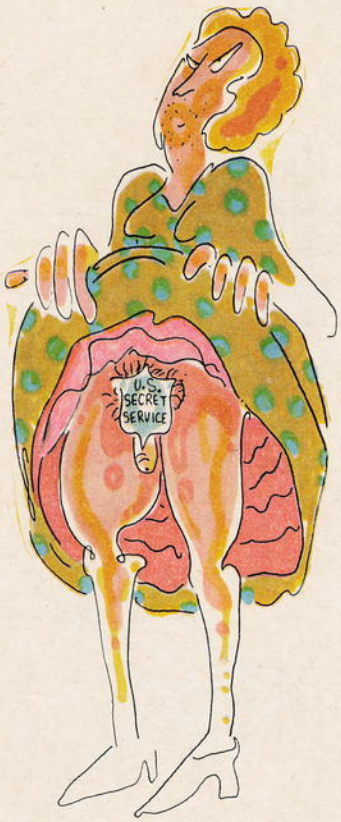
The various caucuses (or cauci) were held in areas known as "ballrooms," which led me to think about the "Women's Caucus." Should they have held a protest to call it the Ovarian Rooms or the Clitoris Rooms ? . . . Just a thought. *The Tom Hayden Caucus* was held in one such Ovarian Room in the Penthouse area of the Hilton. Mrs. Tom Hayden was there, wearing a smart blue jump suit; any jump suit that wraps itself around Jane Fonda could never be referred to as "stupid." (Bogart would have loved that line.) The phrase "Rich Liberal" is a contradiction in terms, like "Military Intelligence," but there they were, out in full force, the crème de la crème of California's Radical Chic, supporting their latest *in* cause. I like Tom Hayden! He represents the valid revolutionary idealism of the 1960s, which helped to extract this country from the mindless insanity of the Vietnam War. But at this point he seemed quite helpless within the context of "above-ground politics." At a political convention, where opportunism is the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 200

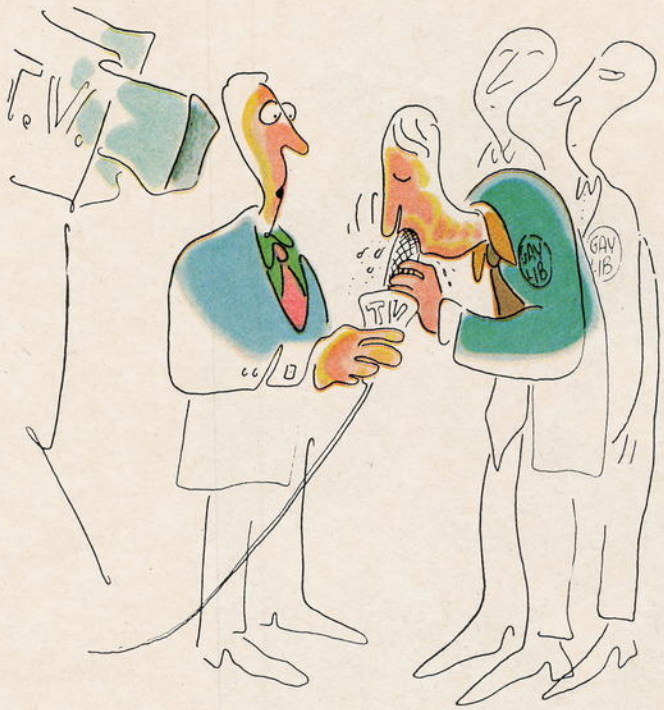
Actual signs outside of convention headquarters . . .



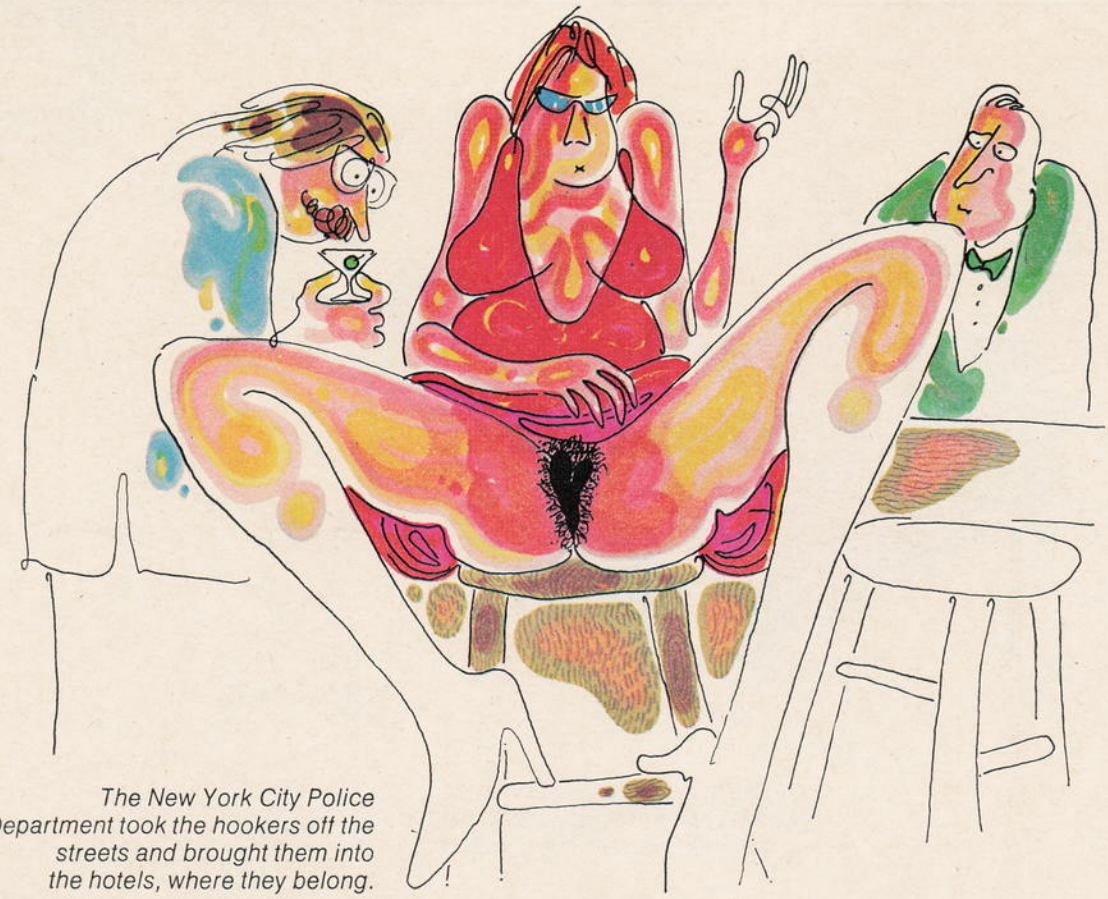
The antiabortion lobby offered a strange public exhibit on the street in front of Democratic headquarters.



Security was tight.



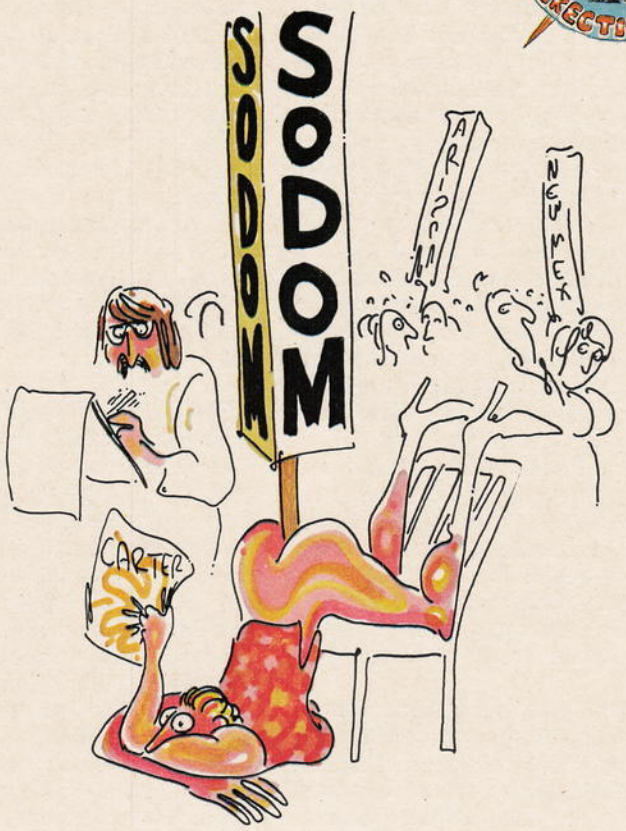
What made you decide to "come out of the closet for Carter"???

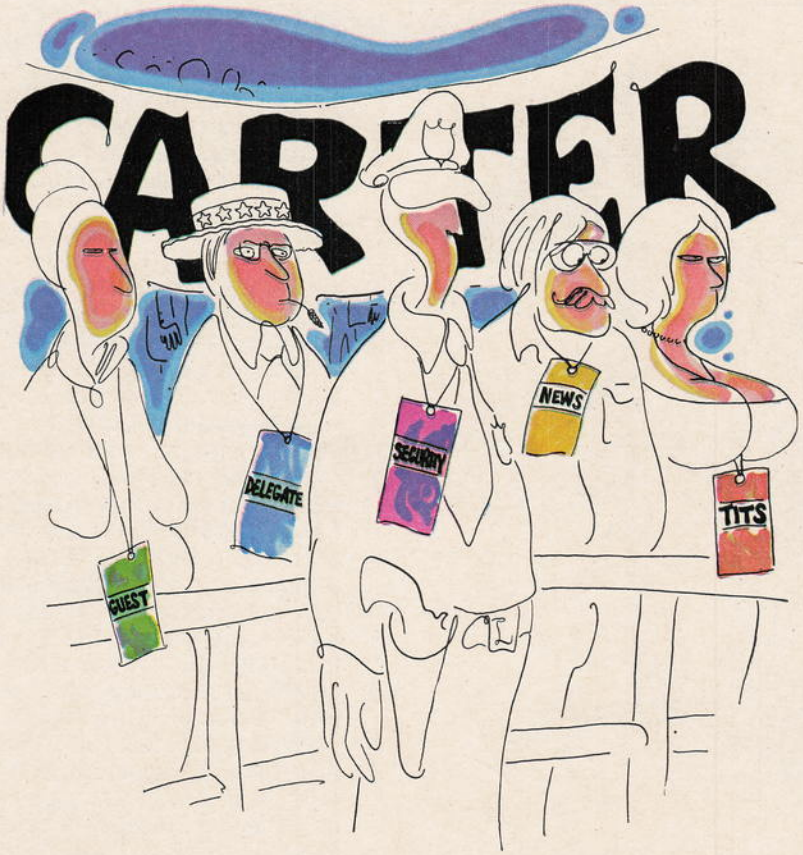


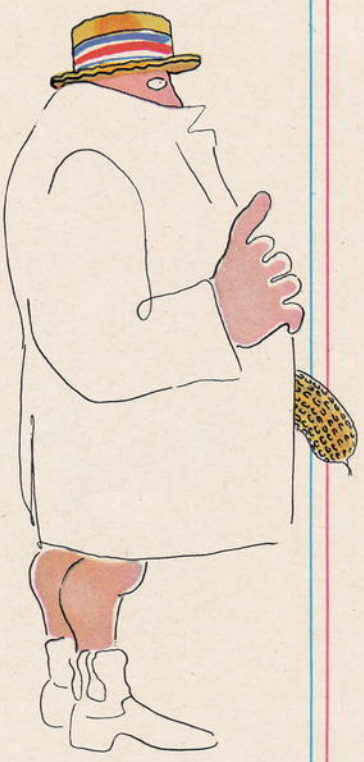
The New York City Police Department took the hookers off the streets and brought them into the hotels, where they belong.

When asked what he thought of the present Democratic platform . . . George Wallace replied, "What the hell, nobody reads the damn thing anyway." (overheard in the pressroom)

Former Adm. Elmo Zumwalt denounces the Nixon, Kissinger, Ford administration for being "soft on communism," wants "more money for the military." So what else is new???







It was impossible to enter the convention area without exhibiting the proper credentials.

THE WORST

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

and announced, logically enough, that they were there to sweep the chimney. Mrs. Tottingham was perplexed. She hadn't contracted any chimney sweeps; and despite her apparently honest confusion, the sweeps, some of whom had traveled from the opposite end of the city, were up in arms. While she haggled with them, several other men drew up to the front door, each with a cart bearing a ton of coal, "as per your esteemed order." Of course, Mrs. Tottingham had ordered no coal. Nor had she ordered the truckload of furniture—miscellaneous tables, chairs, and endpieces—that soon arrived, nor the shipment of tap beer, the mammoth organ, the several bushels of potatoes, nor the hearse, all of which were brought to her home within a few minutes. Confectioners arrived, too, with their wares, along with other merchants—wigmakers, hairdressers, butchers, machinists, jewelers, grocers, furriers, seamstresses, repairmen, and opticians. Two physicians also arrived, as well as a dentist, each intent upon examining Mrs. Tottingham for the ills she had described in her letters.

While all this was taking place, Berners Street was hopelessly congested with deliverymen, carts, and onlookers. The police came, too, to restore order but proved ineffectual. Then the duke of York, commander-in-chief of the army, arrived. He had received a letter stating that one of his men lay moribund at 54 Berners Street and desperately needed to see him at once. Following on the duke's heels were the archbishop of Canterbury, the lord chief justice, the governor of the Bank of England, and the lord mayor of London.

It was the last who put an end to all this knavery. He, it seems, had been victimized himself in much the same way and had reason to suspect Hook as the perpetrator of the fraud. Additional cadres of police officers were called out, and soon peace and order were restored. As for Hook, he won his bet and maintained his anonymity. However, he made a point of not being seen publicly in London for quite some time.

WORST CHRISTMAS TREE: When a pre-Christmas sanitation strike turned New York City into a winter wonderland of decaying garbage in 1975, two women responded by creating a sidewalk Christmas tree from thirty plastic bags of garbage, courtesy of Joe Jr.'s Restaurant in Greenwich Village.

"To keep in the spirit," one of the women, Mrs. Michael Moriarity, said, "we decided the decorations should all be garbage themselves. First I stole some orange crates and cut them into stars tied together with red yarn. Then I cut up some orange-juice containers into bells and topped it off with an apple—half eaten."

The tree prompted a broad range of comments from passersby. One man said, "It's happy garbage, nice garbage for the season." Another called the endeavor a waste of time. "I have no ulterior motive," said Nancy Reardon, Mrs. Moriarity's collaborator. "Except that maybe New Yorkers can rise above the garbage."

WORST HOBBY: Warning! *The Practitioner*, a leading British medical journal, has determined that bird-watching may be hazardous to your health. The magazine, in fact, has officially designated bird-watching a "hazardous hobby" after documenting the death of a weekend bird watcher who became so immersed in his subject that he grew oblivious of his surroundings and consequently suffered the fate of being eaten alive by a crocodile.

WORST ALTERNATIVE TO WARTS AND BLINDNESS: Writing in the twelfth edition of *Spermatorrhea*, published in 1887, J.L. Milton cautioned growing boys against the perils of masturbation and described a newly patented invention guaranteed to work when self-discipline didn't. Based on the principles of telegraphy, it consisted of a device that, when clipped to the bed sheets, rang an alarm in the parents' room if the boy had an erection.

WORST SCIENTIFIC PROJECT: Although Dr. Robert J. White seems to be dreaming the impossible dream when he says, "We must begin to think of transplanting the head," this Cleveland neurosurgeon is as much a doer as a talker. To date, Dr. White has successfully performed ten head transplants on monkeys. Some of the transplants continued functioning for as long as thirty-six hours. Dr. White was able to keep the relocated head seeing, smelling, hearing, and responding to stimuli.

WORST VAUDEVILLE ACT: Jadji Ali, billed as "the Amazing Regurgitator," was one of the most popular vaudeville performers at the turn of the century. His act consisted of swallowing a variety of unlikely objects and spitting them up at will. For openers, Ali regurgitated a series of watermelon seeds, imitation jewels, coins, and rings. It wasn't much to write home about, but his grand finale brought the house down every night. His assistant would set up a tiny metal castle on stage while Ali drank down a gallon of water and a pint of kerosene. To the accompaniment of a suspenseful drum roll, he would spit out the kerosene in a six-foot arc across the stage, setting the castle on fire. Then, with the flames shooting high into the air, Ali would upchuck the gallon of water and extinguish all traces of the fire.

French audiences were captivated by an even more outrageous act. In the *City of God*, Book XIV, Saint Augustine assures us, "There are individuals who can make musical notes issue from the rear of their anatomy, so that you would think they were singing." Vaudevillian Joseph Pujol (1851–1945), otherwise known as *Le Petomane*, was one soul blessed with this

"Miss Simmons, it looks like we now know what's been clogging your toilet."

How to make sure the candidate of your choice lives up to his word.

It's easy. With Panasonic portable cassette tape recorders. All with built-in condenser microphones. So you can record your candidate, just about anywhere his promises take him.

The Compact Cassette Recorder with FM/AM Radio (RQ-544S). Behind this beautiful exterior lies a beautiful 5" PM dynamic speaker. And deluxe features like a continuous bass/treble control. Level/battery meter. Tape counter. And Auto-Sleep.

Speaker of the house. With FM/AM Radio (RQ-548S). A 7" dual cone speaker—the largest speaker we've ever put in a tape recorder. Teamed with a 4-stage IF amplifier. For the biggest sound we've ever put in a tape recorder.

Stereo Cassette Recorder (RQ-460S). Everything nice goes double for this recorder. FM/AM/FM stereo radio. Two built-in condenser mikes. Two 3½" dynamic speakers. It's stereo-to-go.

The Funky Set (RQ-304S). Three patriotic colors—red, white, or blue. One neat design. It adds up to one neat gift.

Our Basic Beauty (RQ-309AS). Our best selling portable tape recorder. Because for a basic price you get un-basic features.

Micro-Cassette Recorder (RQ-160S). Only about the size of a pocket camera. But with big features. Like lockable pause control. Cue and review. And 1 hour recording with each Panasonic micro-cassette (included).

You get Panasonic batteries with every tape recorder.

Panasonic®

just slightly ahead of our time.

Rabelaisian talent, and he made it pay off handsomely. From 1892 to 1914, Pujol was a headliner at the famous Moulin Rouge, where he drew gates as large as 20,000 francs while the Divine Sarah Bernhardt managed to pull only 8,000 francs. With his well-tempered derrière, he performed a sequence of phenomenal stunts—rendering flatulent impressions of famous opera singers, playing the ocarina through a rubber tube, and blowing out a candle from a distance of one foot. For an encore *Le Petomane* would solemnly ask his audience to stand while he farted "The Marseillaise."

WORST MISPRINT: One evening in 1915 President Woodrow Wilson escorted his fiancée, Edith Galt, to the theater, prompting a reporter for the *Washington Post* to note that rather than watch the play, "The president spent most of his time entertaining Mrs. Galt." Unfortunately, perhaps insidiously, the word *entertaining* was misprinted as *entering*.

WORST LYNCHING: A circus elephant named Mary ran amok and killed a man in Erwin, Tenn., on September 13, 1916. Demanding justice, the enraged townspeople dragged the pachyderm to a railroad derrick, determined to hang her. Before a crowd of 5,000 curiosity seekers, the mob spent two hours stringing their victim up, only to have her fall to the ground when the steel cable holding her snapped. On the second attempt, however, the cable held, and the prisoner was hanged.

To be sure, Mary was not the first quadruped to receive the death penalty, nor are courtroom trials of law-breaking animals as uncommon as one might suppose. In fact, there is at least one textbook on the subject of animals and the law: E. R. Evans's 1906 classic, *The Criminal Prosecution and Capital Punishment of Animals*. That year a dog accused of aiding a man in an armed robbery was sentenced to death by a Swiss court.

WORST PHOBIA: Indonesian men occasionally fall prey to an obsessive fear that their penis is withdrawing into the body and that, if they do not take the matter into their own hands, so to speak, the process will ultimately kill them. The prescribed treatment, then, is simply to grasp the disappearing organ and hold on for dear life until it stops receding.

Since a typical siege of *koro*, as the malady is called, can last for hours or even days, the embarrassed victim must often ask friends, wife, witch doctor, and others to spell him in holding on to the vanishing member while he rests. He may also try to stem its inward progress with the aid of a small, specially designed notched box. The disease is purely psychological, of course, but the "treatment" frequently leaves its victims exhausted, temporarily impotent, and black and blue about the privates. Sometimes powdered rhinoceros horn, considered a potent male aphrodisiac by many in the Far East, is administered as a treatment.

WORST PICNIC: In May 1975 the Jaycees and the Yakima, Wash., police department got together to sponsor a picnic for 800 fifth- and sixth-graders from Yakima Valley School. The main attraction: a loaded .50-caliber machine gun lent for the day by the marine corps reserve. According to Gunnery Sgt. Richard Cecil of the marines, the children fired off some 3,000 rounds of blank ammunition during the day's festivities. Afterward, they all went to the movies to see, improbable as it sounds, *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight*.

WORST RECORD: Worse than "Santa Jaws," more ghastly than the plague of teenage death songs, was "The Battle Hymn of William Calley," a country-and-western apologia for a misunderstood war hero. It sold 1.5 million copies.

Alternatively, you might pick up a copy of *Lie* (ESP 2003) and play it at your next party. *Lie* is the first and only album recorded by Charles Manson. One of the more interesting cuts is "Garbage Dump," a folk-rock variation on the basic melody of "O Christmas Tree," with Charlie's own, inimitable lyrics:

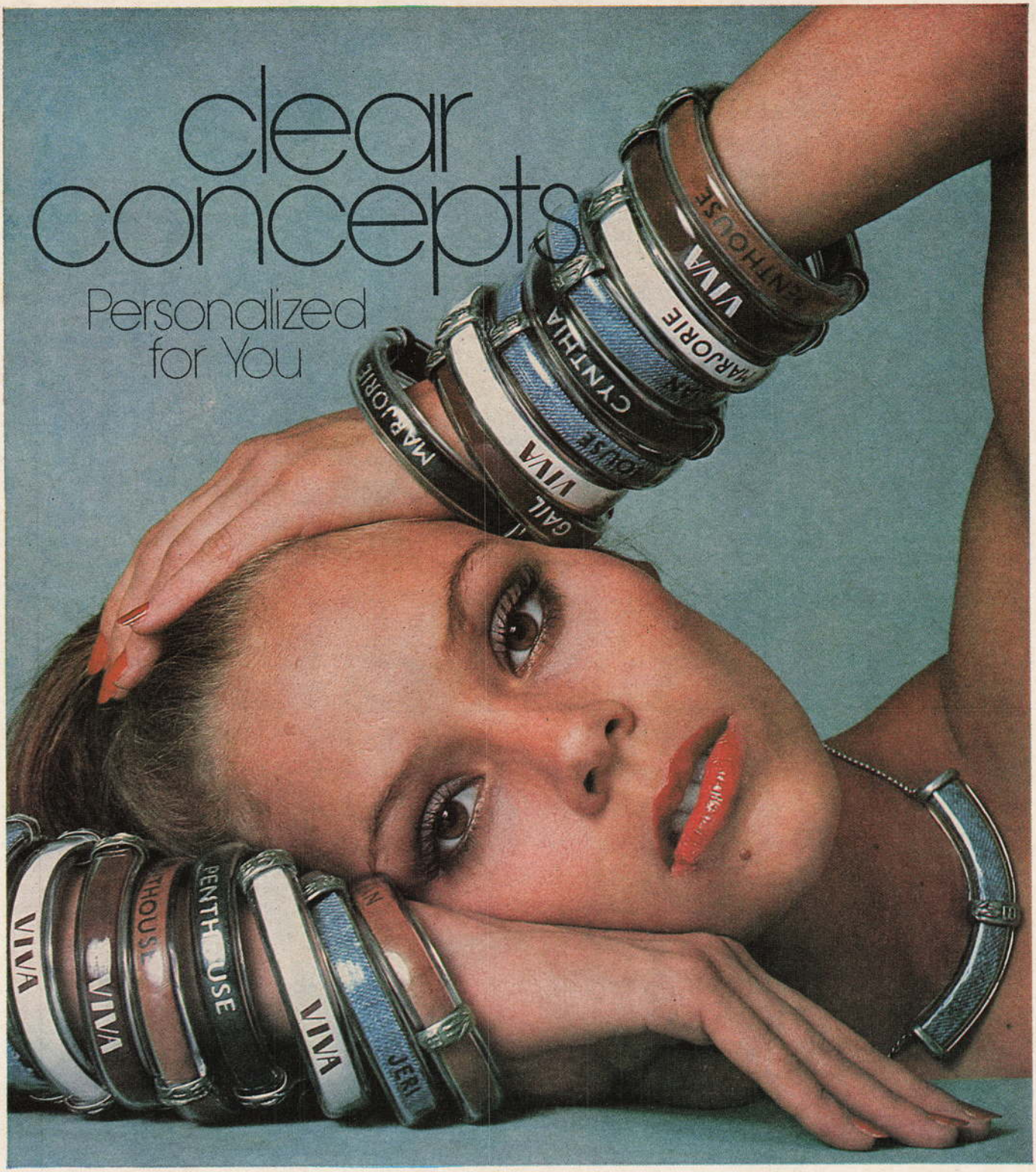
> You could feed the world with my garbage dump.
> That sums it up in one big lump. . .
> When you're livin' on the road
> And you think sometimes you're starvin'
> Get on off that trip my friend
> Just get in them cans and start carvin'. . .
> There's a market basket and an A & P,
> I don't care if the boxboy's starin' at me,
> I don't even care who wins the war,
> I'll be in them cans behind my favorite store.

Manson sings some of his compositions *a cappella*, and on others the famed Manson girls provide a creditable choral backup; the small, strident voice of Squeaky Fromme is nowhere to be heard. The instrumental accompaniment includes Manson's own guitar pickin' plus French horns, a sitar, tambourines, and an occasional yelp from one of the Manson Family babies, who was present in the recording studio.

Less inventive than *Lie* but infinitely more utilitarian is *Vegetation Conversation: Music and Thoughts for Things in Pots*, an album designed for the modern houseplant owner who would like to sing his geraniums to sleep but simply hasn't the time. The album, released by Funny Forum, an Indianapolis company, includes such nitrogen-rich numbers as "Lament to a Plant," "Oh, the Coleus," and "No Matter How Fertile, There's No Place like Loam."

WORST UNDERTAKER: An undertaker in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, was arrested and fined twelve dollars for trying to drum up business by selling coffins to terminally ill

"Go ahead without me, Charlie. I've decided to eat in today."



Garry Feinstein, designing for VIVA, has created CLEAR CONCEPTS—a textural innovation in bracelets and necklaces.

Both bracelets and necklaces are styled with an outside shell of clear lucite plastic and pewter findings. Bracelets show your choice of the PENTHOUSE or VIVA logo with your name (if desired) embossed on leather or jean fabric. Necklaces are plain in matching colors.

VIVA bracelets available in White with burgundy logo; Burgundy with white logo; or Denim with black logo. PENTHOUSE bracelets come in Dark Brown with silver logo; Saddle Tan with brown logo; or Denim with black logo. In Small or Medium sizes. Necklaces are available with a non-tarnishable stainless steel chain—15" or 17".

When ordering please state PENTHOUSE or VIVA, print your name clearly, and specify color, size (bracelet) and/or chain length. Also please use the following Code Numbers: PV01 for necklaces, PV02 for bracelets.

Send check or money order for $10.00 plus $1.00 for postage and handling or charge to your American Express, Master Charge or BankAmericard (include signature, expiration date and account number, plus Interbank No. for Master Charge). Mail to VIVA Products, Dept. PV01, 909 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

New York residents add appropriate sales tax. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

—and duly irate—patients in a hospital.

WORST ALLERGY: Some women are allergic to male sperm. In a report in *Annals of Allergy*, Mayo Clinic allergist Edwin J. Mikkelson told of a thirty-year-old woman who developed allergic symptoms whenever she made love. The symptoms ranged from vaginal itching and swelling of the eyes to blotches and hives and shortness of breath and—worse yet—appeared regardless of whom she had sexual relations with.

WORST HEIST: According to the *Times* of London, thieves who ransacked the offices of *Games and Puzzles*, a British publication, bagged several hundred thousand pounds in cold cash. All of it, however, was in Monopoly money.

WORST BEES: In the 1950s a geneticist named Warrick Kerr imported seventy lethal African bees to his laboratory in São Paulo, Brazil, with an eye toward studying their breeding habits and learning how they might be safely crossbred with homegrown bees to beef up Brazilian honey reserves. However, Professor Kerr's bees had crossbreeding plans of their own. When twenty-six of them escaped from his labs in 1956, they immediately took to copulating with the local talent, and within a few months there were several million offspring, each one every bit as aggressive and deadly as its progenitors.

Drifting northward en masse at a rate of 200 miles a year, the bees, to date, have passed through Bolivia, Paraguay, Peru, and Venezuela, swarming down upon cattle and humans alike without the slightest provocation. Since the first recorded human fatality in southern Brazil in 1966, the bees have disrupted weddings, garden parties, and even funeral processions. Once they plagued inmates in a jail cell so relentlessly that the prisoners assumed they were being tortured by the authorities and screamed out their confessions.

What can be done? One possibility is to take the sting out of the African killer bees' sting, so to speak, by mating them with large numbers of their gentle Italian cousins. Another is wholesale extermination. Yet a third possibility is the establishment of a defensive barrier—sort of an entomological Maginot Line—across Central America. In the meantime, however, several United States congressmen, most notably Sen. Robert Dole of Kansas, have called for the United States to establish joint defense measures with Canada, Mexico, and the countries of Central America.

WORST AMPHIBIOUS VEHICLE: The very least a $14,000 truck, touted as amphibious, should be is *buoyant*. Even if it can't perform any useful function in the water, it should be able to stay afloat long enough for a tugboat to arrive and tow it to safety.

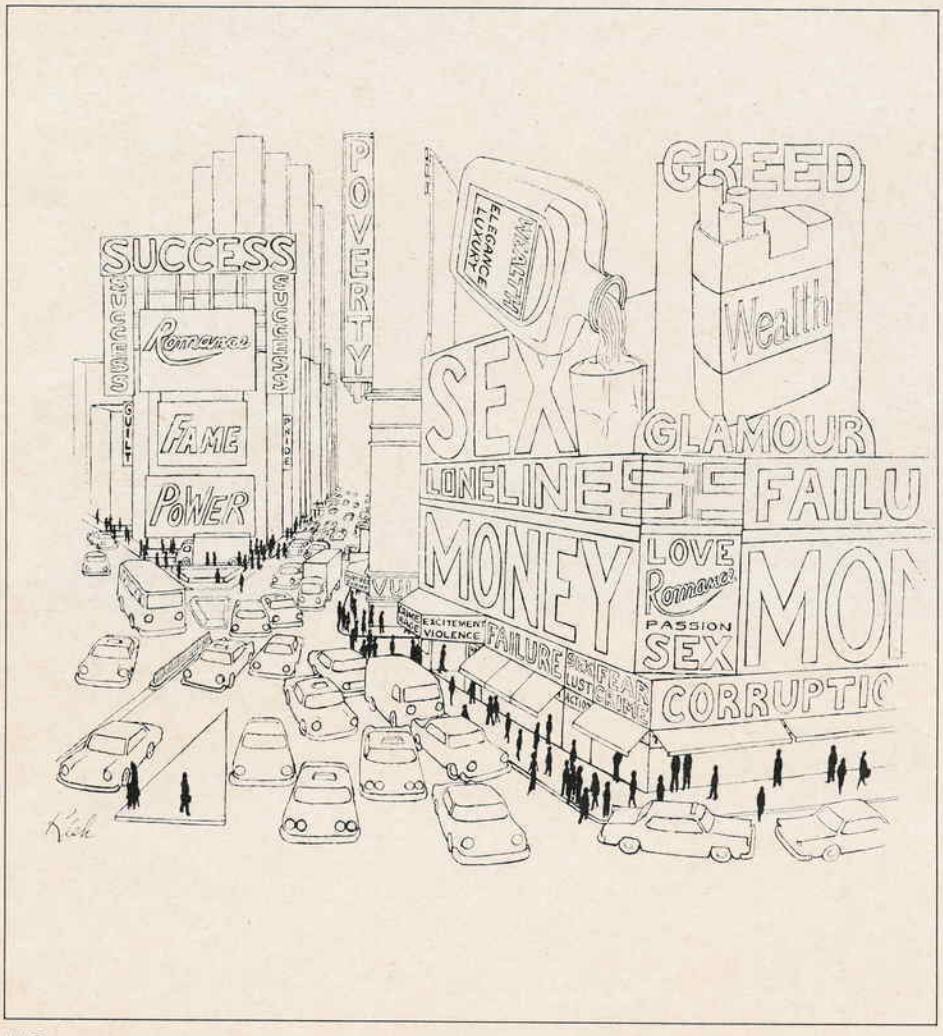
Unfortunately, the 14,000 reputedly amphibious "Gamma Goat" trucks purchased recently by the United States Army for $200 million can't even do that. More often than not, they sink like rocks; even on dry land they frequently break down.

WORST CLUBS: Zama, Inc., is an organization of wealthy Californians who are convinced that the earth's destruction, whether by nuclear holocaust or by natural disaster, is just around the corner. They believe, however, that by taking precautions and working together, they can survive. New members, upon joining Zama, are expected to pay a fee of $12,000 and annual dues of $300. Most members own guns and keep a permanent supply of freeze-dried and dehydrated foods. And, since secrecy is essential to survival, visitors are forbidden at Zama headquarters, whose very location is a guarded secret. In fact, so that Zama's members may insulate themselves from attacks, its leaders take great pains to let prospective members know that the road leading to the club's headquarters, wherever it is, can easily be dynamited.

The Atomic Energy Society of Great Britain, in direct contrast to the California group, believes that nuclear power is the most benevolent force in the universe. It is time that scientists end their shortsighted policy of atomic containment, the AES asserts, and release the barrage of alpha, beta, and gamma rays currently imprisoned in bombs. Free-floating radiation could work miracles, the AES says; we would get used to it in no time. "If we can use it to ripen all the corn people need," declares AES director Mrs. Ronald Copeland, "then we can banish war."

Another offbeat fellowship was the twentieth-century British group known as The Society for the Prevention of People Being Buried Alive, whose members took their shared phobia quite seriously. The now extinct SPPBBA devoted much of its energies toward perfecting antiburial devices, including a set of electric bells that would alert bystanders to the presence of a prematurely interred body. Approaching the problem from another angle, society members spoke darkly of a coffin equipped with poison-gas capsules that would be punctured when the nails were driven in, ensuring that the individual thus interred would go into the ground quite dead.

WORST RAIN: Dick Edwards, of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., says his house has been periodically showered with an unpleasant substance from above that most certainly is *not* rain, manna, or pennies from heaven. Since he lives under an airport flight path, he thinks it's toilet wastes jettisoned by overhead jet liners coming in to land. The Federal Aviation Administration suggested that he watch the offending aircraft and take down their registration numbers, but Edwards refused. "If they think I'm going to stand outside with my face to the sky, they're nuts," he said.



ANNOUNCING THE PENTHOUSE NEW WRITERS SHORT-STORY CONTEST WITH MORE THAN $13,000 IN CASH AWARDS

FIRST PRIZE: $5,000; SECOND PRIZE: $2,500 TWELVE PURCHASE AWARDS OF $500 EACH

People who write short fiction, people who publish it, and people who read it have been told for years that the short story was an idea whose time had gone. And an uncomfortable element of truth is inherent in these prophecies of doom. For if the short story itself has managed to avoid its often predicted death, many of the mass-circulation magazines that provided a market—and a large audience—for short fiction have not. Thus the market for short fiction has shrunk dramatically. Talented authors have become frustrated. Worse still, an exciting art form has become a terribly endangered species.

Miriam Wosk

Penthouse, since it was founded, has demonstrated a strong commitment to literary—as well as editorial—excellence by consistently publishing the works of both well-known and unknown authors. And to reaffirm a commitment to short fiction, *Penthouse* takes pride in announcing its first New Writers Short-Story Contest. By opening these pages to new authors, *Penthouse* publisher Bob Guccione is determined to discover fresh talent and to stimulate new interest in short fiction. And since *Penthouse* believes that ability should be amply rewarded, we will award more than $13,000 to the twelve finalists, who will be selected by judges associated with the National Endowment for the Arts and Humanities. All winning stories will be published in *Penthouse* during the coming year. So we now invite all of you to enter this exciting, new contest. Who knows? One of the twelve winners may be you.

THE RULES

Eligibility: Entrants are limited to *unpublished or barely published* writers of any age, sex, creed, race, national origin, or country of residency. The interpretation of "barely published" will be left to the judges' discretion, but if a writer's work has appeared in a small magazine or literary journal, he will not automatically be disqualified. No author who has been published in any major national magazine will be considered. No author who has previously appeared in *Penthouse* or in any of its associated publications will be eligible. No employee of Penthouse International Ltd. or any of its subsidiary companies is eligible, nor are the members of any employee's immediate family qualified.

Format: No manuscript longer than 6,000 words will be considered, although any length up to this limit is permitted. All manuscripts must be written in English, typed, and double-spaced on one side of standard 8½x11 sheets of paper. Each page must be numbered consecutively and must bear the author's name and address.

Subject Matter and Style: There are no restrictions whatsoever regarding subject matter or style. Entries will be judged on their literary merit alone by an independent panel of judges. No editor or employee of Penthouse International Ltd. will be involved in any way in the selection of winning entries.

Pen Names: All entries must bear the author's real name. The use of a pseudonym will result in disqualification.

Number of Entries: Each author may submit only one short story.

Winning Entries: Twelve finalists will be selected by a board of judges. Each of these winners will receive a purchase award of $500. From these twelve stories, two will be selected for the first and second prizes by a single judge, who is unaffiliated with the first board. The authors of these two stories will be awarded $5,000 and $2,500 respectively. The first- and second-prize winners, along with the other ten finalists, will be announced in a spring 1977 issue of *Penthouse*. Beginning with that issue, *Penthouse* will publish one of the award-winning stories each month. The decision of the judges will be final.

Postage: Manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope if the entrant wishes their return.

Deadline: All entries must be postmarked no later than midnight January 31, 1977.

How to Enter: Mail all manuscripts to THE PENTHOUSE NEW WRITERS SHORT-STORY CONTEST, 1707 "H" Street, Washington, D.C., 20006. *Do not mail entries to our New York office.*

Rights and Responsibilities: Neither Penthouse International Ltd. nor the judges assume any responsibility whatsoever for any entries. Those submitting stories to the Penthouse New Writers Short-Story Contest are strongly advised to retain copies for themselves. All winning entries become the exclusive property of Penthouse International Ltd.

TR7

A radical styling departure from the TR6, Triumph's TR7 still retains the engineering excellence of its distinguished lineage.

THE FLYING WEDGE

By Fred Mackerodt

It's a well-known fact that the English introduced America to the sports car way back in 1947. They brought the MG TC into this country in that year, and it was love at first gear. Because the English didn't just export a car—they exported a passion, one that bloomed in this country like nowhere else on earth.

The original MG TC was more closely related to a buckboard than an automobile. It had absolutely no creature comforts. It was as if the driver and the passenger were not riders but mere afterthoughts. During those early days, if you owned a sports car, you were expected to suffer. That was a part of the cachet of owning one. And if you didn't suffer, your vehicle wasn't a real sports car. People overlooked the rock-hard suspension, the noisy engine, and the drafty, wet, and crowded interior. But it wasn't mass masochism, for the owners doted on the car's nifty agility and sportiness. The original TC was a car made for fun, and that appeal has endured right to this day.

"Damn the hemorrhoids! Full speed ahead!" And all that sort of rot.

During those early years there was only one thing better than owning a real sports car. That was remembering *after* you sold it the good times that you had. Like old air force aces, the further you got from the experience, the more compelling it became. The suffering faded; only the moments of exhilaration remained.I owned a Triumph TR3 in the early 1960s, and I remember it as the most enjoyable automotive experience I've ever had in my life—and that includes ten years in this behind-the-wheel business, a decade of driving almost every piece of automotive machinery in existence. I can remember none of the car's flaws.

Compared with the earlier English sports cars, the Triumph TR7 is a horse of a different color. This modern mechanical marvel represents an almost complete break with the English sports-car tradition. It is a thoroughly modern automobile, designed to do its thing in a sporty manner and at the same time to provide the owner with the same kind of comfort he'd expect from a large, lumbering Detroit tank.

Triumph's engineers did a thoroughly remarkable job in devising and fitting out this car, although there is no earth-shattering innovation in the whole TR7 concept. What British engineering has done, essentially, is to carefully remove the painful part of the traditional English sports car and leave the "sport" part intact. Long gone is the blunt front; good-bye to the squared-off shape; farewell to the hard, molar-rattling ride and the singularly drafty convertible top. But there remains plenty of the remarkable agility, guts, and quintessential sportiness. You'll still get that special feeling of a down-to-earth machine. That means sports car and nothing else.

Of course, there will always be some fussbudgets and purists who won't like the change. Some people will continue to buy the more traditional MGB, MG Midget, or Triumph Spitfire. Yes, they'll even keep on buying the Triumph TR6 (until it is completely phased out at the end of 1976). Some automotive aficionados like their motoring hard and rugged. But if your idea of a sports car is something else, and if that idea includes comfort and luxury, then maybe the TR7 is just the car for you.

However, if you're the kind of person who likes the wind-in-the-hair feeling, the TR7 is not for you—unless you don't mind if the breeze comes from the (optional) sun-roof, which has only recently arrived on the market. If this kind of design change miffs you, the only one to blame is your dear old Uncle Sam. The TR7 was originally designed to sell mostly in the United States, and our government's safety people kept Triumph hopping during the preliminary planning. There's a rumor in the auto industry that one person at the U.S. Department of Transportation has the job of calling each auto manufacturer at least once a week to say: "Guess what we're going to require this week. C'mon now, guess! Betcha can't!" That's the bureaucratic atmosphere in which the TR7 was developed. Rumor also had it that all open cars would be banned because of their bad roll-over characteristics. Eventually, the courts foiled the DOT and maintained the public's right to have fun at its own risk, but by that time the TR7 was nearing production, and the design characteristics were completely firmed up: the TR7 would be a closed car. Actually, Triumph was far from the only manufacturer to run scared—try to buy a 1977 American convertible, for instance.

Still, there are times when insane requirements can give birth to very sane products. The happy result of all these federal shenanigans is that the Triumph TR7 is much more of an international sports car than any other vehicle ever built by the British. This is a car designed to sell anyplace in the world, but mainly in the United States, which is where the real bucks are forthcoming for this type of auto. It's absolutely un-British in its looks. It was designed to look like a mid-engine car, such as the Fiat X1/9 and the Lancia Scorpion, with a wedge shape that

Photographs by Siliano

prompted its pre-production name of "Bullet" and handed British-Leyland's advertising copywriters the ready-made slogan, "The Shape of Things to Come." Underneath the shape, however, is some pretty standard, sound automotive engineering.

The premier example of automotive success in this country over the past ten years or so is the Datsun Z car. With a conventional, front-engine, rear-drive layout, these Datsuns are selling in numbers of nearly 50,000 a year in this country. This lesson wasn't lost on British-Leyland when it had the TR7 on the drawing boards. Rather than opting for a genuine mid-engine car, B-L played it safe and designed a more conventional model that nonetheless looked like a mid-engine car. Smart. If you're going to come down on Triumph for copping out, note that no less a light than Porsche AG has gone almost the same route, dropping its mid-engine 914 and introducing the front-engine (albeit transaxled) Porsche 924. And that long-awaited mid-engine Corvette? Don't hold your breath: you won't see this modern marvel rolling out of Detroit until the more conventional vette stops selling, somewhere around 1990.

Still, the stylists at Triumph kept their eyes on English tradition as they sculpted the major lines of the TR7. British-Leyland has long been known as one company that prides itself on the innate elegance of its automobiles. And if any car underscores this company's commitment to elegant simplicity, it's the TR7. A fortunate by-product of making the TR7 a study in high-toned simplicity is the low price of the finished product. Many companies are able to build the high-styled, exotic car, but what difference does that make if only a few, filthy-rich people can afford it? Triumph has succeeded brilliantly in the pricing area. At the current $5,649 tab, the base sticker is up more than 10 percent from the $5,100 the car was introduced at last year. But the Triumph remains one of the most affordable sports cars.

Overall, it's probably the body of the TR7 that represents the biggest departure from traditional English sports-car engineering. In the old days British automobile designers would simply sling the running gear between a pair of steel-bed slats, hang some sheet metal off the ends, and call it a car. The TR7's body, on the other hand, is a unitized affair with a steel subframe. Although the Triumph we used on our road test had over 10,000 miles on it, there were none of the shakes, rattles, rolls, knocks, clatters, clinks, bangs, and pops we've learned to listen for and love in the older English sports cars. The only problem with the classic body is one of low visibility. You can see everything pretty easily *except* for the front end of the body. From the driver's seat, one sees only the back of the hood, which seems to bend out of view and drop off into oblivion from there. It's a little disconcerting at first, especially in tight parking situations, but you get used to it very quickly.

Triumph deserves a trophy for the interior of the TR7. The inside of this car is more comfortable and well-appointed than that of any other sports car we've handled lately. There's plenty of leg, hip, head, and shoulder room, and aside from price, the interior could be this car's strongest point. The steering wheel is small and in just the right position. The large, black-on-white speedometer and tachometer are immediately and conspicuously visible. The fabric-covered seats grip the torso nicely, and the backs are easily adjustable.

The two-liter, overhead-cam, four-cylinder engine which powers the TR7 has its own history. Triumph designed and manufactured the engine for Saab in the late 1960s. Today the Swedish company still uses it as their main source of motive power, building it themselves, with a few, distinctly Swedish variations. If you know Saab's reputation for building durable equipment, that says a hell of a lot for the engine. In 1972 Triumph finally began using the engine in its own Dolomite sedan.

> The TR7 is more of an international sports car than any other vehicle ever built by the British.

This is a war-horse of an engine. With a mild, eight-to-one compression ratio to permit the use of low-octane gas, it produces 90 horsepower at 5,000 rpm. It is fed by two Stromberg carburetors, and emissions are handled by air injection to the exhaust ports. To clear the low hood-line, the engine is slanted forty-five degrees. The Environmental Protection Agency's average gas-mileage figure is 21 mpg in the city and 30 on the highway, although we got somewhat better. If you live in California, however, you'll have only one carburetor, the air pump, *and* a catalyst. The Cal TR7 has been detuned to 79 horsepower and gets about 10 percent less mileage than the forty-nine-state car, according to the EPA.

The performance of the engine in the forty-nine-state car is gutsy, to say the least, despite the emissions modifications made to keep this a more air-pure country. We recorded 0-to-60-mph times of eleven seconds and a top speed of 106 mph.

The transmission, too, is taken from Triumph's Dolomite sedan. It is a four-speed, with a hydraulically operated clutch. (An automatic is supposedly on the boards and is intended to lure more females into buying the car.) While the shift handle is long and must do some traveling to get from gear to gear, it performs accurately—we experienced few missed shifts. The "tall," 2.65-to-1 first gear, however, required some clutch slippage to get the car off the line, even when we took off slowly.

The brakes on the TR7 are discs up front and remember-Grandpa's-car drums in the back. The eight-and-a-half-inch rear drums would seem to be a bit small for a car with the potential of this one, but they performed very well during our test. The designers had to keep the brakes small to fit them into the thirteen-inch wheels (and designed the small wheels to keep the car low). A brake booster assists in stopping the car, and pedal effort is minimal.

The wheels measure thirteen by five and one-half inches, and the standard tires are 175/70HR-13 Michelin X radials, all in all one hefty set of rubbers.

The suspension of the TR7 is conventional all around. It has a solid rear axle (located by four angled, trailing links) rather than one of the more exotic independent rear-suspension systems found on most contemporary sports cars, including the Triumph TR6. Up front there's a simple MacPherson strut arrangement. Triumph has done an excellent job in designing and tuning the suspension. The road-holding capability of the car is excellent, while the ride is something you'd expect from a big, American-type sedan. There are none of the bone-jarring, spine-dislocating jitters of the older British sports cars.

The handling is superb for a car of this type. There's a fair amount of understeer, and the steering effort is considerable; but all in all the car's handling is very predictable.

The biggest innovation in the TR7 will materialize in about a year. That's when British-Leyland will begin importing the car with an aluminum V-eight. This "new" V-eight was originally sold to B.L.'s Rover division twelve years ago by General Motors (it was used in certain Buicks for a while) and is finally being installed in an honest-to-goodness sports car. If Triumph can somehow hold the price of the V-eight TR7 anywhere in the neighborhood of what it is now, the car should become the hottest-selling sports car in this country.

Overall, the TR7 is a delightful, kicky car to own and to drive, and you'd have to go a long way to find more sports car for the money.

FROM ANCIENT GREECE WITH LOVE...

ACTUAL SIZE OF COINS

Erotic Medallions

The ancient Greeks ignored none of the wellsprings of joy, ecstasy, and voluptuousness. Now, for the first time, you can own magnificent, historically accurate reproductions of ancient Greek erotic art in this first ever collector's edition of finely sculptured medallions.

☐ Minted in limited editions—5,000 in sterling silver and 10,000 in antique-finish bronze—these Erotic Medallions were designed to commemorate the sensuous art, culture and libertarian philosophy of pre-Christian Greece. The carefully preserved design fragments, rare memorabilia of a pagan culture, are now on exhibit at the museums of Herakleion, Delos and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

☐ The first six erotic medallions in the collection are:

1. ONE AND THE OTHER—Relief impeccably reproduced from an oil lamp depicting classical rear entry position—Museum of Herakleion.
2. MUTUAL PLEASURE—Scene of sensuous agility and grace faithfully reproduced from an elegant hand mirror of the period—Boston Museum of Fine Arts.
3. AMOROUS GAMES—Charming, somewhat näive expression of loving youth at play taken from a vase relief—Museum of Delos.
4. THE KNEELING GAME—Ancient rite of soixante-neuf (69) taken from a scene depicted on an oil lamp—Museum of Herakleion.
5. THE JOYOUS ASTRIDE—Classic position of female dominance abstracted from an engraving on an oil lamp—Museum of Herakleion.
6. SYMPLEGMA (INTERTWINED)—Scene of sensual rapture carefully and lovingly taken from an ancient wall fragment—Museum of Delos.

☐ This is the first in a limited-edition series of commemorative art medals devoted to the erotic art of ancient civilizations. They are available in either sterling silver or antique-finish bronze and make a superb (not to mention original) gift of lasting value.

☐ You can purchase the silver medals for $35.00 each plus $1.50 postage and handling, or you can save $21.00 by ordering the complete set of six for $189.00 plus $2.50 postage and handling. The bronze medals are yours for $15.00 each plus $1.50 postage and handling, or you can save $9.00 by ordering the complete set of six for $81.00 plus $2.50 postage and handling. Upon ordering the complete set of six art medallions, you will receive free a specially designed binder in a slipcase to hold your collection. If you order your art medallions individually, they will arrive packaged in a handsome pouch. The free binder and slipcase will be sent to you with the delivery of your sixth medallion. Included with each medallion will be historical reference material about ancient Greek erotic life.

MAIL TO: THE REGENCY MINT LTD., Third Floor, 424 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

Please send me the following Greek Erotic Medallion(s):

_____ **One and the Other**
_____ **Amorous Games**
_____ **The Joyous Astride**
_____ **Mutual Pleasure**
_____ **The Kneeling Game**
_____ **Symplegma (Intertwined)**

_____ **Silver @ $35.00 each plus $1.50 each for postage and handling, or**
_____ **Set of six for $189.00 plus $2.50 postage and handling.**

_____ **Antique-finish bronze @ $15.00 each plus $1.50 postage and handling each, or**
_____ **Set of six for $81.00 plus $2.50 postage and handling.**

I enclose a _____ Check or _____ Money Order for $ _____
plus $ _____ postage and handling or charge to _____.
Include signature, expiration date and account number _____.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ **Zip** _____

Allow from four to six weeks for delivery.
New York residents should add the appropriate sales tax.

THE SERPENT

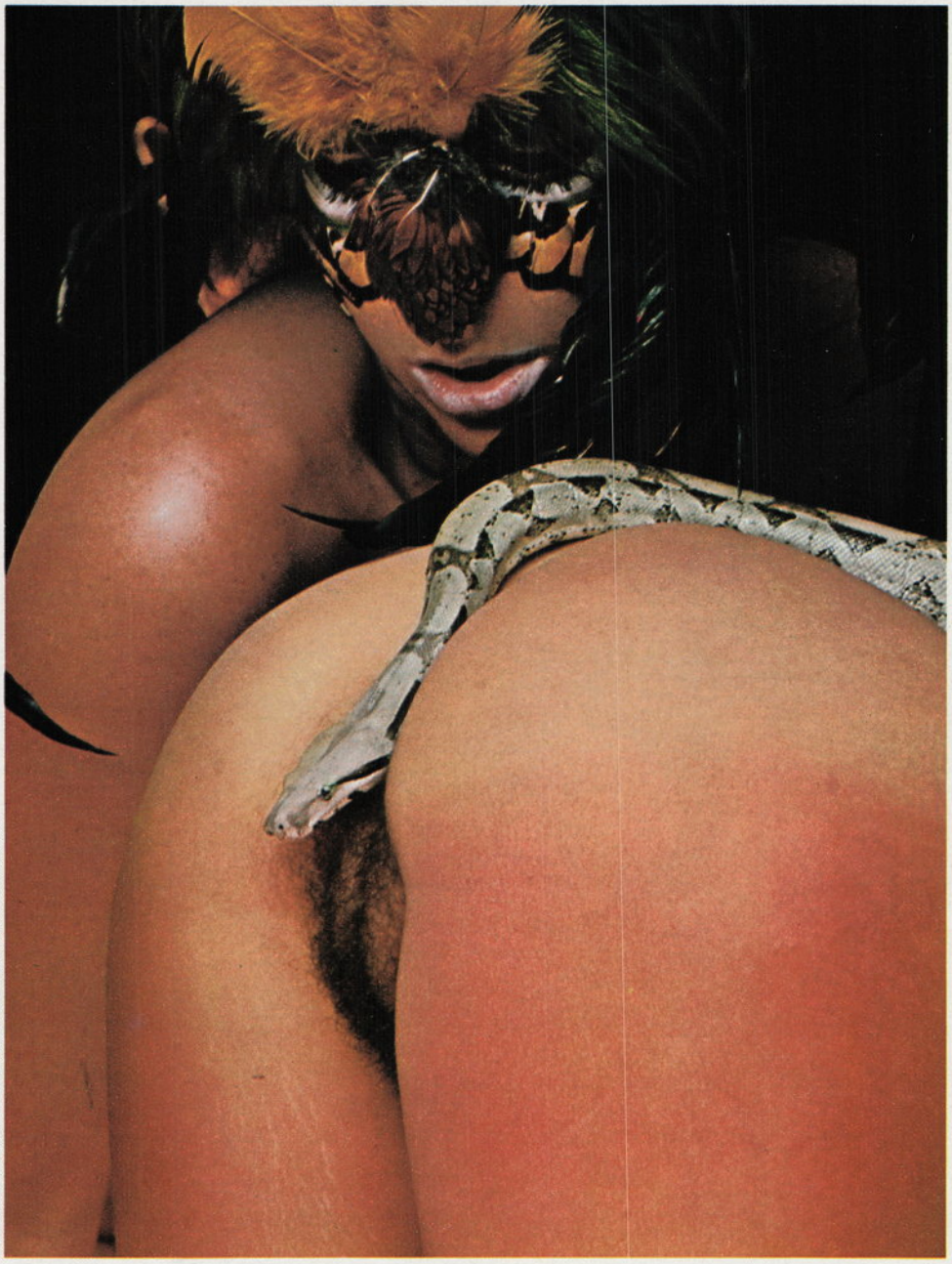
PHOTOGRAPHS BY GADJA

Pity the poor snake. That wretched reptile seduced Eve into eating the forbidden fruit. Eve acquired understanding and sexuality, while the snake was condemned by God to slide forevermore upon the jungle floor. The first and greatest phallic symbol, a Dionysian figure of fertility and knowledge, the snake has always existed as a beguiling object of man's ambivalence, feared for its silent menace yet admired for its serpentine beauty. But these exotic birds are not afraid of the snake's regenerative powers. They have dared to delve into the mysteries that preceded Eve's delight. Casting aside the dictates of modern times, they are two Eves together in a garden: the snake is a hypnotically erotic friend.

Taming the cobra is an Indian feat. Some use music; others, a scented stick. Anyone who holds the sacred rod can touch a cobra and live. These bird-women have found a snake that needs a different kind of magic: the magic of tongues, hands, and very warm skin.

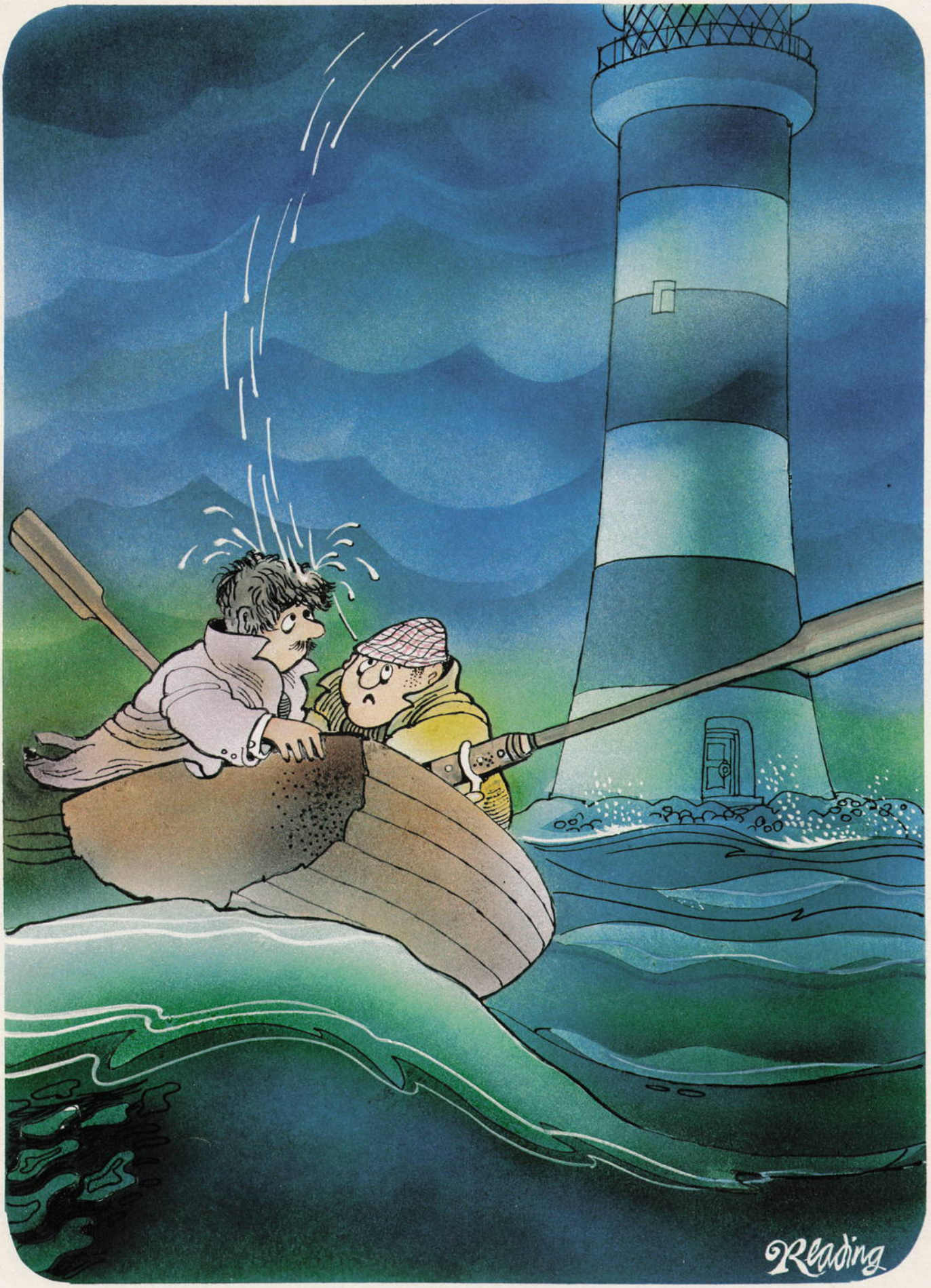
Imagine being sensitive to the slightest change in heat: a single degree causes your body to swerve in response to the coursing of warm blood. Now take two birds, temperature 98.6, which pass you from hand to hand, their smooth skin a tingly delight. They touch you without fear, although birds are your natural prey. They delight you with new surfaces, over which your phallic body slithers. They permit you to explore every crevice, every twist and turn of smooth desire. Your tongue flicks, and they respond, resplendent in their plumage, their voices more lyrically potent than the charmer's flute. Pity the snake? Envy would be more fitting.

The Aztecs believed that the sun was a serpent, and that the snake was a kind of half-god, half-man descended omnisciently from the heavens. The Romans, less liberated, delegated a sacred snake to guard the vestal virgins. If a maiden's honor was in doubt, the reptile would be requested to eat from her outstretched hand. If the snake refused, the girl was judged to be impure and was instantly put to death. These birds have fed their snake warm ambrosial delights. The snake has refused nothing they have offered. Purity, like beauty, is in the beady eye of the beholder.



Stylist: Eric Appell; makeup and hair: Robert LaCourte.

The snake has a special—and enviable—knack for adapting to the ins and outs of its environment. It fits snugly where no man dares venture, insinuating itself into the slippery cracks of any moist surface it claims as its home. Being very inquisitive, it is especially fond of exploring secret places. It leads a charmed existence, imperiously vanquishing all enemies, ready to submit only to the most fearless and beautiful of birds.



"It should be better next year. He's going to get an upstairs toilet."

ROCKEFELLER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

the arm to communicate feeling. Jay always looks more serious, even stiff in his public appearances. Whether or not Sharon affects the down-home style because she wants Jay to become president one day is worth considering. Sharon and Jay met in Washington in the summer of 1965. While Jay was on the antipoverty job in Emmons, he often spent weekends in Washington. Sharon confesses that Jay's height, six-foot-six, impressed her more at first than anything else. Even now she remarks, "He's six-foot-seven when he stands up straight." A romance bloomed, they were engaged, and in April 1967 they were married. Jay had already declared his allegiance to the Democratic party, and Sharon was about to, although her father had just been elected to the United States Senate.

Jack Pauley, who knew Jay when he was single, says, "Sharon probably has done more to change him than anything. Jay could make pretty flip decisions, at times. He's become more mature."

Sharon is a bonus in Jay's obsessive effort to erase the carpetbagger image. It is constantly on his mind. When I talked with him at Jackson's Mill (he prefaced the conversation by stressing that it was not an interview, since he doesn't give interviews to "outside" newsmen), the relaxed setting didn't divert the old concern. "Before the fall campaign is over," he said grimly, "they'll pull out the Ludlow Massacre stuff and outside coal interests and all the rest. It will never die." (The Ludlow Massacre was the wanton killing, by gunfire, of twenty men striking against the Rockefeller-owned Colorado Fuel and Iron Company on April 20, 1914.)

Rockefeller's prohibition of allowing "outside" journalists—meaning those not working for West Virginia publications or stations—to interview him, grew out of his 1972 campaign experiences. Then, the so-called national media, scenting a political star aborning, flew into Charleston in astonishing numbers for firsthand words and impressions.

The Charleston *Daily Mail* even did a long story detailing the coverage by national magazines and newspapers, making the point that "in almost every case, the writers have pictured West Virginia in its age-old role of being poverty-stricken and rejected by the world." In a word, Jay makes West Virginia look bad.

In early 1976, when Jay refused the stigmatized "outside" press, he would say, "I'm sorry, but we've decided we've got to do it this way. I hate to be a bum, but we can't make that mistake again."

Jay and his present advisers won't risk mistakes, and Jay doesn't attack dragons anymore. A former adviser says: "He got his ass whipped four years ago, and now it's a matter of Rockefeller pride. His present views are the *real* Jay. He has good

We'll never tell in public which of the above have their own hair—and which ones have the blessings of Hair Again.

For Hair Again is the unique cosmetic surgery process that more and more public figures (political, theatrical and professional—anyone who has to look good) are turning to for the most advanced hair replacement process yet conceived.

A free brochure tells all about Hair Again and how it can change your looks and outlook on life.

But this much we'll tell you now. Hair Again is not a transplant. Not a hairweave. Not a hairpiece. It is a beautiful, full head of hair that's on your head to stay. The best thing that could happen to you if you're balding.

Three stages of replacing hair by the surgical retainer method.

HAIR AGAIN LTD. 14 E. 60th St. N.Y. N.Y. 10022

Fill in the coupon for the free, illustrated brochure that tells how it works and how it has changed people's lives from lost to found. The booklet contains actual unretouched Before and After photographs.

You'll be amazed at how far science has moved in the direction of Hair Again.

Is Hair Again the answer to my prayers?
Please send me your free brochure.

Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ Zip Code

State _____

HAIR AGAIN LTD.®

14 East 60th St. Dept. No. 6-18, N.Y., N.Y. 10022
(212) 832-1234

© Hair Again Ltd., 1976

intentions, but he's not a liberal. The advisers he had before gave him flak and stimulated him. The guys he has now are for playing it cool and give him no flak."

On June 5, 1976, the guys who give him no flak and other fans gathered at the Charleston House Holiday Inn to pick the remaining eight delegates to the Democratic convention. J. C. Dillon, the state chairman, held his corncob pipe in the air as he presided, and when the meeting was over, Sharon Rockefeller had been elected a delegate. She was obviously pleased.

That night Jay, in a gray pin-striped suit, yellow shirt, and floral-print tie, stood much taller over Dillon, who introduced him. Sen. Robert Byrd had already given his ringing support for Jay.

Byrd had been preceded by A. James Manchin, a big-faced, pot-bellied old boy, who had rounded up 100,000 junked cars from "the hollers" in a program "to wash West Virginia's pretty face and plant a honeysuckle on her crown." As Manchin lavishly praised Jay, he said he felt like Diogenes. He embraced Jay, and all the guys cheered. Another politician declared: "If Jay is elected, you will all be in office [he named them all]. If Jay is defeated, Lord knows what will happen to all of us." Then Jay spoke. He called out the first names of candidates who could help him and declared, "By being strong, coherent, and powerful, we will simply sweep out Republicans, all across. I'm going to be a good leader, not out of sight or touch. Remember our goal is to benefit the public. I'm anxious to get at it with you."

Thunderous applause and then testimonials from plain old county chairmen. Lucien Lewis said: "We go through more woe than you know about. All the chairmen are for you because you mean what you say." Lyle Tabb: "I'm so glad to tell you all that Jay Rockefeller gave a boost for my milk, the milk industry." Rodney Curtis: "Jay has come around on the surface [strip] mining thing. He's all right now."

Jay made sure in the primary that they all said, "He's all right now." He went after endorsements, and they flooded in, from state legislators, congressmen, mayors, newspapers, the president of the West Virginia Black Lung Association, businessmen, and even a few local labor unions. Jay wanted it all.

He also spent money as if he had to get all the votes. He was careful to report only $862,000 in expenditures just before primary-election day. No point in alarming the voters. One month later, though, he filed an updated figure of $1.7 million—a West Virginia record. His enemies claim his spending was closer to $3 million.

Jay spent more than all his opponents combined. Of the $1.7 million, some $1.2 million was listed as "advancements from candidate," which meant that Jay donated to Jay. But, as father-in-law Sen. Charles Percy says, "It's hard to raise money if you're a Rockefeller."

The bulk of Rockefeller's spending went for organization and conveying voters to and from the polls, an expense that sounds innocent but means that Jay paid big bucks to people who can deliver votes. He simply outbid the opposition, and there are reports that he paid drivers from $100 to $400. The $400-a-day drivers can deliver entire families who will vote right.

Congressman Ken Hechler was so disturbed by the heavy flow of Rockefeller money in his district (mostly poor counties) that he asked the Department of Justice to send in federal observers on election day to check the possibility of fraud.

No fraud has been proved, but investigative reporter Thomas A. Knight, of Chilton's *Charleston Gazette*, did a lengthy series in July detailing some fascinating contributions by—not to—Jay. Knight reported that "John D. Rockefeller IV," as he likes to call him, personally contributed $45,000 to local candidates in Logan County, where Jay had his toughest race. According to Knight, the bulk of this money was spent—legally—on precinct captains who worked both for the local candidates and for Rockefeller. Thus, by giving $5,000 apiece to the candidates for circuit judge, sheriff, assessor, county commissioner, House of Delegates, and justices of the peace, Rockefeller was filtering money for his own effort and wasn't required to report these novel contributions as campaign expenditures. Rockefeller carried Logan County, but it cost him—officially—$15.64 for every vote he received. Rockefeller campaign manager Eugene Hoyer argues that Jay's contributions to Logan County candidates were used in their own election interest and not Jay's. But as Knight reported, one candidate said, "It all went into the same pot."

> Most West Virginians like the prospect of Jay using his influence to bring them prosperity, and they don't mind his wealth at all.

"Rockefeller has learned West Virginia politics," says Lawrence Barker, secretary-treasurer of the state AFL-CIO, which backed James Sprouse. "Sure, Jay spent more than the $1.7 million, but you won't find it."

It's ironic that many West Virginians (experts estimate that one-third of the voters will never trust Jay) still think Jay hasn't been in the state long enough to know its government needs, and that at the same time others are convinced that he has been around so long that he is on to the sharp tricks.

"He knows what nefarious practices are," a prominent Republican says, "and he was buying everything that could be bought this spring." The same man predicts that Jay will be a strong governor "though no one has accused him of being too smart. The best thing he could do would be to leave the state during the campaign and let the win come on its own."

Still, most West Virginians, according to surveys, are pleased with the prospect of a Gov. Jay Rockefeller using his influence to bring prosperity to the state, and they don't mind his wealth at all.

Jay peddled the line regularly that he was too rich to be crooked. He also let out a story about an offer to him by then Gov. Nelson A. Rockefeller.

A week before the June primary, Jay disclosed that in 1968, Gov. Nelson A. Rockefeller offered to appoint him to the seat made vacant by the death of Robert F. Kennedy, provided that Jay come home like a prodigal son and become a Republican once again. Thus Jay portrayed himself as tough-minded and loyal to West Virginia in turning down an offer many would find hard to refuse.

But those Rockefeller aides close to Nelson A. Rockefeller claim that Jay was far more interested in making such a deal than Nelson was in offering it. "It was more a Jay matter than a Nelson matter. It's interesting that Jay waited until just before the primary to tell about it."

Now, as Jay approaches both middle age and the governorship, his chips are all bet on West Virginia. He has found a life that Rockefellers would agree is a mission.

The mission is regularly inspected by Senator Percy and his wife, and less frequently by Jay's parents. His mother, Blanchette Ferry Hooker Rockefeller, is remembered by West Virginians as an outgoing, friendly matron of a woman. Jay's father comes off as John Davison Rockefeller III, a gray eminence.

Election nights are a favorite visiting time. Last May, when Jay swept the gubernatorial field, Percy and Jay's father were asked to be interviewed on live TV. John D. III demurred, but Percy finally persuaded him to give it a go.

"There we were," says Percy, "Republicans, giving our views on a Democratic primary. I think Jay's father enjoyed it."

Jay keeps up his outside contacts. Rockefeller family planes or commercial jets make it easy for him to get off to dinner parties in Washington or New York. When he gets back and passes the word, it gets around Charleston that "Jay had dinner with Henry Kissinger and Barbara Walters," or that "Jay was at a party with the Kennedys."

Sharon and Jay entertain only on occasion at their Charleston home or at their country estate. A politician or two may be by for breakfast, lunch, or dinner, but the Rockefellers are not known for throwing

parties.

"He is not a country-club guy," says Ned Chilton. "They have been in and out of the clubs and use them mostly for swimming and tennis. Jay could be a damned good tennis player. When he gets on the court, he thinks of the White House and plays a commanding game. He's not badly coordinated at all."

While Sharon and Jay live and dress as though they were in a big city, they have not sent their children to private schools. Jamie, six, and Valerie, five (named after Sharon's murdered sister), attend integrated public schools.

So Jay and his family, in their private lives, live with the measure of isolation that all Rockefellers have experienced. It is Jay's public life that interests West Virginians, especially those who love to talk politics.

Only a scandal could stop Jay from becoming governor now. If he lost to Cecil Underwood, his amiable Republican opponent, Jay would be washed up in West Virginia politics.

If he wins the governorship, Jay's next opportunity would come in 1978, when Sen. Jennings Randolph, now seventy-four, might retire. Jay would be an even forty then and could serve one or two terms in the Senate before trying for the big one that eluded Uncle Nelson for sixteen years.

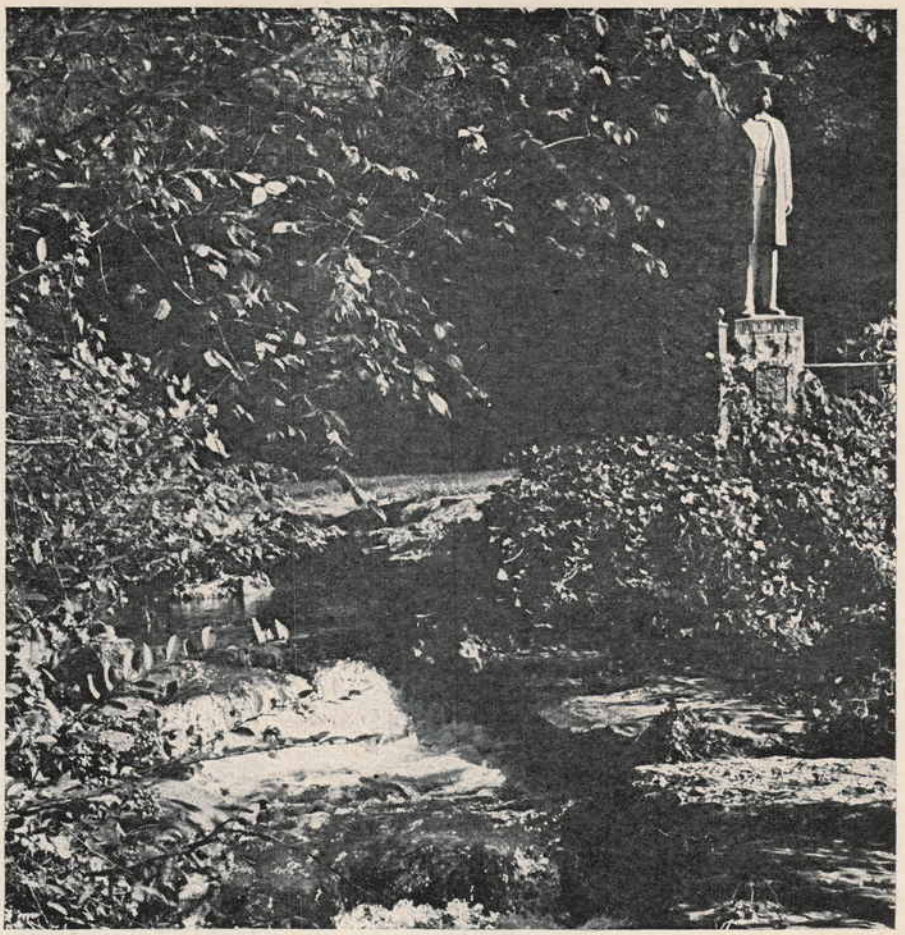
"He has the fire in his belly for the presidency," says Lawrence Barker, "and Sharon has it more so. She'd love to go to Washington." Old friend Charlie Peters observes: "Does Jay want to be president? He sure does."

In downtown Charleston, not far from the dingy, gray-faced old building where Jay's campaign headquarters are housed, is a second-floor disco nightclub called "The Roaring Twenties." It is owned and managed by Jay's original working-class friend, Bill Miller, who, at thirty-eight, still looks as if he could play some professional football.

Miller and his wife looked after Jay during the early days when the Chiltons couldn't, and Bill got his aunt to be Jay's housekeeper. Jay soaked up a lot of Bill Miller and his family, and Miller won't forget it for the rest of his life.

Customers walk up red-carpeted stairs to get to Bill Miller's place. Inside, the rock band fills the dance hall with din. Waitresses, in jeans and halter tops must get close to the patrons to hear the shouted orders for drinks. The "roaring twenties" motif seems a little out of place for the young crowd, hot for the Grateful Dead, David Bowie, or the Spinners, and not for Bobby Jones or Babe Ruth. But business is good.

Bill Miller is proud of his success, the club's house drink, "The Godfather," and his friendship with Jay. "I'm convinced he's here to stay," he says. "I'll always work in his campaigns. I still see him in his home or at mine or in his office, but not as much as before. No, he never comes to this bar. He wouldn't come here."



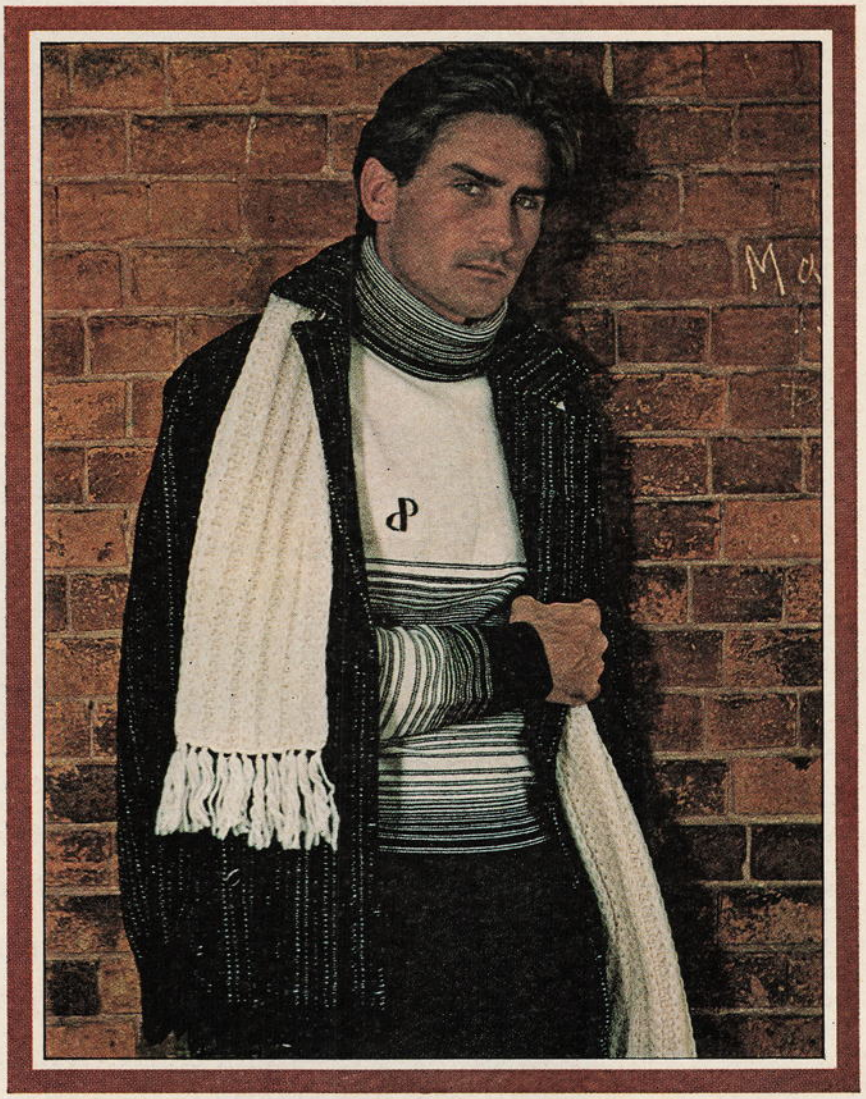
MR. JACK DANIEL put his distillery by this Lynchburg cave spring, even though it meant shipping whiskey from Tullahoma.

You see, there wasn't any railroad in Lynchburg. But there *was* this iron-free spring that was just right for making whiskey.

Mainly, the spring and Mr. Jack's charcoal mellowing process have accounted for Jack Daniel's uncommon smoothness for the past 111 years. A sip, we believe, and you'll be glad we still don't mind hauling our whiskey over to Tullahoma.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.



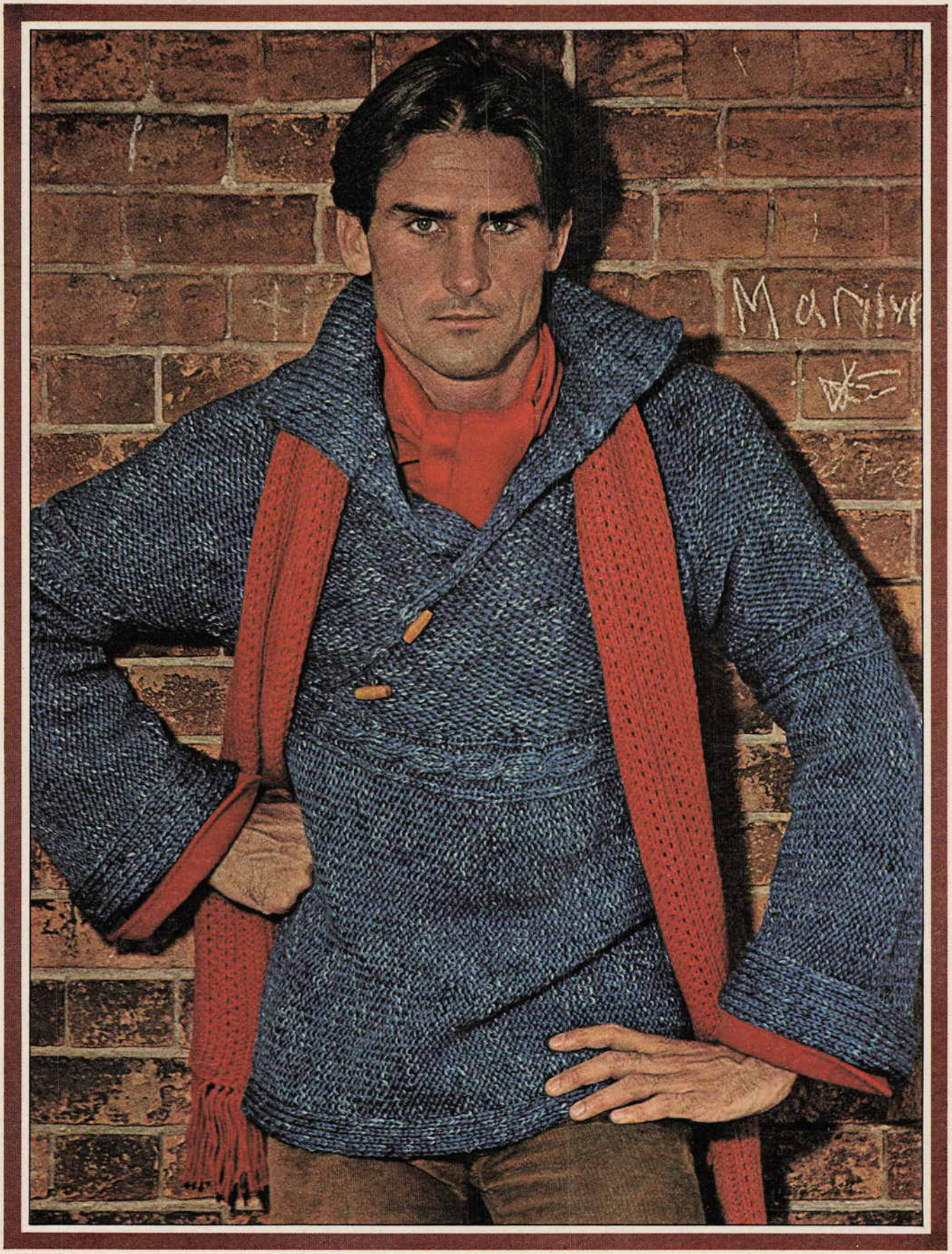
FASHION BY ED EMMERLING/PHOTOGRAPHS BY PIERRE HOULES

The layered-look is not just fashion:
these sweaters could make jackets obsolete.

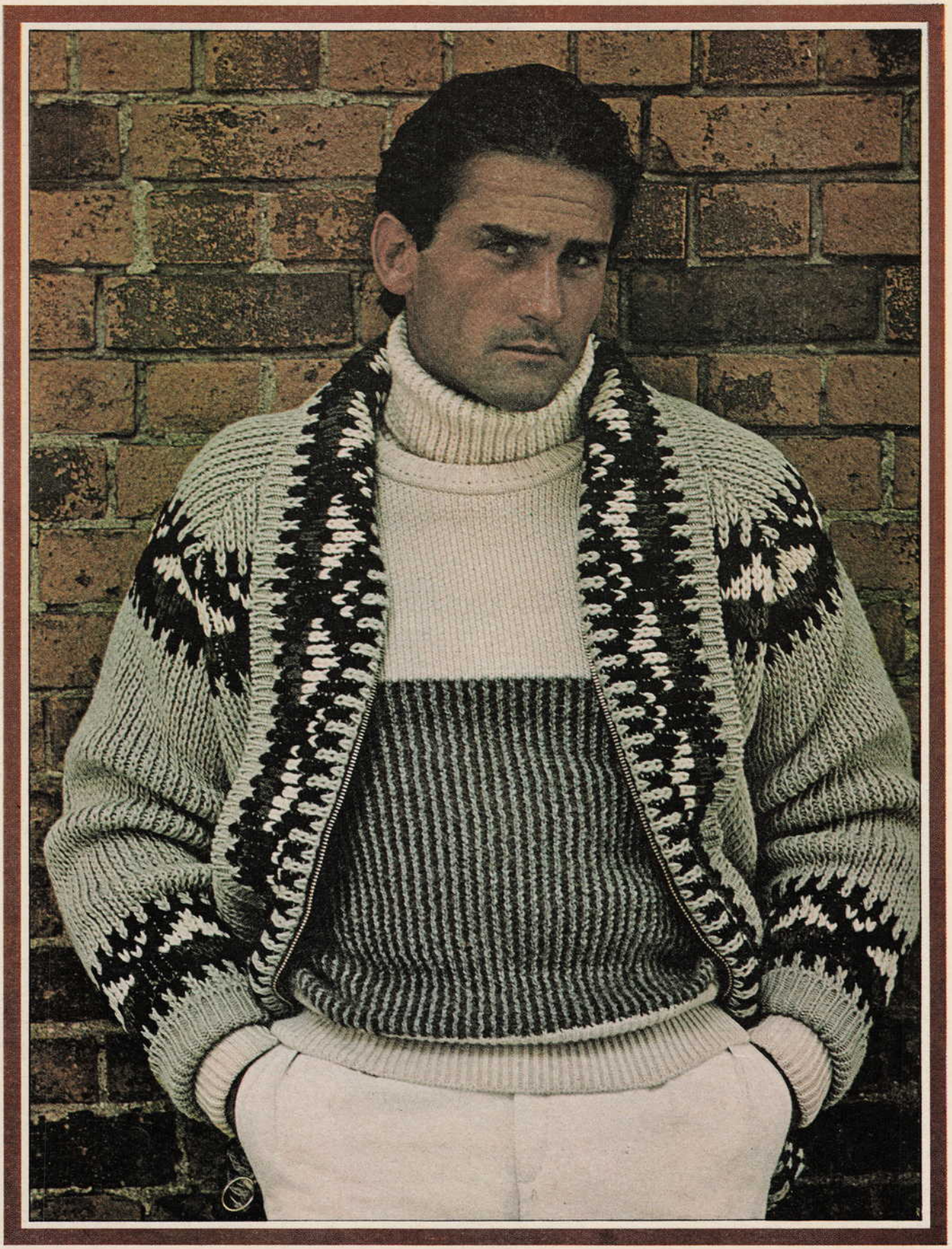
SWEATER WEATHER

Take off your jacket this year. While the basic, one-color sweater remains on the shelves, you can also choose heavily textured ethnic looks, full of bold color, stripes, and geometric design. Layering a heavy, bulky knit on top of an inner, snug-fitting sweater will give you full fashion and extra warmth. The layers will keep you comfy, and the color and texture will give you style.

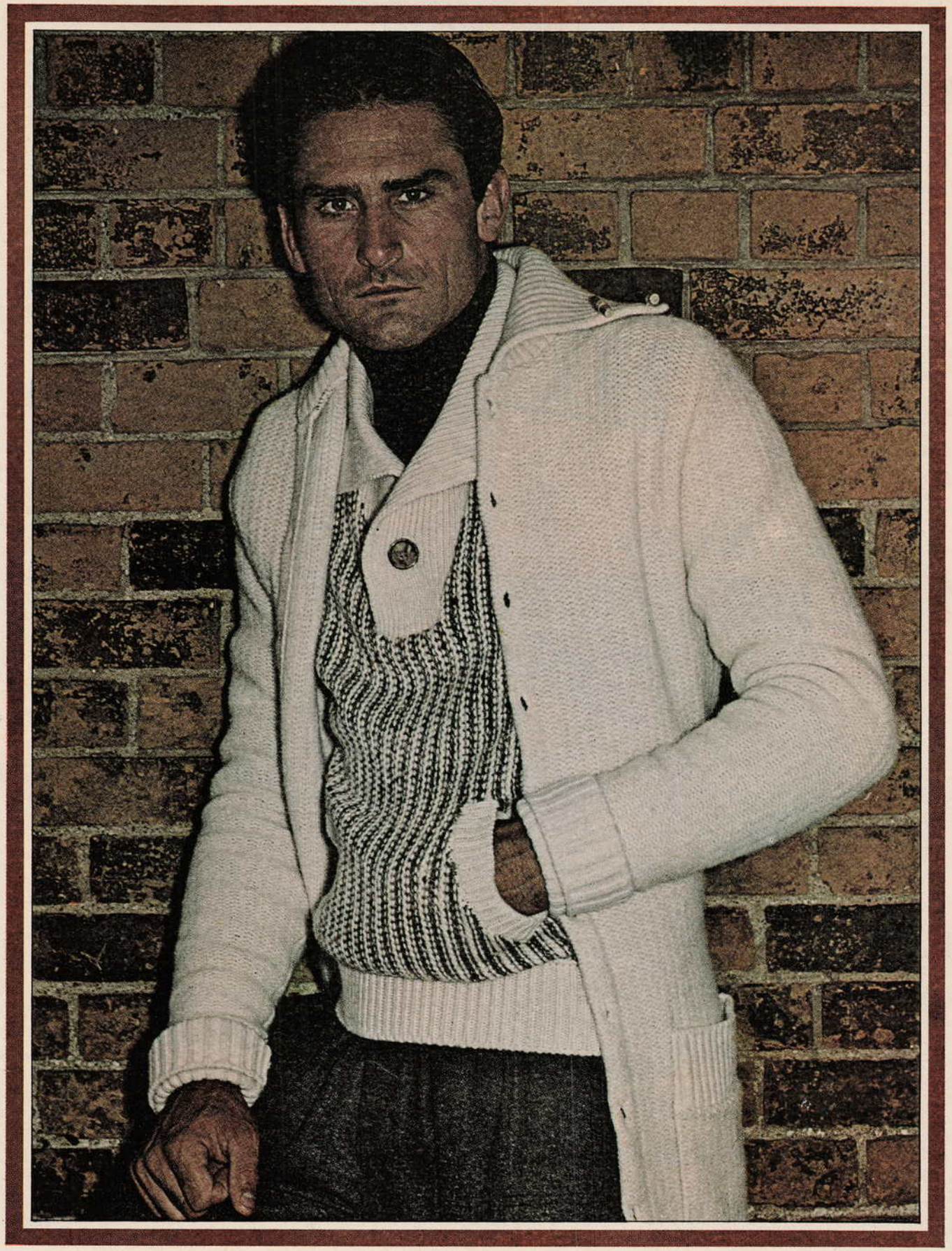
For information on where to buy the merchandise featured, see Fashion Finder, page 168.



Opposite page: The unconstructed, double-breasted knit cardigan doubles as a jacket. This one ($115) is shown with wool turtleneck sweater ($45) and wool-pleated trousers ($60). Ensemble by Carlo Palazzi Roma-New York at Sakowitz, Houston, Tex. All long, wool scarves and mufflers by Handcraft, Inc. This page: Toggle-closure pullover of wool and acrylic by Pierre Cardin Relax ($88).



The great ethnic sweater-jacket of Scandinavian design, all in virgin wool ($62.50), is by Pendleton Woolen Mills (available at Baskins, Chicago, Ill.) and can zipper up over an alpaca-wool, crew-neck-style pullover ($60) by Jaeger Co. Underneath it all is a virgin-wool, fisherman's cable-knit turtleneck ($32.50) by Pendleton. The "winter" white-wool trousers ($45) are by Pierre Cardin Relax.



At long last length: This long sweater-coat for men is all wool and features wood-toggle closures. It's $90 and by Mark Birnbaum for Carara Fashions, Ltd. Available at Bogarts, Oak Park, Ill. Underneath the coat is a "kangaroo"-pouch pullover sweater ($50) by Damon. The ever-classic turtleneck is by Robert Bruce. Finally, the brown-wool French army pants ($40) are by Pierre Cardin Relax.

©Lorillard 1976

True slashes tar in half!

Down to only

5 MGS. TAR

Today's True, lower than ever in tar.
And a taste worth changing to. Think about it.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Regular and Menthol: 5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, by FTC Method.

COUPLES

ZEN AND THE ART OF CLASSROOM SEDUCTION

In the classroom she practiced the
Socratic method on her pet student, but her bedroom philosophy would have
driven the curriculum board to hemlock. She taught him
everything from anilingus to Zarathustra.

"We've been very discreet around campus. After all, I don't want to lose my teaching position just because Gary and I were caught making it in the library."

GARY'S STORY: What I find amazing about my relationship with Jane is that she turned me on—I mean, really opened me up—to having affairs with a lot of different women. Before I met her, I was pretty shy around girls; and the few times I got up enough courage to ask out one of them around campus, it was kind of a bust. I'd usually go to bed with them, but I was self-conscious and inexperienced, not really the answer to a maiden's dreams. Being ten years older than me, Jane was understanding and free and open and really taught me all I know about sex. Christ, when she wasn't lecturing me in class about philosophy, we were in bed, with her giving me the ins and outs on how to be a great lay. I guess the problem now is that I don't have any trouble attracting women and satisfying them, but I'm not interested anymore. This sounds kind of funny, seeing as I spent most of the last ten years daydreaming about having all the women I wanted whenever I felt like it.

I can't figure out any reason why I should have been so uptight with women. I mean, I didn't grow up in one of those uptight, puritanical families where you're taught that sex is dirty. It was just never talked about. My parents were heavy, intellectual-type people and probably thought that any raps about sex were beneath their dignity or something. I never even got one of those birds-and-bees talks a father is supposed to give his son when he notices that junior's been spending a lot of time in the bathroom with pinup magazines. I had an older brother, who was away at college most of the time, and I was never that close to him anyway. I used to think it would be nice to have a sister or a close girl friend—you know, not to have sex with but just to talk about things with. That way you'd get to know about women, what they liked and what turned them on. But I don't even think about that now, because Jane has given me more than a sister or a friend could.

The first time I saw Jane was about a year ago, when I walked into the philosophy class she taught at a small college where I was a senior. I was really knocked out by the way she

Photographs by Earl Miller

Penthouse presents another in its series of interviews uncovering the most intimate facts of both the male and female side of a sexual relationship—analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, the eminent sexologist. Couples who wish to be interviewed should write in confidence to: The Editor, "Couples," Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

looked. She wasn't a sexy dresser, probably because the college wouldn't have liked the idea of a teacher flaunting it around her students. But I would mentally undress her while she was up in front of the class. She had long, beautiful legs, shapely hips, and big tits that I imagined had big, red nipples the size of saucers. Her face was fantastic, too, and she had these thick, sexy lips that she would wet occasionally with a lick of her tongue. I could describe every inch of her and every little movement, because I studied her more than the books she assigned during the semester I was in her class. But I worked hard for her, too, because I thought she might notice me then. I mean, I honestly didn't think she'd ever go to bed with me. But I just wanted to get closer to her somehow, and I was too shy to talk to her outside of class or anything like that—you know, when sometimes you have coffee with your teacher or go over to her house for a talk or some advice. Well, I was in for the educational surprise of my life.

I received good grades on papers and an occasional compliment in class, but nothing much else happened until a few days before Christmas vacation. I got back a paper, and there was only one comment on it: "Please see me after class." I was so nervous and excited that I just sat in my seat and waited till everybody had left the classroom. She saw me sitting there and came walking over, smiling and looking very friendly. I figured she was just going to talk to me right there, but she seemed to change her mind after a couple of minutes and suggested that I come by her place around five that evening for some wine. I could hardly stammer out a yes, but I did remember to ask her where she lived.

She arrived about fifteen minutes late, and I must have looked sort of like a lost puppy or something, hanging around outside her apartment. I was still nervous, but after having a couple of glasses of wine and listening to her talk, I began to relax and feel comfortable—maybe even more comfortable than I had ever felt in the presence of a woman. She was very interesting and complimented me a lot and even seemed concerned about me. She asked me about my other classes and my social life.

Before I knew it, it was eight o'clock, and she asked me if I wanted to stay for dinner. She changed into something "comfortable," a sexy hostess gown with a plunging neckline, and I helped her make some chili. But I wasn't paying all that much attention to what I was doing, because I was looking at her. When she leaned over the stove or reached for something, I could see one of those large, red nipples I had imagined; and it looked like it was aching to be sucked. I even thought for a moment that she might be coming on to me, but she seemed so unaware of it and I was so unsure of myself anyway that I figured I must be imagining things. And I was kind of embarrassed, because I had this really obvious hard-on straining against my pants.

Anyway, to make a long story short, she showed me around her place while dinner was cooking, and suddenly she was leading me off to her bedroom. I mean, I honestly can't remember how it happened, and it doesn't make any difference. Before I knew what was going on, she had whipped off her hostess gown and had seated me on the bed and was pulling down my trousers. When she started sucking me off, I couldn't believe it, but I didn't bother seeking any explanations. She knelt down in front of me and held my balls in those huge tits of hers. And then she put her soft lips around the head of my prick and licked it with her tongue, until she started taking me all the way, her mouth moving slowly up and down on my prick. After doing that for a while, she'd stop when she had three quarters of me in her mouth; and then she'd suck her cheeks in and out on my throbbing dick till I was seeing stars. And just before I thought I was going to explode from the intense sensations, she withdrew her mouth and began running her tongue in a thin, wet line up and down and around the length of my penis until I screamed out that I was going to come. She swallowed me again with that soft, wet mouth, and when I shot my load, she sucked me dry, till the least flick of her tongue felt almost painful. I was knocked off my feet.

I fell asleep. And when I woke up, I felt kind of bad, like I had pulled a hit-and-run job—you know, coming that way and then kind of leaving her behind. But she was really understanding and held me in her arms and brushed her lips along my cheek. I kissed her and nuzzled her tits, sucking and lightly biting her nipples. I got hard again, and we made love, with her showing me the way and all—what made her feel good and what gave her the most pleasure. She loves me to eat her out, and I really love it, too. I find hair a real turn-on, and she has this fuzzy, thick patch of hair covering her pussy and these soft, pulpy lips that I dig running my tongue between, especially when she gets all hot and wet and starts groaning and arching her back so I can get my tongue into her as far as possible or suck on her clit. What a teacher she proved to be!

> When Jane wasn't lecturing me in class about philosophy, we were in bed with her giving me the ins and outs on how to be a great lay.

I learned a lot of positions from her, too, when all I had ever done before was straight missionary. I mean, it's not like we sat down with a sex manual or anything and tried out position number ten on the kitchen table. It all happened kind of naturally, like we were simply trying out new ways of giving each other pleasure, new ways of getting into one another's body and soul.

Needless to say, after that first night I called my parents and told them I wouldn't be home for the holidays, because we—I mean I—had to study for exams. And study and examine we did. We got into each other sexually until I felt like we had done it all; and like I said, it all happened so naturally that I almost couldn't believe it. She showed me how to do it doggie fashion, which I liked, because I felt like I could get deep inside her. And then one time, when we were doing it that way, she suddenly told me just to lie back on the bed. Without even separating, she was on top of me, her backside to me so that I could watch her sit on me and wiggle her ass around and then slide up and down on my prick. God, it felt good, and somehow being able to watch made it even better. And then, another time, when she was blowing me—and she gives great head—she asked me to turn over and the next thing I felt was this sharp, tingling sensation in my ass hole. I could feel

her licking me there and her tongue kind of darting in and out of me. And all the while she was pulling me off with her hand, so that when I finally came, it was one of the most incredible feelings I've ever had.

So we studied each other, crawled over each other, and fucked each other in every possible position until the new year. After we'd finished making love for several hours, I'd lie there smoking a cigarette and ask her why she liked me. I guess that sounds kind of dumb, but she's so great-looking and she could have affairs with all kinds of guys, that I wondered why she'd be interested in somebody like me. I mean, when I first met her, I didn't exactly come on like a big stud or anything. She'd just say that it didn't make any difference, that we were together now, and that that was all that mattered. When I asked her about other guys she'd been with, she'd say the same thing: that it didn't matter and that I shouldn't worry about it, because we were together. She even told me that I shouldn't consider being with her the be-all-and-the-end-all of my sex life. She said that I was attractive and that I could probably be with a lot of other women if I wanted to. I thought that was such a great attitude, and it was this attitude that made me love her and respect her even more.

By the time classes started again, Jane and I had gotten to know each other really well, and I felt like a different person. I was the picture of confidence. I didn't have any trouble getting it on with other women, and Jane encouraged me to see other women. We still saw each other a couple of times a week, usually on weekends, and we'd spend most of our time in bed. But I started dating a lot of other women and sleeping around. I even made it with the most popular girl on campus, you know the kind, with a fantastic figure and a great face, always being asked out by rich, handsome guys and a real snob on top of it all. She probably figured she was doing me a big favor by going out with me, but by the end of the evening she took me back to her apartment, and we screwed all night long. She loved it and said that nobody had ever made her feel so good. I saw her a few times, and she'd do anything for me. Christ, she'd practically rape me when I'd go over to her place. I even deflowered her, so to speak, because I got her into anal sex, and that was the only virgin place on her body. I kind of dug it in a way. I'd make her stand up and lean over the bed, so that her ass was sticking up, and then I'd just plunge my cock into her ass hole up to the hilt—I mean, no Vaseline or anything. She'd scream and whimper at first, but I'd move in and out slowly and pick up steam till I was ramming her, my balls slapping against her buttocks, and she'd be going crazy, moaning and begging me to come. It ended up that she fell in love with me and would call me up all the time, asking me where I spent my weekends. It honestly got to be a drag, and I had to tell her to get lost. She was okay and all that, but she just wasn't in the same class with Jane. I told Jane about it, and she laughed and said I was the best student she'd ever had.

And I guess that's the problem. I really love Jane, and I don't want to be with anybody else, but she says that being with one person all the time can ruin a great relationship. She feels that if we lived together and spent all our time together, we'd probably get tired of each other. But I can't imagine ever getting tired of Jane. I've learned so much from her, and there's so much more to learn. She's very intelligent and beautiful, and she's fantastic in bed. I mean, she's even a great cook. I still sleep with different women once in a while, but that's more just to please Jane—you know, tell her what it's like with other people. I've asked her about the other guys she sleeps with, but she doesn't talk about them. She's very quiet and private about that part of her life, and she should be, because I think I'd get jealous and hurt if I knew who she was sleeping around with. Anyway, we don't discuss it, and I don't force it, because I don't want to turn Jane off. I'd marry her tomorrow if she were willing, but if I started getting pushy or possessive, it would ruin the beautiful thing we have now. And the last thing in the world I want to do is to lose Jane. Perhaps I am being immature about this marriage thing with Jane. After all, it will be quite a while before I can even think of matching her salary, not that I'd ever want her to quit her position at the college. Jane loves teaching more than anything. So all I can do now is see her like this, and maybe in a while it can become a more permanent kind of setup. I hope so.

> "As a teacher I wanted to help Gary, and the best thing I could do was to give him an education in bed. So far he's graduated with honors!"

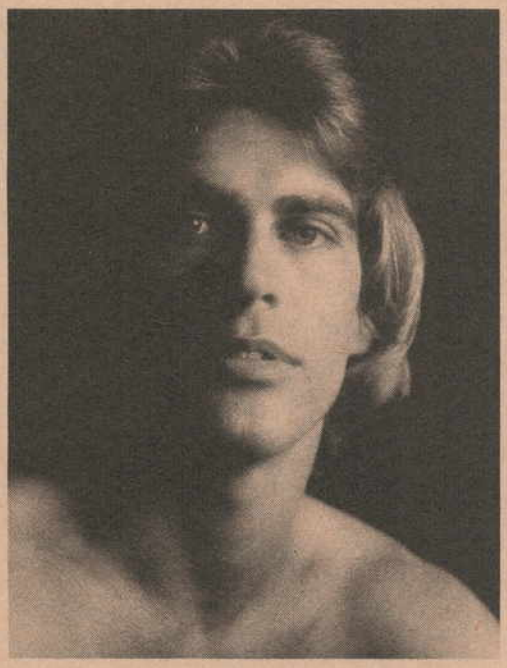
JANE'S STORY:

I'm very fond of Gary. He's sweet and gentle, and he's become a fantastic lover, the kind of man who really wants to give you pleasure, so that you want to satisfy him as well as yourself. It's funny for me to think of the first time we got together. I bet Gary would be amused, too, if he thought about it now. He was so timid, shy, and nervous, even dumb, because I made it so obvious that I wanted to sleep with him. I suppose he still wonders why I was attracted to him at all. To me, it doesn't make any difference, because there's really no reason why you want to be with one man more than another; and sometimes, when you think you might like somebody, he turns out to be a creep. But I've been with enough men by now to have a pretty good idea who's going to turn me on and who isn't.

If I think about it, I suppose that Gary appealed to some maternal instinct in me. I guess it sounds rather silly, but he had this little-lost-boy quality about him. I mean, he's attractive and quite intelligent, but he seemed so unsure of himself and timid, especially around women. At first, I thought that was just his way of being cool—you know, aloof and standoffish—as if he felt superior to everybody. But then I realized from the way he acted in class when he'd ask a question or try to talk to me, even from the papers he wrote, that he had no self-confidence and was just frightened. I am a teacher after all, and I think that part of me expresses itself in all aspects of my life, not just in the classroom. I wouldn't have bothered if I hadn't been attracted to Gary anyway, but I wanted to help him; and it just so happened that the best thing I could do for him was to give him an education in bed. And I'd say that he's

graduated with honors—right at the head of the class.

That first night we spent together, I had trouble trying to keep from laughing. I hadn't actually planned on sleeping with Gary, but after talking to him for a while, I decided that it might be a good thing for both of us. So I changed into my sexiest lounging-around outfit and came on to Gary so strongly that I almost felt embarrassed. He didn't respond at all, but I could feel him watching me, undressing me with his eyes, and I realized that if anything were going to happen, I'd have to take the initiative. When I lead him into the bedroom and disrobed, I thought that his eyes were going to pop out of his head. After I sat him down on the bed and pulled off his trousers, I guess he felt as if he had been transported into some kind of dream world. At least, that's what he told me later. And I tried to make it an unforgettable experience. I languished over his cock, which I think is beautiful, and I've told him so many times. I licked it and swallowed it eagerly, and when he came, it was a lot. I felt as if I had swallowed five mouthfuls of sperm that just kept spurting from his wet, throbbing prick. I figured that Gary must have had a lot of pent-up sexuality—you know, it had been a long time coming—and he told me that this experience was the first time anyone had blown him. That surprised me, because I've always enjoyed giving head, and I just assumed that most women do, too. Anyway, I was really happy about it, because I had given Gary pleasure and had loosened him up. He was so cute, too, very appreciative and loving, and he really wanted to know what made me feel good. We spent two beautiful weeks together, during which we hardly even bothered to get out of bed and just loved each other in any way that would give us both pleasure.



I imagine that to a lot of people this might sound strange coming from a college professor, especially when she's talking about one of her students. But I feel that I have a beautiful relationship with Gary, and I'm glad I could teach him something about how wonderful sex is before he gets tied down with a wife and kids, without knowing what it is all about. And maybe I feel that way, because my own experience growing up and learning about my sexual identity was so awful and sick.

My mother was neurotic and uptight—basically frustrated, I think, since she never enjoyed sex in her life. It's incredible to me, but she honestly believed that the only reason for sexual intercourse was to produce babies and that if a woman liked it any other way there was something the matter with her. I'm sure she never had one stimulating experience in bed with my father, because she felt sex was a duty instead of a delightful experience two human beings could share with each other. And I don't know how my father felt about it, because he was away a lot of the time, working as a traveling salesman to support us. I wouldn't be surprised if he stayed away so that he could find the action on the road that he was missing out on with my mother. Since I was an only child, I grew up in this stuffy, puritanical atmosphere totally under the influence of my mother.

Anyway, the upshot of all this is that when I got married, I was a virgin. I went to college because I was suffocating at home, and I ended up marrying one of my professors, who seemed very intelligent, mature, and gentle. He was a few years older than I, and I figured he could help me loosen up some, after the restrictive childhood I had been through. I also assumed that he was experienced and would know how to introduce me to sex with ease and grace. I suppose we should have just become lovers, but I still felt that you needed a marriage license to make sex legal. I was in for a surprise. We went through the whole newlyweds routine—room service, champagne, the works—and he just climbed on top of me, forced his way inside of me, which was very painful, and then came and rolled off me and fell asleep. I cried all night, but I believed that the first time was always that way and that things would get better. They didn't. For a while I thought that it was my fault; so I read up on the subject, perusing marriage manuals and even some pornography and trying different ways of turning my husband on. I guess he was just asexual, completely uninterested in his body and physical pleasure. Jesus, I can even remember going down on him one night, and he simply lay there in bed, reading some book or other, without even noticing what I was doing for him.

When I think about it now, the whole story seems pretty trite, like one of those classic case histories of a frigid woman who comes from a puritanical background and marries somebody who isn't responsive to her needs. What made me different is that I always felt there was more to sex than somebody getting on top of you and doing the old in-out, in-out a few times and then falling asleep. I've always been a sensual person. My nipples are very sensitive and easily become erect if someone lightly touches them. And it sounds kind of ironic, but I masturbated a lot during the first year of my marriage and would have incredible, shuddering orgasms just from fingering myself and rubbing my clitoris. So I knew that with the right person I could have a fulfilling sex life, and I wanted it, because it seemed like such a natural and important part of life. I wasn't going to end up like my mother—frustrated, neurotic, and not even realizing that her unhappiness was due in part to the fact that she never realized herself sexually.

Right before I got a divorce, I went back to college, because I knew I'd need my own career and also because I was sure college would be a good place to meet some men. Naturally, I stayed away from the professors, but I did meet a student named Greg in one of my education classes. We were about the same age and had had similar experiences: unsatisfying marriages, being away from college for a couple of years and then returning to get reinvolved in our lives and aspirations. We went out together a lot, had coffee after class, and talked about everything. He was a little shy at first, but he opened up after a while and told me about his first marriage and the kinds of sexual problems he'd had with his first wife. She sounded like my husband—only worse—because she didn't like making love and was afraid of it, to boot. Greg and I

exchanged a lot of personal details about our lives, and the exchange brought us pretty close. I think we both knew that we'd eventually make love but that it would happen of its own accord, without our pushing it.

And it did happen one evening, when we were at his house, studying together. We started caressing each other and very slowly and lovingly undressed each other and made love on the floor. We were a little careful at first—you know, trying to make sure that we were turning each other on. But almost as if by unspoken agreement, we decided that we would let go and do anything and everything we could think of to enhance our sex life. It was a fantastic experience and the turning point in my life.

Now I don't consider myself a real swinger, but I believe that between two consenting adults anything goes. Greg and I would sometimes suggest different things that would get us excited, but for the most part, we just learned from each other and taught each other as we went along. I remember once how I was sucking Greg off while he was sitting in a chair. He's got a very large cock, and I thought I'd try a different way of having him come in my mouth. I lay back on the floor and brought him down so that he was straddling me close to my breasts. I have very large breasts; so it was no trouble for him to hold them together around his penis while I sucked on the head. He really got off coming that way, and I did, too, because he was able to lean over and lick and suck my nipples. We also screwed doggie fashion a lot, and one time Greg stopped, leaned down, and started licking my anus. That felt fantastic, but after I had gotten really moist there, he decided to Greek me. At first his penis hurt like hell, but as I got used to it, it would feel incredible, as if he were as far inside me as possible; and when he spurted that hot jism into me, it felt like a volcanic eruption and I'd have an orgasm that vibrated throughout my whole body. That became one of our favorite ways of making love.

Greg and I saw each other for about two years and then went our separate ways, after graduation. But we saw other people during that time, too, because we agreed that a monogamous relationship would be silly. Perhaps because of our disastrous first marriages, we also felt that variety was as important as lack of inhibitions for a healthy sex life. He or I would sleep with someone else, and then we'd tell about what it was like, how it was different from what we did together in bed. We still write to each other, and whenever he's in the area for a teacher's convention or something like that, we swap stories about different affairs we've been having and spend a lot of time making love ourselves. It's a very special relationship to both of us, and I hope we'll always know each other.

I kind of hoped I could establish that kind of relationship with Gary, but lately he's gotten possessive. I mean, I don't think I'm promiscuous. I don't just hop into bed with any creep I happen to bump into and screw like a bunny all night. But I have to be emotionally and sexually independent. And as you must have gathered by now, I adore making love. But I'm also devoted to teaching, and I like to lead an active social and cultural life. I enjoy being with and getting to know other men. I spend most of my time with Gary, but I want to feel free to be with other people. I want him to feel the same freedom, but I don't think that he does. It's a shame, because he's changed so much since I first met him. He's always been bright and attractive, but now he's sure of himself and so charming that I tremendously enjoy going out with him. We've been very discreet around the campus, and he'll be graduating soon; so there has been no problem as far as a scandal or anything like that is concerned (such as my leaving the college in disgrace while he's shipped home to his parents, because somebody caught us making time in the library.)

I never even think about the fact that he's younger than I am except when I think of how serious he's getting about me. He was willing to see other women and tell me what it was like being with them; but now it seems that he only does it for me, because he knows I'm curious about it. What teacher wouldn't be proud of her student and his exploits? But I can't talk to him about Greg or any of the men I might see occasionally, because I know telling him would upset him. He tries not to let it bother him, but I can sometimes tell, by the way he talks around the subject, that he's jealous. I'm even sure now that he'd like to marry me, but that's out of the question. It should be for him, too, because he's got so much more living and learning to do before he ties himself down to one person. I may get married again, but right now that's the last thing on my mind. And if the time comes that I do, the person will have to be a very rare, mature individual. I love my life the way it is, and I find my relationship with Gary quite fulfilling, emotionally and sexually. In my own way, I love Gary very much. And, of course, I believe that sex should be completely liberated and open when you're with people you love, so that it will always be satisfying. I guess communication is becoming a problem, because Gary's become so attached to me that he finds it difficult to talk about his feelings, as if he didn't want to alienate me. I hope we can work something out. He means a great deal to me, and for this reason I really wouldn't want to hurt him.

DR. ROBERT CHARTHAM COMMENTS:

This is what one might term a "classic" situation. The older woman, who's just had a disastrous marriage, looks for an inexperienced boy whom she can mold to her own sexual pattern. The inexperienced boy is impressed by the attention shown him by this older woman, he becomes promiscuous at her request, and eventually he believes himself to be in love with her.

Two factors are likely to prevent this relationship from becoming the disaster such affairs usually become. One factor is Jane's aversion to marriage; the other, her instinctive appreciation that the age gap—in this case mostly intellectual—is a bar to a permanent relationship.

It has to be said, however, that if Jane has trouble with Gary, it is her own fault. She's used Gary for selfish ends. The fact that Gary must be a "good honors pupil" is not really relevant.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 186

"Uh oh."

Discover What Vitamins Can Do For Your Hair.

Glenn Braswell, President, Cosvetic Laboratories.

WHAT I DISCOVERED

Believe me, I had a problem. Five years ago I had all sorts of hair problems. I even thought I was going to lose my hair. Everyone in my family always had thick, healthy hair, so I knew my problem could not be hereditary.

I tried everything that made sense, and even a few things that didn't. When I went to a dermatologist, I got no encouragement. One doctor even jokingly said the only way to save my hair was to put it in a safety deposit box. Incidentally, he had less hair than I did. Needless to say, nothing would work for me.

But I didn't give up hope. I couldn't. My good looks (and vanity) spurred me on to find a cure. I started hitting the books.

My studies on hair have pointed more and more to nutrition. Major nutritionists report that vitamins and minerals in the right combination and in the right proportion are necessary to keep hair healthy. And one internationally acclaimed beauty and health expert says the best hair conditioner in the world is proper nutrition. (In non-hereditary cases, in which hair loss is directly attributed to vitamin deficiencies, hair has been reported to literally thrive after the deficiencies were corrected.)

WHAT THE EXPERTS DISCOVERED

Then I started reading all the data on nutrition I could get my hands on. I am now finding the medical field beginning to support these nutritionists.

Studies have determined that the normal adult could be replacing each hair on the head as often as once every three to four years. You need to give your hair its own specific dietary attention, just as you give your body in general.

One doctor at a major university discovered that re-growth of scalp cells occur 7 times as fast as other body cells. Therefore, general nutrition (even though it may be good enough for proper nourishment of the skin), may not be sufficient for scalp and hair.

In the Human Hair Symposium conducted in 1973, scientists reported that hair simply won't grow without sufficient zinc sulfate.

In case after case my hopes were reinforced by professional opinions. (And you know how hard it is to get any two scientists or doctors to agree on anything.)

The formula I devised for my own hair called for 7 vitamins and 5 minerals. The only problem was I discovered I was spending about $30 a month for the separate compounds.

So, after a half year of further study, careful experimentation and product development, Head Start was made. A precisely formulated vitamin and mineral supplement specifically designed to provide the five minerals and seven vitamins your hair desperately needs for health. It is not a magical baldness preventative.

Four years later, over a quarter million people have tried Head Start. Over 100 of the regular users, by the way, are medical doctors. What's more, a little more than ½ of our users are females!

Today, as you can see from the picture, my own hair is greatly improved. But don't take my word for it. I have a business to run. Listen to the people (both men and women) who wrote in, although they weren't asked to, nor were they paid a cent, to drop me a line.

WHAT OUR CUSTOMERS DISCOVERED

"I wasn't losing my hair, I just wanted it to grow faster." D.B., Nashville, Tenn.

"Your product has improved the condition of my hair and as far as I'm concerned has done everything you said it would." C.B., Santa Rosa, Calif. "I can honestly say that your comprehensive program is the best I have tried and. . . I have tried many. . ." E.H., New Orleans.

"I have had problem hair all my life until I found your vitamin advertisement. . ." W.H., Castlewood, Va.

"My hair has improved greatly and I am so encouraged to continue spreading the good word along to friends and neighbors. I had tried everything including hair and scalp treatments to no avail. . ." S.H., Metairie, La.

"It's hard to believe that after one short month I can see this much difference. . ." E.H., Charlotte, N.C. "The texture of my hair is soft and not brittle any more." H.A., Bronx, N.Y. "Your vitamins are terrific, fantastic and unbelievable. . ." V.M., Carrollton, Ga. "I went to doctors. . . tried everything. . . nothing happened until I started using Head Start. . ." R.A., Santa Ana, Calif.

"Thank you for something that really works." J. T., Brooklyn, N.Y. "Your vitamins are excellent. They have helped my hair." D.D., Chehalis, Wash. "These pills really work" . . . Mrs. C.E., Gadsden, Ala. "Your formula is really working for me and my scalp feels more refreshed than ever before!" H.L.S., Hollywood, Fla.

DISCOVER HEAD START AND OUR UNCONDITIONAL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE FOR YOURSELF

Try Head Start for 30 days. If you feel that the results you receive are not satisfactory in every way, you can return the unused portion and get your money back. Just like that. No questions asked.

Send me _____ bottles of Head Start at $9.95 each plus 75¢ for handling

I enclose my: ☐ check ☐ money order

Please charge to my:

Mastercharge Interbank No. _____

No. _____

☐ Mastercharge Account

No. _____

☐ BankAmericard Account

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: Cosvetic Labs
Head Start Division
3100 Maple Dr., NE
Atlanta, Ga. 30305

TOLL FREE PHONE ORDERS.
1-800-241-0611

PHHB

© Cosvetic Laboratories, Inc. 1976

catch up with PENTHOUSE

MARCH 76

APRIL 76

MAY 76

JUNE 76

JULY 76

AUGUST 76

SEPTEMBER 76

OCTOBER 76

Send your check or money order for $1.25 plus $.50 for postage and handling (December 1975 and January 1976 are each $1.75 plus $.50 postage and handling and future issues beginning with August 1976 will be $1.50 plus $.50 for postage and handling) to:
PENTHOUSE, Back Issue Dept.,
21st Floor, 909 Third Avenue
New York, N.Y., 10022

ADVISER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114

considers GI Bill benefits to be more than a rehabilitative measure. That is to say, he regards them as being ready and able to expand our nation's overall educational level.)

Carter also supports the idea of continuing the GI Bill's educational-assistance provisions for persons in the all-volunteer armed forces. *(This position puts Carter in direct opposition to the Democratic-controlled House of Representatives, which voted to terminate GI Bill educational benefits for all those enlisting after December 31, 1975.)*

Discharge Upgrading: Bourne agreed that Carter, without endorsing any of the specific pieces of legislation currently before the Congress, would probably favor an automatic process for upgrading less-than-honorable discharges in the cases of those who had not been court-martialed, or in instances where the grounds for discharge were invalid, based upon present Department of Defense guidelines; that is, with individuals whose in-service offenses (e.g., drug abuse) were minor. *(This has long been one of our concerns, and it's one policy which Carter, as commander-in-chief, can direct the secretary of defense to carry out without any additional legislation or approval.)*

For these reasons, it appears that Carter's priorities for dealing with Vietnam veterans' problems will be primarily organizational and only secondarily programmatic or legislative.

Penthouse believes that a Carter administration would have considerable difficulty in quickly solving Vietnam veterans' problems. Such an unresolved situation can only be a distressing source of concern to the Vietnam veteran, for the longer the delay, the less—seemingly—the urgency; and other problems will, of course, compete for Carter's attention.

Thus, an answer to our initial question requires the further qualification, "It depends." In the case of Vietnam veterans, solutions depend upon Carter's ability to find good men to run the system, the extent of their and his commitment to problems, and—perhaps more important—the priority a Carter administration would assign to meeting the needs of Vietnam veterans. Just how Carter as president will respond to the Vietnam veterans' needs and problems can scarcely be predicted with any assurance.

The only certainty is that on November 3, the problems of Vietnam veterans will still exist. But we will know then *who* will have the responsibility for doing something about them. Each Vietnam veteran has to weigh Carter's statements of intended support and the former governor's past performance against his own beliefs about what can be done. Only then can one judge who is the best man to do the job.

IN THE NOVEMBER *VIVA* ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

GET EVEN!
Now you can do unto others *more* than they've done unto you.

SENSUOUS CITY: FALL IN LOVE WITH NEW ORLEANS
Jane O'Reilly tells all about the city with the best food, climate, jobs, and men.

THE EIGHT MOST MISUNDERSTOOD FOODS
Nikki and David Goldbeck explain how to make any diet work for you.

CONTROL YOUR LIFE
Larraine Newman—star of "Saturday Night Live!"—charts her lifeline to illustrate a new approach to decision making.

THE VANESSA FILE
From *Morgan!* to *Blow-Up* to *Isadora* to *Julia*, the enigmatic star has gone through as many roles off camera as on.
Paul Gardner profiles the current political character.

THE SEXIEST SPORTS STARS
What is the allure of Joe Namath, Jim Brown, and all the others? An enlightening look at the sex appeal of jocks.

PLUS:
Fifty-two ways to be more sexually aggressive; broken nails—you may never have to break another; the phenomenon of synesthesia; and sensuous undies.

Photographs depicting critical stages in a woman's arousal. Frame 22: After 1-2 min. of stimulation she feels first responses. Frame 23: After 5 min., she is still below threshold (point most men would ejaculate during coitus). Frame 24: At 8 min. she feels herself letting go. Frame 25: 8.5 min., orgasm. Frame 26: 9 min. Orgasm completed.

The Orgasm Gap.

If she doesn't climax easily during intercourse, it's not your fault. But there is a way to help her let go again and again.

A lot of men feel guilty when they really shouldn't. Because most women need more stimulation to reach orgasm than a man can provide during intercourse. This orgasm gap is a normal, biological difference between a man and a woman that can't be changed by sheer willpower.

Yet, too many men try to conquer the gap by either refusing to believe it exists (and frustrating their women in the process) or by delaying their own healthy urges and frustrating themselves. The result is building tensions that can tear a relationship apart.

But now any couple can reach a level of sexual satisfaction unheard of only months ago.

The product of years of research, the Stamford System™ is the most sophisticated turn-on ever developed. A scientific, step-by-step guide, complete with tools, that brings out the full, varied, sexual potential of a woman's body.

The Stamford System helps close the gap by letting her feel more instead of forcing you to feel less. It stimulates a woman more intensely than she's ever been before, letting you bring her to climax before, during or after coitus.

As soon as you get the *System* make this simple, but sensual test. Pick a day when you'll have the time to devote an entire afternoon or evening to sex. Then, slowly, following the instructions, use the *System* to make love to every part of your partner's body. Heat and cool her naked skin with the fragrant, flavored oils and unguents. Unhurriedly explore each curve, each mound and valley. Take the time to savor and be intimate with every inch of her warm skin, caressing its soft sweetness with your hands, your lips, tongue, mouth and eyes.

Use the Source and the Four Hands' high-pitched stimulation to caress her back, stomach, buttocks, and inner thighs. Discover secret passion points you didn't know she had. Finally, bring her to the point of no return with the Satisfier, before you enter and lose yourself in orgasm.

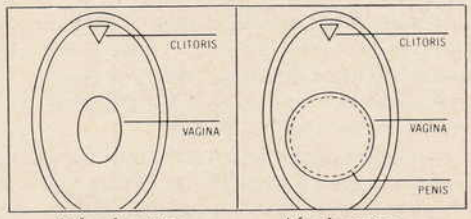
After you've both climaxed, keep her at a fever pitch. Use the *System* to give her orgasm after orgasm while your sexual energies have time to rejuvenate. When you're ready again, use the Satisfier and each other's bodies to reach a shuddering mutual climax.

You'll both feel more relaxed and aroused in bed knowing your drives will be satisfied. In a few weeks the *System* will whet your woman's appetite for you, conditioning her body to be highly responsive to your stimulation. She'll be eager to engage in some of the more adventurous games and sexual fantasies the *System* describes. And she'll reward you for being so nice.

Our Unusual Guarantee

Use and enjoy the *System*. After 30 days, ask your woman whether or not you should keep it. If she says "no," return it to us and we'll not only refund every cent of the purchase price we'll let you keep the book, free.

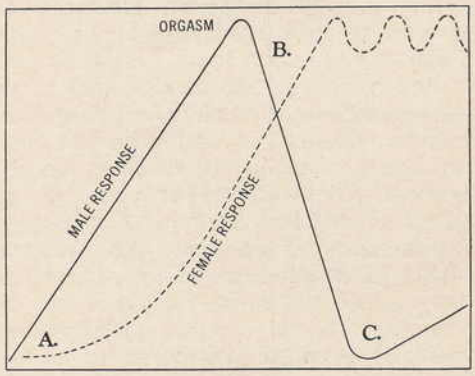
Mail the coupon today. All orders will be shipped in discreet packages.



Before Insertion After Insertion

The Myth of Clitoral Contact

Even though the clitoris is close to the vagina, it rarely comes in contact with the penis during coitus. The distance and angle of entry are too great to bridge unless the man lies very far forward, an uncomfortable position allowing only shallow penetration.



How to Use the System to Close the Orgasm Gap: The System can be used to nullify the Gap at these three points: **A.** During initial stimulation to help the woman respond faster; **B.** To continue stimulation necessary for her to reach orgasm after the male has ejaculated and erection begins to subside; **C.** To give the woman multiple orgasms and keep her aroused while the male waits to gain sexual energy needed for a second erection.

With The System You Get:

The Source and Satisfier:
The ultimate stimulator. Designed to safely massage delicate clitoral tissues.

The Four Hands:
Attachments for special parts of the body.

The Lotions:
Oils and unguents to use with the Source. They heat and cool the skin, making it her most responsive sexual organ.

The Stamford System:
An explicit, illustrated how-to-book.

The Deluxe System (Not Shown):
Comes with a handsome leather-look carrying case.

Stamford Hygienics Dept. ZP-4
114 Manhattan Street, Stamford, Conn. 06902

Please send: _____ The System, $25.
_____ Deluxe System, $30.
_____ Source and Satisfier only, $20.
(Does not include, lotions or how-to-book.)

Enclosed is: Check _____ Cash _____ Money Order _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

PLEASE ADD $1 TO EVERY ORDER TO COVER POSTAGE AND HANDLING.

ADVISE AND DISSENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 117

of electric eels that a Long Beach clothing-store salesman had assured me were very Ivy League. The Ivy League in the 1950s was in fact olive drab. Some people got this message before I did. But I was there on a pass. I was part of Harvard's "geographical distribution." An admissions policy of "geographical distribution" is said to serve the cause of the heterogeneous student community. Well. What it meant in the 1950s was that if Harvard admitted only those freshmen who did splendidly on their college-board exams—who weren't, in other words, "well rounded"—so much of the freshman class would have been taken up with New York City public-school boys that there wouldn't have been room for the sons of alumni, the keys pressed at Grottlesex and other private spas of Anglo-Saxonism. Half the class would have graduated from Bronx Science, and three quarters would have been Jewish. Heterogeneity in this case meant a quota.

It took a while for me to realize this. I was a busboy in the Leverett House dining hall six nights a week, working alongside Boston "townies" more Irish than I was and more pimply than my mother would ever have permitted me to be. Ours was a class war—salt in the sugar bowl, pepper in the ice cream, soap in the coffee, substituting the gravy for the soup—against the students, avatars of an imperial idleness. Why, on those nights when we served ham, did some of those students send us back to the kitchen for fried-egg sandwiches? It was explained to me that they were *Jewish*. Oh. And why were those same students so often smarter than anybody else in the classroom? (They were not better read, at least not in their freshman and sophomore years: the preppies seemed to have read everything and to have been bored by all of it; they carried the airmail edition of the *Manchester Guardian* around in their coat pockets like a kind of toilet paper for the mind. But the Jewish students seemed more passionate, fiercely engaging ideas, trying to get them down and bend their knees.) That, too, it was explained, was because they were Jewish. They worked harder and were obvious about it. One was not supposed to be obvious about anything at Harvard; one was supposed to be practicing one's disdain.

It was more complicated than that, of course. Everything is. Norman Podhoretz recalls thinking during his days at Columbia that "Judaism remained the only culture besides the Greek which believed in learning for its own sake and which honored the sage more than it did the plutocrat." Well, not the *only* culture: he forgot the Chinese. But certainly such values are an exemplary breeding ground for students.

Moreover, much of what we studied was, in one way or another, Jewish. We studied how Western civilization had gone about creating the modern world. What was the modern world—of thought, anyway—except Marx in economics, Freud in psychology, Einstein in physics, Kafka in literature, Schönberg in music, all of them Jews? And what had animated Western civilization more than the Greco-Judaic idea of a "future"? For the static fixities of Egypt, Persia, and the East, the Greeks substituted a vision of the city of man and the Jews a promise of earthly utopia, both based on individual ethical responsibility. Christ, as they say these days, "concretized" the conception. He, too, was a Jew.

The Jews also gave us monotheism, a much more problematical contribution. Indeed, George Steiner has recently gone so far as to try to explain the Holocaust in terms of a revolt against monotheism: "By killing the Jew, Western culture would eradicate those who had 'invented' God, who had, however imperfectly, however restively, been the declarers of His unbearable absence. The holocaust is a reflex, the more complete for being long-inhibited, of natural sensory consciousness, of instinctual polytheistic and animist needs." Did this fancy rationalization of murder ever enter the head of a Nazi or an inquisitor? I doubt it. But here, again, the Jews are in the middle of our imagination of ourselves. Of what utility are Enlightenment ideas about progress and perfectibility when one contemplates Buchenwald? To be capable of the death camps is to be capable of anything. How can political theory accommodate the monstrous, the demonic, the "banal"? In a twentieth century of victims, scapegoats, and refugees, weren't we all in some sense Jews? (Silence, exile, cunning, said James Joyce, talking bravely about art; but these have been the *survival* skills of Jews. Alienation, said Marx about work and Sartre about life itself; what did they know from real alienation, "the one international banking system the Jews actually control," as Isaac Rosenfeld once put it?) But in another sense we were not permitted to be Jews. They had specialized in suffering for thousands of years. They were entitled to feel worse than the rest of us, a kind of moral one-upmanship highly resented even in a liberal intellectual community like Harvard. Israel, Israel: how convenient for the bad conscience of the West that there's a place for *them*, somewhere not in the West.

That was in the 1950s, at Harvard. In the 1960s, across the Charles River and far away from Harvard, I happened to be teaching at night in Roxbury in a tutorial program for black children. Then, as now, the Boston public-school system was a disgrace. Our hope, with a little seed money from the War on Poverty, was to sharpen the reading and composition skills of students who, if they had been growing up white in Long Beach, Calif., would have gone almost automatically to college. Growing up black in Boston, they had never even been asked their *opinion* of a poem or a story. My class consisted entire-

IN THE NOVEMBER FORUM ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

A NEW LOOK AT INCEST

Throughout history incest has been regarded as the most taboo sexual act of all. Now Dr. Wardell Pomeroy, a noted sex researcher, psychotherapist, and coauthor of the Kinsey Report, suggests that in some circumstances sex between two related consenting adults may be acceptable. A thought-provoking article for all concerned adults.

TEMPORARY IMPOTENCE: DON'T LET IT STOP YOU!

Good lovemaking does not depend upon an erection, claims therapist Carole Altman. If stress or fatigue are getting you down and if you've had too much to drink or are just not responding as usual, there is a variety of sensual techniques you can try to experience for total sexual fulfillment with your partner. An article to rejuvenate your sex life.

INSIDE SWINGING—EAST AND WEST

In Southern California singles meet in private homes; in New York, in bars. Don't miss this detailed account of what kind of action goes on—and where you can find it.

SMELL: THE SEXIEST SENSE OF THEM ALL

All of us lead with our noses—much more so than we may think. Our sense of smell is a subtle but powerful sexual magnet. Find out how to make the most of this powerful, mysterious sense.

THE INTIMATE STORY OF MARIE

"Sometimes I think about why I don't feel guilty about cheating on my husband. But I feel that women have always done what I am doing to keep their marriages going—only my way is different." Another provocative portrait in Forum's continuing series of female-sexuality studies.

ATHLETE'S FOOT?
DON'T BLAME DESENEX
spray bottle
Desenex solution
for athlete's foot
Desenex spray-on foot powder
antifungal
soothing, cooling medicated foot care
Desenex powder
antifungal
for athlete's foot
Desenex ointment
for athlete's foot
If you have athlete's foot, you're probably not using Desenex.® Desenex would have helped get rid of it fast.
And Desenex used every day will help keep athlete's foot away.
Trusted Desenex. The ointment, spray, solution and powder all contain the most widely used athlete's foot fungus killer.
So if you have athlete's foot, it's your fault, not ours.
©1976 PHARMACRAFT CONSUMER PRODUCTS
A PRODUCT OF PENNWALT CORPORATION

ly of fifteen-year-old girls, restless and beautiful. We did a lot of reading and listening to music together. Their final assignment was to write a short story. As might have been expected, most of their stories were autobiographical. As I had not expected, most were also anti-Semitic.

The Jew landlord, the Jew shopkeeper . . . I was supposed to be a teacher. What should I teach? Maimonides, Montaigne, Spinoza? Two thousand years of ghettos and pogroms? Wittgenstein, Heine, Bergson, Proust? Auschwitz and Belsen? Norman Mailer, Saul Bellow, Philip Roth, J. D. Salinger, S. J. Perelman? "The Negro," says Leslie Fiedler, "is the prisoner of his face in a way the Jew is not." Yes. But the director of our tutorial program in Roxbury was Jewish; Louise Day Hicks, who ran the Boston School Committee, was not. For whom had Schwerner and Goodman died in Mississippi? Didn't they realize that most of the bleeding hearts in this flabby country happened to be Jewish? Victims were supposed to be brothers and sisters.

Not long after that, white liberals were no longer welcome in Roxbury, whether or not they were Jewish.

Now, of course, it is the 1970s. Nothing has changed except that now I live in New York, where most, if not all, of my best friends are Jewish. They are characterized by what Irving Howe has called "an eager restlessness, a moral anxiety, an openness to novelty, a hunger for dialectic, a refusal of contentment, an ironic criticism of all fixed opinions," which makes for lively dinner parties. But New York is not a part of the United States. The "real Americans" are elsewhere.

Where is that? If I were still teaching and had to deal with anti-Semitism, I'd abandon the agony argument (the guilt of the survivor) and the high-culture argument (Freud and Marx and Einstein and Kafka). I'd tell instead a story of unrequited love, the romance of the Jews with America and America's refusal of the suit. Most talented Jews in this country didn't go into high culture; they went into popular culture, as though it were a Laundromat and they would be made squeaky-clean, all right, brand-new, name changed, nose fixed, just like you and me. Theirs was a desperate desire to please, whatever the shrinkage of the self. As a consequence, they created much of our popular culture, our fantasies of ourselves in the musical theater and on the motion-picture screen and inside the television set, and still we don't want them.

Think of the middle-brow novelists: not Saul Bellow but Fannie Hurst, Irwin Shaw, Edna Ferber, Herman Wouk, Leon Uris. Think of the comedians: not Lenny Bruce but Jack Benny, Milton Berle, Groucho Marx, Sid Caesar, Sophie Tucker, Danny Kaye. Think of Irving Berlin instead of Leonard Bernstein, of Al Jolson and Eddie Cantor and Eddie Fisher. Of Sandy Koufax and *Bob Dylan*. See how American we are, love us, we are you. Even Jack Ruby wanted to prove he was a good American.

Would such an argument move Spiro Agnew? Probably not. Probably it would frighten him. You see: *they* are everywhere, in the arts, in the news media, in the universities, in the situation comedies, singing the Top Ten, *composing* the Top Ten. Whatever they do, they do well. And I, I am General Amin, a Little League Tiberius. Where will they strike next? What is it with them, anyway? For centuries we haven't let them into our schools, so they teach themselves; we haven't let them own land, and so they learned how to make money without any land; we try to annihilate them, and they write books about it; we give them a desert, and they fix it up. Israeli commandos wouldn't have bungled a Watergate burglary; the trouble with the CIA is that there aren't enough Jews in McLean, Va.

And there it is. The most powerful argument *against* anti-Semitism is actually the *cause* of it: they are smarter than we are. If the Russians let their Jewish dissidents immigrate to Israel, they'd lose half their intellectuals, their scientists, and artists, just the way Hitler got rid of the brainpower that could have won his smarmy war for him. They are smarter, which is exactly what we suspect and don't want to know because it would call into question everything we think about culture and gene pools and maybe even God. When the stones whisper, that is their scary message. O

NOW NO IRON (NYLON) SATIN SHEETS

18 GREAT COLORS

OURS ARE MACHINE WASHABLE WITH NO SEAMS

YOUR CHOICE IN THESE EXCITING COLORS: Dark Brown, Bronze, Honey Gold, Midnight Black, Navy Blue, Royal Blue, Powder Blue, Silver, White, Pedal Pink, Hot Pink, Scarlet Red, Florida Orange, Canary Yellow, Emerald Green, Mint Green, Deep Purple, and Lavender.

EACH SET INCLUDES:
1 straight top sheet
1 fitted bottom sheet
2 matching pillowcases
or
2 straight top sheets
2 matching pillowcases

All tax, postage, and handling charges are included in the following prices:

TWIN– $23.00
DOUBLE–$25.00 (Full Size Bed)
QUEEN– $28.00
Std. KING– $34.00 (78"x80")
Calif. KING–$34.00 (72"x 84")
ROUND 84" fitted– $48.00
ROUND 96" fitted– $50.00

SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER
50% deposit on C.O.D.'s
Retail sales direct Monday thru Saturday 8am–4:30pm

REGAL SATINS, INC.
1309 Allaire Ave. Dept. PH-10
Ocean, N.J. 07712

DELIVERY TIME . . . . .
Money Orders--Shipped same day if color in stock
Checks--2-3 Weeks

FOR RUSH RUSH ORDERS TELEPHONE..
201-531-9511

HAGGARD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128

country music. Myself, I like all music, and I think there's only two kinds: good and bad, and nobody's opinion on what's good really counts except your own. If nothing else, that's one thing the hippie uprising did for us all: it suggested that we do our own thing and be proud of it.

Penthouse: Praise for hippies is about the last thing we'd expect from the man who wrote and recorded the ultimate hippie put-down, "Okie from Muskogee." Could it be that you're a closet longhair?

Haggard: Hell, no. And I didn't write "Okie from Muskogee" with the idea of gettin' back at hippies. Me and the band were on a bus in Oklahoma when we passed a sign sayin', "Muskogee, 100 miles" or something like that, and somebody said, "I bet they don't smoke marijuana in Muskogee." I thought that was a funny comment; so we started making up some more lines, and in about twenty minutes we had us a song.

Penthouse: Did you expect "Okie from Muskogee" to be the monster hit it turned out to be?

Haggard: Yeah, and I'll tell you why. The night after we wrote it, we played a non-commissioned officers' club at an air force base down in North Carolina, and I sang it there. At the end of the song, some sergeant came walking up to the stage and just completely stopped the show and asked if I'd sing it again. I said okay; so we did it again. And *again*. We left scratchin' our heads, and I told everybody, "I think we might have somethin' here, but this hasn't been a fair trial, 'cause it's a military base."

The next night, though, we played a regular coliseum—and at the end of "Okie from Muskogee," people climbed past the orchestra pit and up to the stage. We knew then that we had a product to record live, and I thought that it was a natural. Funny thing is, "Okie from Muskogee" turned out to be a very, very bad record. The musicianship on it, the singing—we just weren't up to par.

Penthouse: Why not?

Haggard: It was our own danged fault. We were doing dates in Texas and the Southwest and trying to put together an album that was gonna be called *Six Nights In A Row*. We decided to do the recording ourselves. But instead of hiring a company that specializes in that sort of thing, we just took along the eight-track machine—out of a little ole dingbat studio we have in Bakersfield, Calif.—stuck it in a van, and headed off. As it turned out, we didn't have a correct power supply. We were short three or four little things to make the equipment work right. We ran into all *kinds* of problems.

Anyway, we got down to the last night of the trip, which was also the most important night, 'cause we were playing in Muskogee, Okla. I remember walkin' around sayin', "We're not going to make no record *this* trip," for I was sure something new

PENTHOUSE *Fashion Finder*

The following manufacturers and department stores supply the fashions shown on pages 160–163. For "where to buy" information, contact these manufacturers or stores.

CARLO PALAZZI ROMA-NEW YORK
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. (212) 924-7330

Bonwit Teller
New York and Philadelphia

The J. L. Hudson Company
Detroit, Mich. (313) 223-1000

The Higbee Company
Cleveland, Ohio (216) 579-2580

Stix, Baer, & Fuller Company
St. Louis, Mo. (314) 231-6500

PIERRE CARDIN
888 Seventh Avenue
New York, N.Y. (212) JU2-4040

B&B Lorry's
New York, N.Y.

Sanger-Harris
Dallas, Tex. (214) 651-2345

Marsh's
Huntington, Long Island, N.Y.

PENDELTON WOOLEN MILLS
218 Southwest Jefferson Street
Portland, Oreg. (503) 226-4801

Sweater-jacket may be purchased at:

Marshall Field
Chicago, Ill.

Milwaukee Boston Store
Milwaukee, Wis.

Pogue's
Cincinnati, Ohio

Turtleneck at:

Bamberger's, New Jersey

Bon Marché
Seattle, Wash.

JAEGER
1407 Broadway
New York, N.Y. (212) 868-1620

Available at all Jaeger Stores in U.S.

CARARA FASHIONS, Ltd.
40 West Thirty-seventh Street
New York, N.Y. (212) 695-6678

Dayton's
Minneapolis, Minn.

Macy's Herald Square store only
New York, N.Y. (212) 695-4000

Martini Carl
Boston, Mass. (617) 267-6001

DAMON
16 East Thirty-fourth Street
New York, N.Y. (212) 683-2465

Lytton's
Chicago, Ill. (312) 922-3500

Raleigh Stores
Washington, D.C.

Bullock's
Los Angeles, Calif. (415) 329-0750

Wallachs
New York, N.Y. (212) 687-0106

would go wrong with the recording gear that night. I wasn't really mistaken, 'cause the record's full of technical sounds—poppin', wires hissing, just about everything went slightly haywire. But in spite of all that, the damned record was the biggest thing we ever had.

Penthouse: Why do you think it became such a huge success?

Haggard: "Okie from Muskogee" said something to those particular people who were called "the silent majority." Finally *they* were having something said in their behalf, and they really came unwound when they heard it said the way they *wanted* to hear it said. We got reactions like that for three or four years, and in some places we still get wild reactions.

Penthouse: Did you get much criticism about the song from the liberal press?

Haggard: I really figured that would happen, but it didn't—at least, not very much. Oh, there were some jokes and some kidding, but nothing really hot. The song kicked up some controversy in both directions, but I don't think it got any more attention than it had coming to it. The song was about something that was happening in this country, and the controversy was between the people and not really directed toward me or toward "Okie from Muskogee."

Penthouse: *Were* you very down on the hippies?

Haggard: I sure was. During the uprising that started in 1968 and 1969, which is what the song was directed toward, those people had all the gripes and bitches and were going around sayin', "Down with everything!" But they had no answers.

Penthouse: Soon after "Okie from Muskogee," you recorded "The Fightin' Side of Me," a song that criticized war protesters and "warned" them: "If you don't love it, leave it." Do you really think that people who disagree with a nation's war policy should either shut up about it or be subject to a love-it-or-leave-it ultimatum?

Haggard: No, I wasn't saying that. I've never thought things are perfect in this country and that we should take it the way it is or leave it. The song said *love* it or leave it, which is something very different.

Penthouse: In what way?

Haggard: I think that if you don't love this country, you damned sure can't or won't have the initiative to really change it and help it; if you don't love America, the only reason you're gonna be here is to tear it down. For instance, if you're raising a child and you hate that kid, how you gonna raise it right? So I think if you don't love the country, you *should* leave it. And if you love it, then stay here and try to *fix* the sonofabitch.

Penthouse: Political dissidents would claim that's precisely what they try to do. Do you automatically assume that people who've supported unpopular causes—such as the antiwar movement of the sixties—hate the nation?

Haggard: No, but I still think you've got to love the country enough to take the good with the bad, to put up with its problems, and to defend it when it *needs* defending. Look, we really have to take orders from the people in charge and to have confidence in their decisions. And if they make the wrong decisions, *we're* the ones at fault, because we put 'em in office. People seem to be saying, "Okay, let's argue and talk about what we should do, but let's not fight each other. Let's not tear up any more schools or burn down any more buildings." Stuff like that went on not too many years ago, and it just didn't make any sense to me. It's *still* going on, and now it's really gettin' dangerous—like the incident where some people blew up an airport terminal in New York several months ago.

Penthouse: Does that lead you to conclude that America will suffer from stepped-up guerrilla-style activity in the future?

Haggard: I hate to think so, but I believe that it's probably inevitable and that it *will* happen here. As our country grows in population and as our standard of living keeps going down—which it has—we're gonna be in for more and more trouble. Our economy seems to have peaked out in the late fifties, at a time when we were probably living better than any other society in modern history. But as we get an increase in people and as our food supply declines, there's bound to be serious agitation. People get *uncomfortable* when they get hungry; if there's a whole mess of folks starving to death and one ole boy has a bunch of food in his house, they're gonna come around and tear down his door. And if they're cold at night and another ole boy has all the heatin' oil in town, they're gonna take that, too.

Penthouse: When do you see all this happening?

Haggard: Unless we find some new energy sources to replace the ones we're using now—the cost of which is screwing up our entire economy—we're gonna be in bad shape in fifteen years. We just can't depend on oil for energy anymore—that's what we've got to get away from. Coal is one of the main resources being talked about to replace oil with, but coal is one of the worst air polluters there is.

I know a lot of people who are studying all this, and they claim there's a lot more oil around than we know about or have found yet. But that still may not mean too much. You see, there's things like production and transportation costs to consider. How much will it *really* cost to get oil down here from Alaska, and by the time it gets here, how many more people will need how much more oil?

Penthouse: You sound very pessimistic about the future. Are you?

Haggard: No, 'cause I think that we're *going* to find other sources of energy. If I'm wrong and we don't, then we're in for bad times. But I think we'll learn how to use the sun and the oceans for producing energy. We're on the verge of breaking through in both areas right now, or at least that's what I'm told. Solar research is really coming along fast, and if we can harness the sun's energy, it means we'll have energy for as

lew magram
SHIRTMAKER TO THE STARS

"THE DELEGATE"... Contemporary European styling plus quality tailoring combine to make this **one of the finest fashion values we've ever offered.** Styled with bold-welt body tracing, giant patch pockets, continental vest and flared pants . . . plus **full lining** and two inside pockets. Fabric is a velvety all-season weight 100% cotton Pinwale corduroy in a rich **Russet** color. Imported from Europe. Even sizes: 36 to 46 reg., 40 to 46 long. NOTE: Waist size is 6" less than jacket size. For example, size 40 suit will be shipped with size 34 waist pants. Pants shipped with unfinished bottoms . . . **incredibly priced at only $79.95.**

Coordinating Multi-stripe "Anytime" Shirt . . . $14.95. Tie . . . $7.50

YOUR SATISFACTION IS GUARANTEED
☐ **SEND FOR FREE MEN'S FASHION CATALOG**

CALL TOLL FREE 800-228-2046 ANYTIME
CHARGE YOUR ORDER TO YOUR CREDIT CARD

Item	SIZES: Suit	Shirt Neck (14½-17)	Shirt Sleeve (Reg. or Long)	Price
Suit-6A				
Shirt-6B				
Tie-6C				

N.Y. residents add sales tax — Postage 1.50
☐ Enclosed $_____ Check, M.O. (No COD's) or Charge my Credit Card: — Total
☐ Carte Blanche ☐ Diners Club ☐ American Express ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge — Card Expiration Date

Signature _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

lew magram
830 7th Ave. (Nr. 53rd St.), Dept. NP, N.Y. 10019

long as the sun comes up. And the day it *don't* come up, well, we probably won't need energy.

Penthouse: Do you think your interest in the energy issue will eventually cause you to write songs about it?

Haggard: Could be. But if I don't, other people will—you almost always find a song in the country charts that gives you a picture or an explanation of a subject that's on everybody's mind. That's why it's fair to say that country music is journalism set to music. But that's only part of what country music is.

Penthouse: What's the rest?

Haggard: To me, it's a way of life—and country music was my way of life before it became my profession. It's hard to explain, but it begins with the difference between a country-music fan and a fan of some other kind of music. For a lot of people, music is something to create an atmosphere with or something to enjoy by yourself. Country-music fans are different, because they literally worship their idols, and they're not satisfied just to play their records; they've got to get everybody else in the neighborhood listening, too. I was like that myself when I was a kid.

Penthouse: And who were the country musicians *you* used to tell people about?

Haggard: I liked the three guys who were big in 1950, which is when I was first jumping out of the nest: Hank Williams, Bob Wills—who was beginning to go down in popularity about that time—and Lefty Frizzell. They were the top country artists in America, and when any of them came to my hometown of Bakersfield, I'd get so damned excited that I'd act a little crazy. I was in high school the first time Frizzell ever came to Bakersfield, and it was such an event for me that I got drunk the night *before* his appearance and stayed drunk all that night and the next day, and wound up barely able to make it to the dance. He played at a place called the Rainbow Garden, and it was such a madhouse you could hardly hear him. Frizzell was a young, good-looking guy with a lot of class, and a fifteen-year-old, like I was, could really admire him. He also turned out to be the first musician of any stature ever to get me up on the bandstand.

Penthouse: How did that come about?

Haggard: The second time Frizzell came through town was in 1953, and by then I'd gotten to playin' guitar and singing; and my friends liked what I did so much that when we'd go to parties, I'd wind up havin' to sing all night. Anyway, when Lefty came to play the Rainbow Garden again, my friends went backstage before the show and asked Frizzell if he'd like to meet a guy who sang like he did. He said sure; so I was allowed to go backstage and sing a couple of songs for him, and he seemed pretty pleased. Just as I finished up, one of the club owners came by and told Lefty it was time to start the show, and Frizzell said, "I want this kid to sing a song out there before I go on." The owner looked at Lefty like he was crazy and told him, "Hey, that crowd didn't pay to hear their own local yokel sing. They came to hear Frizzell."

But Lefty refused to go on if I wasn't allowed to sing; so he got his way, and I got to use his guitar and have his band play behind me. It was quite a thrill. I did two or three songs, and they were well accepted. Other than Frizzell's songs, I only knew songs by Jimmie Rodgers, and I remember singing one of 'em, called "My Rough and Rowdy Ways."

Penthouse: That may have been a particularly appropriate choice. How rough and rowdy were *you* as a kid?

Haggard: Well, if it means anything, nice girls' parents wouldn't let their daughters go out with me. I wasn't a *bad* kid, just mischievous. My one big disagreement with life in those days was that I didn't want to go to school. So I was always takin' off with a good friend of mine, Dean Corlson, who's always been in my band. We'd wind up workin' some harvest and usually makin' it rough on ourselves when we didn't have

Nice girls' parents wouldn't let their daughters go out with me. I wasn't a bad kid, just mischievous.

to. Both of us were well taken care of at home, but we somehow would always end up on a trip somewhere, broke and hungry. It's kind of fun to think about now, 'cause we had us some good times.

Penthouse: Such as?

Haggard: Well, one time we decided to go to Missouri; so Dean and I and another fella and a girl just up and left town in a '41 Plymouth. The girl was fourteen, I was sixteen, and Dean and this other boy were both seventeen, and we didn't think anything about it. But the law did. After we were gone one night, the girl's folks got the police out lookin' for us, and when we drove through a place called Ash Fork, Ariz., two police had us pull over and said, "Yup, these are the ones we got that all-points bulletin on."

The Ash Fork, Ariz., law officers stopped us on Highway 66 and had us follow them to another highway, where they told us, "Listen, we're the only officers on duty out here, and we can't leave our posts. This is a two-way highway that goes to a town called Prescott, and there's no roads off it in either direction. You kids drive into Prescott—police will be waiting for you at the city limits. Meanwhile we're gonna wait right here until we get radioed that you're in custody."

That was our orders; so we left for Prescott, but we weren't feelin' too hot. The police had told us we were guilty of white slavery and that we'd be going to jail; so instead of driving to Prescott, we just turned off the highway and cut a path right through the damned desert—we drove a good twenty miles out into the sand. When we stopped, we covered that old Plymouth up with tumbleweeds and then just sat there for three days. By then we'd gone through all the beer, sandwiches, and candy we'd brought with us, and we were dyin' of thirst and hunger. We'd held out for as long as we could; so we decided to try to make it past the police roadblock in Prescott. We started toward that town at three in the morning; and as we got there, we saw the police roadblock, just past an alleyway. As luck would have it, the police officer on duty was talking to somebody and had his back to us. And before he could turn around to see our car, we ducked into the alley, went around the back of the building, and were able to get back on the highway. We drove straight home.

We didn't know, of course, that the Arizona police had already radioed California authorities that they had us in custody. The Arizona police were probably a little annoyed about us slipping by 'em, because the day after we all got home the juvenile authorities picked us up on charges of white slavery and escape. I told 'em we didn't escape from no one, 'cause Arizona never really had us. They just *thought* they had us. Me and Dean did a couple of weeks in the clink for that one. Something like that was always goin' on.

Penthouse: Why do you think you got into so many scrapes with the law?

Haggard: I honestly think it began with my dislike for school. California has a strict truancy law, and the first time they came down on me for not going to school, I wound up being sent to a little ole road camp. I stayed in that place five days.

Penthouse: Did that short stretch teach you anything?

Haggard: Actually, my sentence was longer than five days. The reason I was able to leave is that I stole a car, which was the *real* beginning of my troubles with the law. After that, it was just one thing after another, a lot of it involved in trying to get away from someplace. I was still a kid when I got into trouble for writing hot checks in Phoenix, and then I took to running with some excons and experienced thieves, and I pulled a few jobs with 'em. I ended up tryin' to pull some jobs on my own, and I got caught. One night me and a few guys were drinkin', and we decided to rob a café in Bakersfield. The law got us, and all of a sudden I was headed for San Quentin.

Penthouse: Were you frightened by the prospect of being sent to San Quentin?

Haggard: I sure was. My sentence was from six months to a fifteen-year top, and I remember bein' *real* worried about going to the joint. San Quentin was a dreaded

MEN! Look Better in 2 Minutes with my FREE Samples!

EVERY man has one or more facial skin problems: . . . dry . . . aging . . . oily . . . blemished . . . sensitive . . . abused . . . poor complexion. I can help ALL of these skin problems . . . quickly, easily, at little cost. Send NOW for FREE samples of TWO of my products, that will prove to you in minutes, that you will LOOK and FEEL better, by using the ALEX YOUNG system of facial care. NO COST! NO OBLIGATION! Make me prove my claims to you now!

MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR FREE SAMPLES AND CATALOG.

Send me FREE samples, Catalog and information about helping facial problems. **No Cost or Obligation.**

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

ALEX YOUNG INC.
47 Pleasant St., Dept. 656, Brockton, Mass. 02403

DIXIE SAVE ON Brand Name Audio Components BY MAIL

Write Today for Our FREE Audio Catalog

DIXIE is one of the oldest and largest audio component mail order houses in the country. Our prices on brand name components are actually LOWER than "Discounters". See our new catalog or call us for a price quote. Everything shipped factory-sealed with full manufacturer's warranty.

Master Charge / BankAmericard honored on mail orders

KOSS · FISHER · KLH · SHURE · SONY · GARRARD · DYNACO

DIXIE HI-FIDELITY PH11-76
2040 Thalbro Street, Richmond, Va. 23230
Phone (804) 257-4241

Please rush me your FREE Audio Catalog and complete information. I understand there is no obligation.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip ____

name. I'd already been sent to a couple of places for boys sixteen to eighteen years old, and they'd been pretty mean institutions. I recall thinking, "Goddamn, if San Quentin's any rougher than *those* sonofabitches, Lord, what am I in for?" But San Quentin turned out different than I thought. If you had to be sent to prison in 1957, it was actually a good place to be, because you were allowed to do your time in peace, and you were treated like a man.

Penthouse: You once said, "I'm not sure it works like that often, but I'm one guy the prison system straightened out. I know damned well I'm a better man for it." Why?

Haggard: For me, San Quentin was like the army would probably be for any other young man: I learned a lot of values there. I went to San Quentin when I was nineteen, and I just kind of grew up there. The joint's changed in a lot of ways since then; but at the time there was a lot of respect and honesty to be found inside San Quentin. You'd tell a man you were going to do something, and it had best be done on that day, 'cause there'd be no place to hide. After you saw a few guys killed, you learned how important honesty is. It seems like life was cheap and honesty meant everything. Besides that, I realized that I had to grow up. So I made a choice to get out.

Penthouse: Was San Quentin as violent then as it is now?

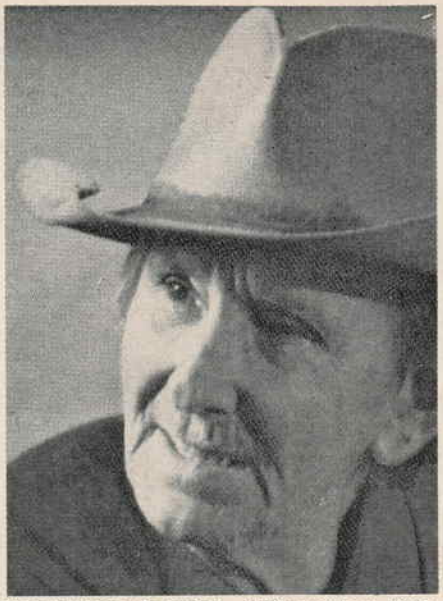
Haggard: No, and that's because the age spread of cons when I was there was something like eighteen to sixty. There were enough guys my own age to talk to, and there were enough older fellas to keep things settled down. The problem now is that San Quentin has a younger class of inmate. Most of 'em today are eighteen to thirty years old. The result of having all these young kids bunched up in one place is that San Quentin's been sectioned off into black gangs, white gangs, and Mexican gangs. Whoever's in charge of California's correctional deal is making a big mistake, because if San Quentin had more thirty-five- and forty-year-old guys who could handle themselves and whose heads are on straight, that gang crap wouldn't be *allowed* to go on.

Penthouse: Why not?

Haggard: Because old cons will run a joint, and they just want to do their time and be left alone. Young cons live in a dream world, and I'd say that about 80 percent of 'em are halfway proud of bein' in San Quentin, which is why they walk around with a gung-ho, I'm-a-crook attitude. You don't see that in a more mature penitentiary. Most older cons are damned sorry to be in prison.

Penthouse: How involved were you with music while you were in prison?

Haggard: For the first year I was there, not at all. They used to have five different classifications of custody: maximum custody, close custody, medium custody, medium B, and minimum. I was on close custody during my first year, because I'd run away from all those juvenile joints. In other words, I had an escape record. That meant I



Harold Von Schmidt, distinguished illustrator and one of the Founders of Famous Artists School, asks:

"Have you ever wished you could draw? How do you know you can't?"

Here is your chance to find out. The Famous Artists School has a revealing test of art ability. You are invited to take it.

You don't need any previous training: What the test measures is your natural ability for art, not finished skills. It reveals your sense of composition, your powers of observation, your feeling for mood, form and movement.

When you complete the test, it will be evaluated by the School. If you pass, you bill be eligible but not obligated to enroll in the Famous Artists home study course. Thousands have prepared for successful art careers with the help of this remarkable training. Others paint and draw for pleasure, finding fulfillment in the joy of using their talent in a rewarding way.

Why not find out if you qualify? To get your Aptitude Test and brochure about the School, mail the coupon below.

Famous Artists School
17 Riverside Avenue
Westport, Conn. 06880

Please send me, without obligation, your Art Aptitude Test and information about your home study courses

Mr.
Mrs. _____
Miss

Address _____ Apt. ____

City _____ State _____ Zip ____

Tel. No. _____ Age ____

If under 16, please have parents sign

_____

An educational service of FAS International, Inc. A-823

Shaped for extra pleasure.

NuForm® Sensi-Shape is an innovative, scientific achievement in male contraception. NuForm's specially designed shape allows for greater freedom of movement inside the contraceptive... for better, more natural sensation for each of you. You'll both see the difference in NuForm's flared shape and pleasing tint. You'll also feel the difference in increased pleasure never before experienced in a male contraceptive. NuForm comes in a choice of lubricated or non-lubricated. Available in drugstores.

Free Sample Offer – We would like to send you Free samples of the scientifically designed NuForm, both Sensitol® Lubricated and Non-lubricated forms, plus our booklet "There's a great new

form of contraception you should know about". Send your name, address and zip code with 25¢ for handling to: Schmid Laboratories, Inc. Box NF-1, Route 46 West, Little Falls, N.J. 07424.

Also available in Canada.

RIBALD! FANTASTIC! TITILLATING!

METASEX, MIRTH AND MADNESS

Erotic Tales of the Absurdly Real

by Marco Vassi

THE ENTIRE PANORAMA OF THE EROTIC WORLD COMES TO LIFE IN A GALLERY OF INCREDIBLE CHARACTERS...

• Butch Medusa • The Dying Gynecologist • Subway Dick • The Sperm King • The Enema Therapist • and dozens of others

"Delightfully topical humor. It has hit the very nerve of our contemporary obsessions." Kate Millett

"One of the most imaginative and literate examples of granite-core pornography available." Kevin Sanders, ABC-TV

Available at all bookstores now. Or send $6.95 plus $1.00 postage and handling with the applicable state tax to PENTHOUSE BOOK SOCIETY, Dept. PH611275P, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

couldn't get to play no music. But after a year, a friend of mine got my classification changed to medium custody, because they wanted me to play in the warden's show. Every week we'd play for different organizations, like Moose Hall or police or firemen and their wives, or whoever else would come visit the joint. It was actually a pretty good show, with everything from magicians and dancers to country singers.

Penthouse: Had you decided by then to earn your living as a musician?

Haggard: No. I had hopes of it, but when I got out of San Quentin in 1960—I served two years and nine months—I was like a lot of people: I had no idea how to get into music as a professional. So I went to work for my brother, who was an electrical contractor. And after a little while I got a job, playing four nights a week at a place called High Pockets, in Bakersfield. I finally went into music full time when I got a job for six nights a week in another club.

Right about then I met Fuzzy Owen, who had a little record and music-publishing company, and he became my manager. I was awfully naive about business, and Fuzzy could've taken me for whatever he wanted to, because I'd have believed anything he said. Luckily, Fuzzy turned out to be an honest guy, and we wound up workin' together. Everything was goin' along fine until 1961, when I went to Las Vegas and worked for a year at the Nashville-Nevada Club.

Penthouse: What was the problem?

Haggard: I got to gambling. When I got to Las Vegas, I had me a new car and a few thousand dollars in the bank—and before I left, I'd lost everything. My game was "twenty-one"; that's all I ever played, and I guess I shouldn't have. But even though I had to go back to Bakersfield and start all over, my year in Las Vegas didn't turn out all bad, because while I was there I cut my first record, "Sing Me a Sad Song," which made the national and *Billboard* charts. When I got back to Bakersfield, I did a record for Fuzzy's label, called "All My Friends Are Gonna Be Strangers," and it got to be the number-two song on country charts throughout the nation. It also made Capitol Records sit up and take notice, and when they wanted to buy me from the small label Fuzzy owned, we both agreed that we'd better do it.

Penthouse: Most country music stars seem to live in or around Nashville. Is there any particular reason why you don't?

Haggard: Yeah, there is. Since we were looking to get ahead in country music, it didn't make sense to us to go where everybody *else* was. Instead of going to Nashville and gettin' lost in the shuffle, we thought we'd get more notice by workin' steady and stayin' away. You gotta understand that country music isn't like the movie business: to get into films, you pretty much have to go to Hollywood or do well on Broadway. But you can make a record anywhere. Another thing that decided me against going was that I've never known of anyone becoming a star out of Nashville

How To Get Girls Through Hypnotism!

Give Us 5 Days — And We'll Give You A New Modernized Method of Getting Girls That Works Like Nothing You've Ever Seen Before — Let Us Prove It

IT'S the newest ... most modern way of getting girls.

It's called *S/A Hypnotism*. And thousands of men like yourself have already begun to use this easy-to-master principle to meet, date and even seduce girls.

S/A Hypnotism works. It works like nothing you've ever seen before. And we'll prove it.

We'll show you exactly how to use this principle to meet more beautiful girls than you ever dreamed possible.

It doesn't matter how many times you've failed with girls before. Nor does it matter why you failed. That's all in the past now.

GIRLS WILL BE NATURALLY ATTRACTED TO YOU

When you begin to use *S/A Hypnotism*, you will have *one of the most powerful forces known to man* working for you. Most girls will see you as a man who they'd like to get to know better ... much better. Many will be instantly attracted to you. Some will simply not be able to resist you.

Don't get us wrong. We're not going to give you any magical or super-natural powers.

All we are going to do is teach you how to use a highly effective, little-known principle — a principle that is available to any man who is willing to make the small effort required to learn it.

R. C., Mich., says: *"I tried every trick I knew to meet girls. But I seldom succeeded.*

I used just about every pick-up technique ever invented. And I still came up empty-handed.

I was quite lonely – to say the least.

Then I heard about S/A Hypnotism.

I'll admit ... I had my doubts at first. But I took a chance and gave it a try. I had nothing to lose.

Well, I'll tell you ... It didn't take me long to see that I had stumbled onto something big. Really big!

Within just 4 or 5 days, I was meeting more beautiful girls than I knew what to do with.

I started making dates with more girls than I really had time for.

But that's nothing. You should see some of the sexy girls who were actually eager to sleep with me!

Honestly, I haven't had this much fun in years. Thanks to S/A Hypnotism!"

And now, you too, can learn to use *S/A Hypnotism* to meet, date and even *seduce* beautiful girls.

In a matter of days, you too, will be able to walk up to a girl (any girl), and within seconds, have her name, address and phone number.

And that will only be the beginning. Because from that point on, she will agree with practically anything you suggest (within reason).

That's the kind of power *S/A Hypnotism* will give you. It puts you "in control" at all times.

DON'T SELL YOURSELF SHORT

Now maybe this sounds like a bunch of "mumbo-jumbo" to you. If so — let us suggest this:

Put your doubts aside for awhile and give yourself a chance.

Notice we said "give yourself" a chance.

This principle works ... and all the doubts in the world won't change that. But if you let your doubts get in your way — and you don't at least give it a try — you'll be selling yourself short and robbing yourself of the success with girls you want so badly.

You don't need any special education or talent to learn *S/A Hypnotism*. There are no complicated courses to take.

Simply follow the steps in our easy-to-read, easy-to-understand book called ... *The Easy Way To Get Girls; Through S/A Hypnotism*.

Read the book through just two or three times (with a reasonable amount of concentration)...and you'll be well on your way to getting all the beautiful girls you ever wanted.

And remember — it doesn't matter what you look like or how old you are. These things mean nothing when you use *S/A Hypnotism*.

MOST UNUSUAL GUARANTEE IN HISTORY OF ADVERTISING

S/A Hypnotism is working for thousands of men — and it will work for you. We guarantee it.

In fact, we're going to go ahead and make you one of the most unusual guarantees in the history of advertising. And here it is:

Try out the principle of *S/A Hypnotism* for a month. Then ... if you haven't met, dated and even *slept* with more beautiful girls in those four weeks than you have in the past year, return the material. We'll rush you a full refund *and more*.

We will send you:

- 10 dollars (the original amount you payed for our material)

Plus:

- 13¢ (the cost of the stamp you used to send us your order)
- 2¢ (the cost of the envelope you sent your order in)
- 5¢ (for the time it took you to fill out the coupon)
- 10¢ (for your trouble)

Think about that for a second.

Once again: *S/A Hypnotism* works. And like we said before: "We'll prove it to you." All you have to do is send in the coupon now.

Every man who is popular with girls has his own special technique he uses to get them. If you are lucky enough to be one of these successful gentlemen, you don't need us or S/A Hypnotism.

On the other hand — if you're seriously looking for a *reliable, no-nonsense* method of getting girls; a method that will work *anywhere, anytime* ... maybe you should give *S/A Hypnotism* an honest try. You may soon find yourself with more girls than any ten men put together!

Silverman Research, Dept. P-1176
P.O. Box 9204
Providence, R.I. 02940

Sounds almost too good to be true — but you've got a deal. What have I got to lose? Here's my 10 dollars. Send me *The Easy Way To Get Girls; Through S/A Hypnotism*.

After trying your material for a month, I must be meeting, dating and even sleeping with more girls than I have in the past year. Or I may return the material for a full refund *and more*.

I understand my material will be sent in a plain wrapper.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

© 1976 Silverman Research

remarkable aid to greater sexual compatibility

Premature climax frequently frustrates the fulfillment of a truly satisfying relationship between man and woman.

Detane is a desensitizing lubricant that provides dependable climax control for men... leading to increased sexual contentment for both partners.

Detane is an unscented invisible gel. Available without prescription at leading pharmacies.

DETANE® THE CLIMAX CONTROL FOR MEN

© 1975 Commerce Drug Co., Inc.,
Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735

60 WAYS TO LOVE YOUR LOVER

FANTASEX is more than fun. It's the excitement, the adventure, the kick that comes only from mutual sharing.

FANTASEX is a sexual odyssey, doing a complete circuit around your libido, and one thing's for sure . . . your love-making will never be the same!

60 roles or 40 situations; 30 plays and 20 positions bring new variety and new experiences into your life. Send check or money order for $4.95 to: **Penthouse Book Society, Dept. PH-71, 909 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.** N.Y.C. residents add 8% sales tax.

THE MOST SENSUOUS CONDOM IN THE WORLD!

Näcken, the sensuous condom from Sweden, introduces a whole new concept in condom contraception . . . Näcken's unique feature is its delicately ribbed, lightly textured surface . . . designed for her pleasure as well as yours. PLUS—Näcken is formed to fit body contours, it cannot slip. Imported from Sweden, Näcken meets the strict quality control standards of both the Swedish and U.S. governments, yet is made from such sheer latex you hardly know it's there. Try Näcken, the most sensuous condom in the world. Or send for our special top quality men's contraceptive **Deluxe Sampler** of 38 assorted condoms. All orders are shipped promptly and are covered by our iron-clad guarantee: If you do not agree that PPA's sampler packages and overall service are the best available anywhere, we will refund your money in full with no questions asked.

©1976 PPA

Population Planning Assoc., Dept. DPHX-4
403 Jones Ferry Road, P.O. Box 400
Carrboro, N.C. 27510

Please rush in plain package:

☐Näcken—wallet of 10 sensuous condoms $5.25
☐Deluxe Sampler—38 condoms $8.00
☐Catalogue only 25¢

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip ____

America's Largest Retailer of Contraceptive Products

since it became the center of country music. A lot of country stars live there, but they don't *start* there.

Penthouse: Is being a star different from what you imagined it might be like when you were a kid?

Haggard: Hell, yes. You fantasize that there's the top of a mountain, but there ain't none. *I* sure don't know of people who've gotten to the top of the mountain, and if there *is* such a place, I bet they were so damned busy they didn't know they were there. Some folks think *I'm* there.

Penthouse: Are you?

Haggard: Only in this sense: there's eight or ten entertainers—not too many more—who can consistently draw audiences across the country, and I think I'm in that bracket. But I can't afford to get sick, and at times that's a terrible weight. It's a scary feeling to carry around, because there's times I *have* been sick. But you've gotta go onstage, 'cause if you don't, it won't just end in a reprimand. You're gonna get sued, and you're gonna pay for it in months to come, 'cause when you come through that town again, people are gonna be bad-mouthin' you.

Penthouse: What goes through your mind when you perform when you're ill?

Haggard: I just get mad, mostly at myself for not puttin' my foot down and sayin' the hell with it and goin' back to my room. It's a strange life, believe me. We probably do 150 days on the road every year, even though we always start out with the intention of only doing eighty.

Penthouse: What effect does being on the road so much have on you?

Haggard: It makes me feel like a stranger when I go home. In fact, I don't really feel like I *have* a home. I've been movin' on down the road for twelve years now. My wife traveled with me for about ten years, and that finally became too much of a problem for her and the kids.

But when I go home, I sit around for two or three days. And then I get to feelin' that you ought to be somewhere; so I *go* somewhere. I wouldn't recommend this kind of life to anybody, and if there was any other way I could make the kind of money I do, I'd change my life in a minute. The money part of it is good, *very* good. But there's a whole lot of things that go with it that sometimes makes me wonder if it's worth it.

Penthouse: What *would* make it worth it?

Haggard: My big dream is to take a year off, and I want to do that before I get too old to enjoy some of the things I've accumulated, like a houseboat and a couple of other things I like to relax with. The trap is a financial one: I have to figure out a way to maintain the band and our organization while I lay around doin' nothing. My real problem, I guess, is that I'm the type of guy who worries about tomorrow the day before yesterday, to the point where if I have to work on Tuesday, I won't be able to enjoy going fishing on Monday. I guess the thing that upsets me most about all this is that I don't know if I can change my ways. And if I don't, that year will never come. ○

BECOME A MILLIONAIRE

You'll learn to live like a king!

Today I presently live in a thirty-one room mansion, I have a ton of money, all the women I can ask for, and I'm going to pass these methods that got me where I am today, on to you.

GOODBYE PROPERTY TAX!
You may not believe it, but it's true. Goodbye property tax.

SPECULATIVE? BE A WINNER
Use my formula and strike it rich with almost any idea.

BE A REAL ESTATE MAGNATE & USE SOMEONE ELSE'S MONEY
You'll own land, whether it be commercial, residential or anything you desire. It'll seem like magic when you make a fortune in the land business, and it won't cost you any money.

STOP CREDITORS FROM LITIGATING
Legal fees are frightening, but don't get scared. There are many laws that can stop creditors cold.

USE YOUR FRIEND'S IDEAS AND EARN FAT FEES
You'd never believe how easy this technique is, but when you put my plan to work, you'll be sitting on a pot of gold.

HOW BIG CREDIT CAN EARN YOU BIG MONEY
As the saying goes, "It takes money to make money". I will show you what to do with big credit. I will take you step by step.

STOP WORRYING — SOLVE YOUR PROBLEMS
Money is usually the root of all worry, but my manual will solve that in a hurry, and I've also included several hints.

LOOPHOLE DEPOSITING CAN TRIPLE YOUR BANK INTEREST
This is a step by step trick, perfectly legitimate, so save your ten dollars on "HOW TO ROB BANKS LEGALLY".

INSURANCE BROKE NO MORE, GET A $50,000.00 POLICY FREE
This necessary evil can save you a fortune. You can parlay it into a hundred or two hundred thousand dollar policy.

RELAX IN YOUR FREE RESORT HOME
I have two ways to go about this. By using either one it will enable you to obtain one hundred or even one hundred and fifty thousand dollar beach front home or mountain top resort.

ALL THOSE WAITING TO MANUFACTURE YOUR PRODUCT
I will tell you exactly how to get one hundred or even one thousand people waiting for your phone call. What's that worth!

GOOD SALESMEN TO MARKET YOUR PRODUCTS RIGHT AT YOUR FINGERTIPS
Pick any product you desire and I'll see to it that you'll have hundreds, of probably the worlds best salesmen, selling for you. All you can do is make money.

WANT SOME FREE PROPERTY?
Pick the spot of your choice, in most cases you can acquire tons of acreage at the expense of others, which can be sub-divided and improved, to create your own empire.

CARRY ALL THE MAJOR CREDIT CARDS YOU WANT
I don't care how bad your credit is, my manual teaches you the most efficient approach to get American Express, Master Charge, and just think what they can do for you.

HOW TO GET ALL THOSE CHARGE ACCOUNTS EASILY
I can teach you how to shop at the finest shops and department stores in town. Luxurious items can be purchased. You'll have a number one rating, even enabling you to charge gift certificates.

WHAT! A $50,000.00 BANK ACCOUNT?
If you have fifty bucks in cash and my manual you can actually and legally open up a fifty thousand dollar bank account. Many large corporations use my technique to maintain million dollar bank accounts.

MORTGAGES & LOANS WITH A MERE SIGNATURE
After reading my manual you won't need co-signers, and no bank in their right mind would ever turn you down.

DRIVE A PRESTIGIOUS $12,500.00 CAR FREE
Pick a car of your choice, even a Rolls Royce. I guarantee you won't have to put up twenty-five cents of your own money.

CREDITORS ON YOUR BACK — RELAX!
You'll be amazed how easily a five dollar legal move can let you relax and end creditor knocking at your door.

MAKE YOUR HOUSE A HOME WITH FREE AND BEAUTIFUL FURNITURE — UP TO $10,000.00 WORTH. Antiques and contemporary furniture can be all yours without a single penny spent.

A GOOD LIVING AS AN EXPERT TAX CONSULTANT — WITH NO EXPERIENCE
You'll be amazed at what people will pay for your services and you do not have to know anything about accounting.

Much much more in the "MONEY" manual.

Let me tell you my story. I guarantee it's worth five minutes of your time. Probably the most important five minutes of your lifetime!

Hello. My name is Mr. Taylor. I have been involved in hundreds of business deals throughout the country. But there have been times when I've been flat broke with no one to turn to. Friends and relations would actually leave "care packages" on my doorstep! I was always too proud to take them. I came from a poor family, and lived in a depressed area of my home town. Today, I am 28 years old and Live Like A King. Why? Because I used my head. I sought advice from a brilliant friend of mine who knew a lot about the law and various loopholes involving money. I sat with him for many days, and he gave me a lot of surprising information about how I could overcome my financial dilemma. I took his advice. Within one year I built a Land Empire, drove a Mark IV, owned a $65,000 Home, an $85,000 Vacation Home, a $350,000 Gentleman's Farm, and much more! I went from rags to riches in twelve months. I had anything and everything I wanted! After this experience I started thinking about all the people who are now going through what I was a year ago. And, I've decided to pass my secrets along. I have put them all — EACH AND EVERY ONE OF MY SECRETS — into a manual. The secrets in my manual are invaluable. But I will send you a copy for only $10.00. **$10.00.** I know it will be the most worthwhile $10.00 you've ever spent.

Sincerely, *Ed Taylor*

P-1176

Mr. Edward Taylor
JAMES PUBLISHING CO., INC.
P.O. Box 1036, Norristown, PA 19404

Dear Mr. Taylor:
Yes, I do like to Live Like A King.
Please send me your "MONEY" Manual. I know the techniques I will find in your manual represent your years of hard work and study, and in writing, I will not copy and resell your secrets.

Signature_____

☐ I enclose $10.00 in full payment.
☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

CALL TODAY FOR COD — (603) 669-3600

Print Name _____

Address _____

City _____ **State**_____ **Zip**_____

© Great Western Ltd., Inc. 1976

SATIN SHEETS

Nationally Advertised — Now At Manufacturer's Low Mill Price

MACHINE WASHABLE. 225 thread count with 150 denier acetate thread. 11 colors: Black, Red, Sunflower, Royal Blue, Purple, White, Avocado Green, Orange, Bronze, Gold, Silver. Each Set includes: 1 straight top sheet, 1 fitted bottom sheet, 2 matching pillowcases.

Twin Set - $19.50 **Queen Set - $25.00**
Full Set - $23.00 **King Set - $29.00**

3 LETTER MONOGRAM ON 2 CASES — $2.50
WE PAY POSTAGE.

TOLL FREE NUMBER
CALL 800-631-2156 DIRECT TO FACTORY
Call from anywhere. N.J. 212-564-1167. Charge your order to your credit card. Immediate delivery on credit card and money orders.

Size _____ Color _____
☐ American Express ☐ Mastercharge
☐ BankAmericard ☐ Diners Club
Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____
Signature _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
DIRECT RETAIL SALES: H-11, Mon. thru Fri.

Royal Creations, Ltd.
Dept. H10 330 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001

Perform a death-defying act.

Have your blood pressure checked.

Give Heart Fund
American Heart Association

COUPLES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 163

When the time comes, she must make the break with kindness. If not, she may well ruin Gary's psychological experience.

Gary's response to the attentions of an older, more experienced woman is understandable. Some authorities might suggest that he was motivated by repressed incestuous desires for his mother and is expressing these desires by becoming involved with the older Jane, a mother substitute. This is a valid motivation in many older women–younger men relationships, but it is not so in Gary's case. From what he says, he had no close contact with either of his parents. From this interview with Gary, it is evident that his is the kind of personality which has difficulty in making social contact with girls, especially sexual contact. Gary's is a sensitive personality, and so he fears being hurt through either rejection or ridicule. When Jane took Gary in hand, he had the wisdom to tell her that he was sexually inexperienced and to make the most of her tuition. In this day and age, such an admission takes quite a bit of doing for a man in his twenties.

Judging from Gary's responses to Jane's instructions, he certainly seems to be a sensuous young man. For the most part, his sex is quite uninhibited. The satisfaction, however, can only be physical because Jane's reactions to her experiences prohibit any emotional bond from developing. I think Gary has developed a pseudo-love for Jane. And I believe his love is really just a form of gratitude. Gary may also fear that if he leaves Jane, he won't find the same sexual satisfaction elsewhere. I also suggest that Gary ponder whether or not there are some pangs of guilt mixed in with his other feelings.

The one thing which really disturbed me about this whole situation is, as I've already mentioned, the fact that Jane has taught him only physical sex. Jane says she's encouraged him to have intercourse with other women because it will increase his experience. Perhaps, but I sense that she's encouraged him to do this with the intent that she remain "Queen of the Lot."

I was truly shocked by the streak of sadism in Gary, which was revealed when he anally "deflowered" the most popular girl on campus. Anal sex without a lubrication can be extremely painful. Certainly, there must be other ways of proving sexual strength without causing pain. I advise Gary to keep a check on this kind of behavior. If he allows it to develop, he could become a true sexual sadist. When Jane finally breaks away, he may well have to prove his sexual dominance with other women.

I advise that Jane not let the present situation continue. The longer it does, the more hurt it is going to cause her. Moreover, to perpetuate the relationship will only damage Gary's already overly sensitive ego. Jane instigated the relationship; she must now end it.

TIME ZONE

For the most accurate and current information about the digital watches shown on pages 94–97, please check the appropriate box below and return this coupon to Time Zone, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. We will forward your request to the companies indicated, and you will hear from them, not us.

Speidel ☐	Bulova ☐
Telestar ☐	Citizen ☐
Timeband ☐	Concord ☐
Time Unique ☐	Longines ☐
Wittnauer ☐	Microma ☐
Seiko ☐	Novus ☐
Sinclair ☐	Pulsar ☐

Name _____
Street Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

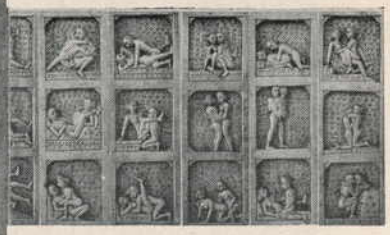
Delicate raised spirals and preshaped masculine fit for maximum sensitivity adds to a higher level of excitement for both partners. AROUSE is delicately lubricated and naturally tinted. Try a Federal Extra Value sampler today. See how Federal offers **more** in selection, quality and value. ©Federal Pharmacal

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFERS

Federal Pharmacal, Inc. Dept. Ph1176
6652 N. Western Ave., Chicago, IL 60545
Please Rush (In plain wrap)
☐ $1.00 Arouse Sampler (3 condoms)
☐ $4.00 Discovery Sampler
5 erotic brands—15 condoms including Arouse
☐ $10.00 Variety Sampler
30 brands—50 condoms including Arouse
Full color catalog free with order
Enclosed is: ____ Check ____ Cash ____ M.O.
NAME: _____
ADDRESS: _____
CITY: _____
STATE: _____ **ZIP:** _____

EROTIC RELIGIOUS ART FOR THE SOPHISTICATED COLLECTOR

1000 YEARS AGO, IN ANCIENT INDIA, THE RELIGION WAS SEX THE GOD WAS KAMA— THE GOD OF LOVE



This sexually oriented Ancient culture of India depicted in its sculpture, carvings, paintings and jewelry an enormous variety of positions of love making, many of them acrobatic, reflecting a strong Yogic and Tantric influence. Such graceful and elegant love making was thought to impart great magical powers and protection from evil spirits. The religious act of sex helped the faithful to reach the ULTIMATE HEAVEN—MOKSA for the Hindus and NIRVANA for the Buddhists.

Examples of these erotic religious art carvings and sculpture have now for the first time been faithfully and expertly reproduced as 9"×3"×½" museum quality art panels. Each wood-like panel depicts 3 positions of love making as it was practiced in India 1000 years ago. There are a total of 80 different panels, depicting 240 varied positions of love making, presently available for your enjoyment and excitement. Erotic Art of Asia Ltd. will soon be offering even more panels for your collection. Decorate your bedroom, den, bathroom or office—EXCITE your friends with your Religious Art Collection from Ancient India. Assemble them as a headboard, room divider, wall panel, table top, book-ends, bar top or lamps. There is no limit to the decorative possibilities. Study them with a friend!

SEX WAS CULTIVATED AS AN ART

COPULATION WAS A RITUALISTIC ACT NOT TO BE DONE FOR AMOROUS REASONS

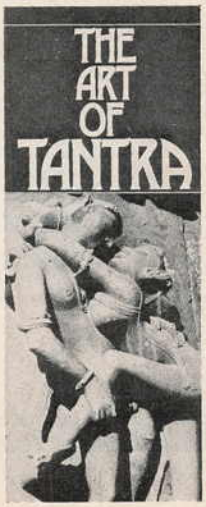
PROSTITUTES WERE ESTEEMED AND HONORED AS SERVANTS OF GOD

THE PENIS—or phallic LINGAM—WAS WORSHIPPED AS THE SYMBOL OF THE GOD SHIVA

ORAL SEX AND ORGIES WERE COMMONPLACE—EVEN IN THE TEMPLES

BUDDHIST MONKS HAD SEX WITH THE WIVES OF WEALTHY TEMPLE CONTRIBUTORS

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFERS



A. 3 panels for $32.95 plus a free 60 page booklet—THE ART OF TANTRA. This booklet illustrates in full size photographs all of the 80 panels now available for your collection and future ordering. This beautifully illustrated booklet also provides you with a complete and authentic explanation of the history and philosophy of sex and religion in Ancient India and Nepal.

B. 1 panel for $11.95—this offer will also include a free copy of the booklet—ART OF TANTRA.

C. The booklet, ART OF TANTRA, may be ordered alone for just $2.00. This will be credited toward your future purchase of any Erotic Art Panel.

SEND YOUR ORDER TO

EROTIC ART OF ASIA, LTD. P.O. Box 979, Hicksville, New York 11802

Yes, please start me now on my collection of Eastern Religious Erotic Art

I wish to order the following:

A ☐ **3 panels for $32.95 plus one free booklet,** ***The Art of Tantra*** **P-11**
(add $1.50 for postage and handling)

B ☐ **1 panel for $11.95 plus one free booklet,** ***The Art of Tantra***
(add $1.00 for postage and handling)

C ☐ **1 booklet,** ***The Art of Tantra*** **for $2.00**
This amount will be credited toward your future purchase of Erotic Art Panels.

TOTAL CHARGE: $ _____ (New York State Residents add 8% sales tax)

Enclosed is my check or money order in the amount of $_____ payable to EROTIC ART OF ASIA, LTD. (sorry no COD's) Satisfaction guaranteed or your money gladly refunded.

OR, Please charge my credit card: Account #

☐ Bankamericard ☐ Master Charge

Expiration date Month _____ Year _____ Interbank No. ☐☐☐☐ Master Charge only

Signature _____
if using credit card, please sign exactly as your name appears on the card

NAME _____

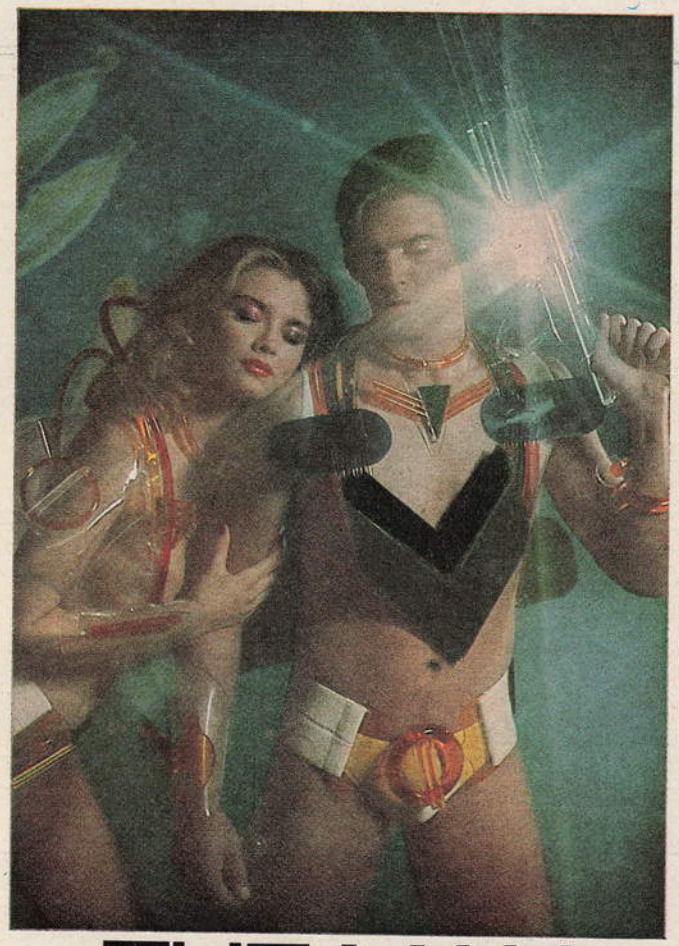
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ **STATE** _____ **ZIP** _____

1. This order can be shipped only within the Continental Limits of the U.S., Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands.
2. Allow 4-6 weeks for processing and delivery.
3. Orders will be shipped by either Parcel Post or UPS

EROTIC ART OF ASIA, LTD. 8 Commercial Street Hicksville, New York 11801

A POTPOURRI OF PLEASURES

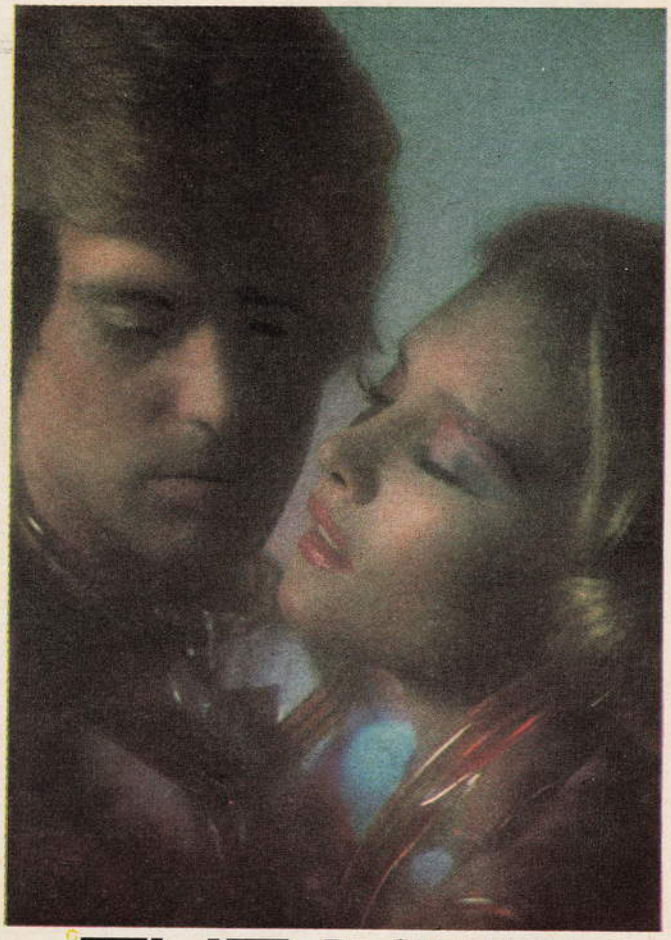


THE MAN

Take a look, tune in, and get turned on...to exotic vacation spots; the most erotic, beautiful women in the world; stylish menswear; fine wine and automobiles.

Turn on to the world of **PENTHOUSE,** where you'll find everything a man could want in a handsome magazine. Illuminating interviews, racy satire, cartoon hysteria, and, we repeat, the sexiest women in the world!

Be a man amongst men. You'll save $4.00 off our newsstand rates when you subscribe. Send check or money order (12 issues for $15) to: **PENTHOUSE,** Subscription Dept., P.O. Box 900, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735.



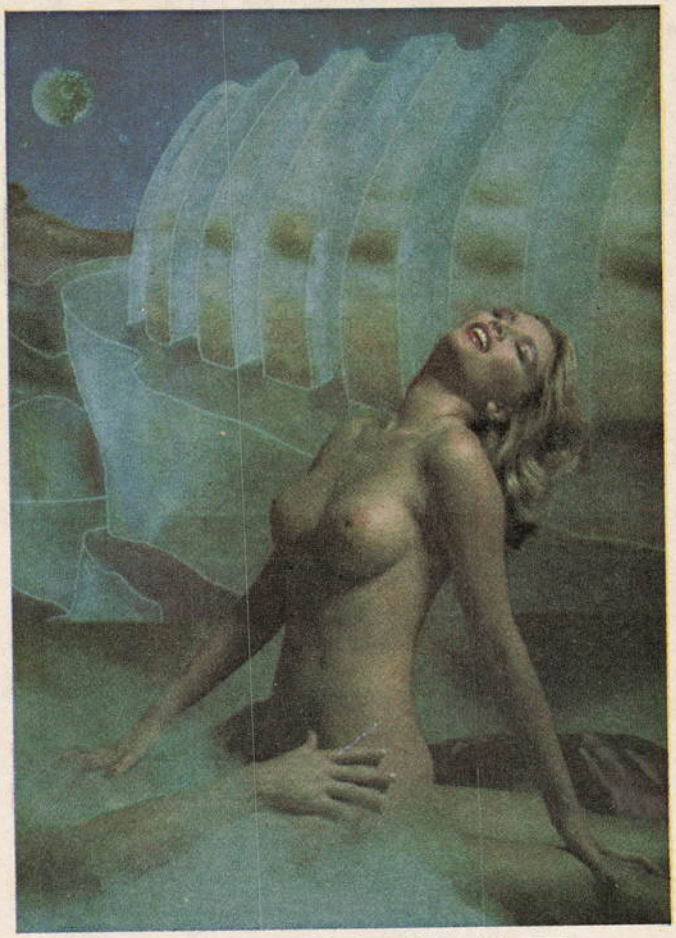
THE MIND

FORUM participants explore together the twists and turns of human relations. Share your fantasies, aspirations and problems with **FORUM's** international audience.

Learn the arts of loving from like-minded readers, clergymen, psychiatrists and doctors. How to begin, how to share a meaningful, loving relationship.

Participate. Send your check or money order to **FORUM,** Subscription Dept., P.O. Box 930, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735. ($10 for 1-year, $18 for 2-year subscription).

YET TO COME...

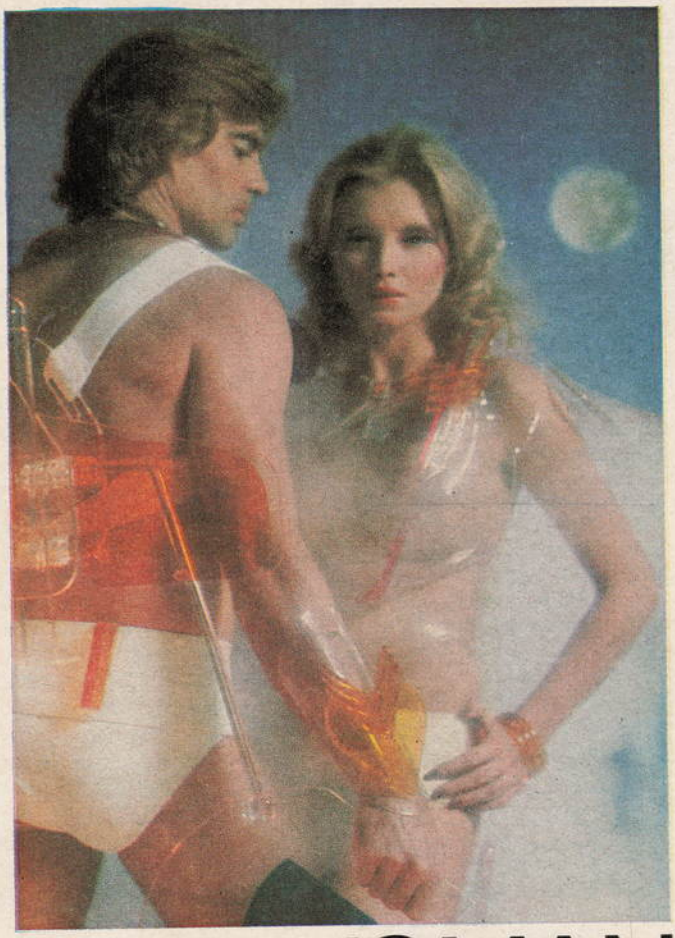


THE EYE

Penthouse **PHOTO WORLD,** described as "the perfect blend of art and technology," is one of the most elegant magazines ever to grace a newsstand.

Each issue devotes better than 80 pages of photographic portfolios by a variety of international artists. The emphasis is on the photographs themselves, brilliantly reproduced on heavyweight paper.

Enthrall your eyes. Send check or money order: **PHOTO WORLD,** Subscription Dept., P.O. Box 945, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735. ($12 for 6 issues, $20 for 12 issues).



THE WOMAN

There's long been a need for a celebratory women's magazine like **VIVA.** Overflowing with versatile fashions, creative beauty ideas and daring articles for liberated minds.

VIVA is a stunning combination of strength and subtlety...a sexy, literate magazine with candor and style.

Celebrate yourself...and save $3.00 off newsstand rates. Send a check or money order to **VIVA,** Subscription Dept., P.O. Box 920, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735. ($12 for 12 issues).

MARIJUANA FROM MEXICO

Embroidered shirts that is! These naturally styled shirts are embroidered with the colors of the marijuana plant (as grown). Looks great with jeans and casual wear. All shirts feature quality workmanship throughout and generous length sleeves. Sized S - M - L - XL.

Style A. **MARIJUANA LONGSLEEVE**—natural color only (shown above)—100% cotton unbleached muslin. **$13.95.**

Style B. **MARIJUANA SHORTSLEEVE**—black only (same embroidery as longsleeve)—100% imported cotton. **$13.95.**

Please send me_____shirts. Style_____. Enclosed is $_____. Please add $1.50 for postage. Calif. res. add 6% tax. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Country Scruffs, Box 40, Carlsbad, Ca. 92008.

Status Symbol.

Get it on in sterling silver or gold filled for $10. 14k gold for $29.

These handsome vasectomy pins are not only fine jewelry — they're great conversation pieces and ice breakers. Crafted of precious metals that have always gained in value with time. Tell her it's all right tonight with your personal status symbol. Sure to be a sexual liberation sensation. Major credit cards accepted. Allow four weeks for delivery.

Female symbol, with break in circle, available in same rare metals as a pendant suitable for attachment to bracelet or necklace at identical price ranges.

IMAGES P.O. Box 173 ☐ Hartland, Wisconsin 53029

Credit Card & No. Male Female

_____ _____ _____ (no.) silver pins

Total Enclosed _____ _____ (no.) gold filled pins

_____ _____ _____ (no.) 14K gold pins

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

ass. As my rhythm increased, Misty stuck her finger up my ass. At the same time, she began eating Kim. I quickly shot off the biggest load of come I've ever let go.

Kim spends a lot of time with Misty and me. We've experienced many three-ways, and each session is as good as the one I've described for you. Kim and my wife are now interested in adding a fourth person to our little three-way. Needless to say, they're interested in getting some guy. Xaviera, I'm not the jealous type, but things are so perfect now I'm afraid another guy might ruin our relationship. What do you think?—Don

The more the merrier, or so some say. I'd suggest you give it a try, and if it just doesn't work out, go back to your old three-way setup. Right now, you don't really have much choice, as you're obviously outvoted. In all fairness, you should give the women who are your lovers a break.

Personally, I prefer three-ways to foursomes. Somehow, sixteen limbs flailing about in one big bed are too much for me to handle; the whole affair usually seems more amusing than erotic. Also, you should consider the idea of making it with another guy. Any kind of group sex must involve some degree of homosexuality if it's going to be a successful three-way, foursome, or more-some. If the thought of homosexuality turns you off, this is one foursome that's bound to be a loser.

Experiment, experiment! After all, what was your opinion of three-way sex prior to meeting Kim? Eventually, you might even consider treating your wife to a different kind of three-way: you, her, and this mystery gentleman. Give her the sensual spotlight for a while.

THE CRUDE DUDE SCREWED HER RUDE

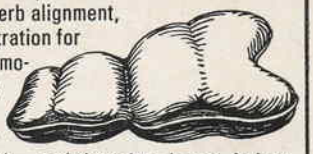
My name is Linda, and I'm seventeen years old. I lost my virginity about six months ago, and ever since then I've had this big, nagging problem. Let me start at the beginning—though I hate dredging it up.

When I first went out with this guy, Michael, he was always giving me these lines that really turned me on. I was stupid enough to believe him, too, which led us to his bedroom. I have nothing against sex, but I think I could've chosen a much better guy. I don't mind sucking a guy off, but when he uses lines like, "C'mon, baby, suck me off!" it bothers me. Secondly, when I went down on him, I noticed that his balls stank like moldy mildew. Worse than that, he started to thrash his hips against my face really fast, and, thanks to that, I now have a nice bruise on my lips. Then, after promising me that he wouldn't come in my mouth, he did. It tasted like sour milk.

After shooting off in my mouth, he sucked my tits, and I mean he really sucked! *It felt like a supercharged vacuum*

HOW TO MAKE IT BETTER—ON AIR

If sex is good, good sex is better and better sex is yours when you make it on a luxurious pink satin-covered cloud of air. Unique Compat-A-Pillow designed so she can undulate—participate—capitulate completely with an exhilarating freedom of motion to bring you both to the summit of ecstacy. Patented inflatable cushion provides superb alignment, deeper penetration for him; soaring mobility for her; intense frictional stimulation for both—and that, dear lovers, is how to make it—BETTER! 12 page text by MD included. A great gift anytime. Order several for friends and give them the ultimate in sensuous sex. Send check or Money Order today. $7.95. We pay postage, ship at once. Money Back Guarantee.



BETTER SEX Dept. PJ
57 Industrial Road
Berkeley Heights, NJ 07922

Throw away those gadgets, contraptions, and creams... Sexual Prowess is your birthright as a man... naturally!

BE A GREAT LOVER THE NATURAL WAY!

If you're a man **physically**, then you can be a better man sexually — naturally the way nature intended. All men wish they could be better lovers, but negative attitudes that lie hidden in the all-powerful subconscious mind block their natural abilities, leaving them sexually handicapped. These negative attitudes, gained in childhood and reinforced by unsuccessful experiences, send out deadly messages to your sexual organs and cause them to act (or fail to act) accordingly. This is the kind of problem that sometimes forces us to resort to artificial "helpers."

NOW — a breakthrough has found that man has **within himself** the power to overcome sexual inadequacy and burst forth as the confident, virile man nature intended him to be. The answer to overcoming your problems lies in our miraculous cassette tape. Our powerful cassette tape helps eliminate this negative self image and unleash the sexual power within you. **We guarantee:** if you are a man physically, you have within you the power to be a better man sexually ... naturally ... and this 30-minute tape will show you how. So turn this cassette on and turn yourself on to the sexual success you always wished for. Try it for 30 days, and if it isn't all we say it is, your purchase price will be cheerfully refunded.

ORDER TODAY

Please rush me your cassette tape. I understand that if I am not completely satisfied, I can return for complete and prompt purchase price refund.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

I enclose my: ☐ check ☐ money order for $9.95*

Please charge ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge to my: Interbank No. _____

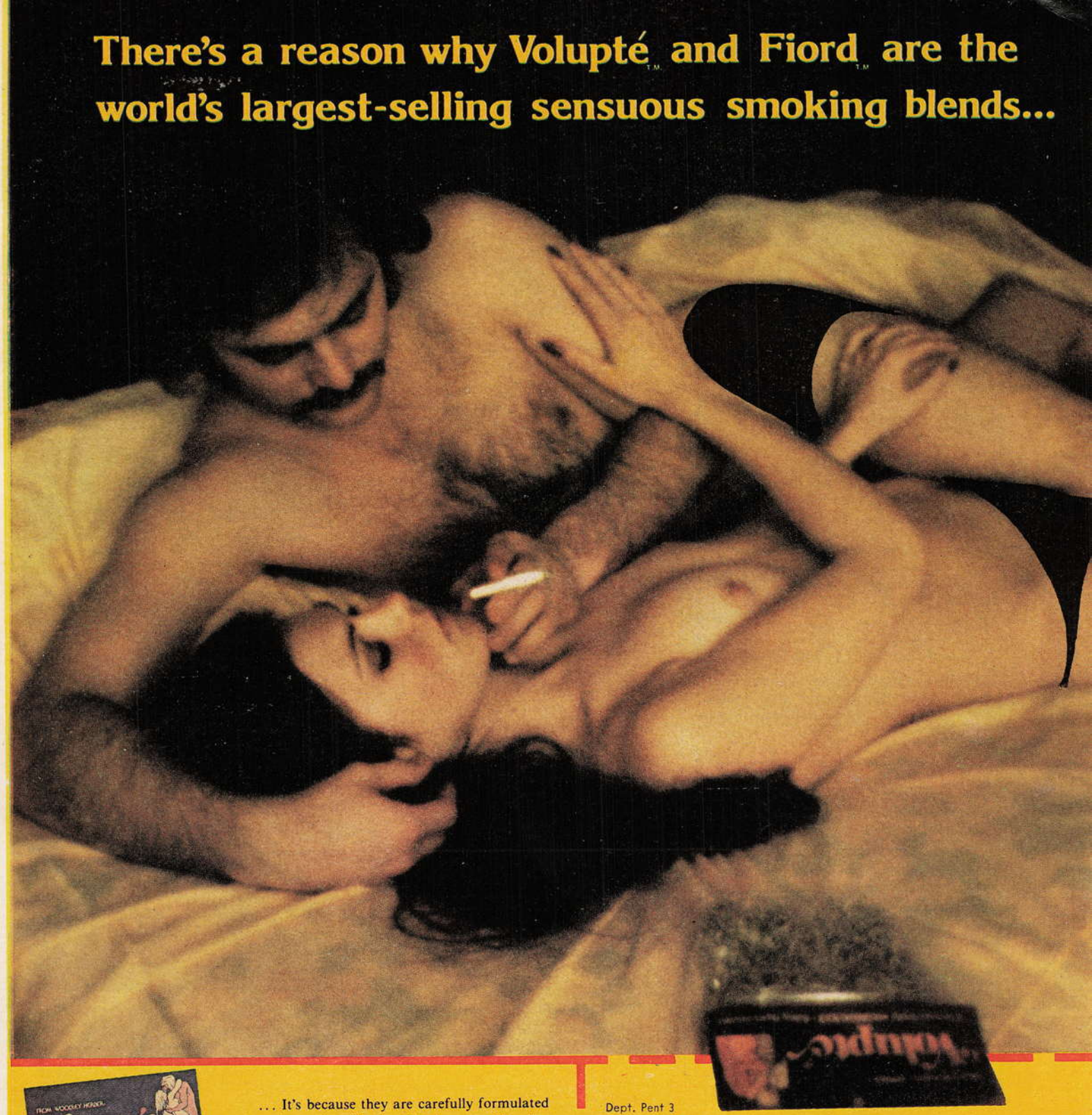
Please fill in your Account No. _____

Signature _____

Success Research Institute, Inc.
P. O. Box 2008 • Orlando, Florida 32802

*Tape player not included. (Fla. add 4% sales tax)

There's a reason why Volupté™ and Fiord™ are the world's largest-selling sensuous smoking blends...



... It's because they are carefully formulated to be truly effective. It's because Woodley Herber* has only used the finest herbs, no matter how expensive. Herbs that have been used as aphrodisiacs for centuries. Fabled yohimbe from Africa, ginseng from China, Mexican damiana; plus verbascum flowers, humulus jupus and many others to produce two potent, but fine-tasting, blends ... to smoke like tobacco or mix with your own regular blend.

Smoke with your lover ... feel your bodies smile at each other.

CAUTION: Avoid driving or operating heavy equipment for 4 hours after using these products.

*Woodley Herber, Volupte' and Fiord are trademarks of The Woodley Herber Company.

Dept. Pent 3

SOCIAL PRODUCTS • 2 Park Place • Bronxville, N.Y. 10708

Please send:

_____ Lids of FIORD (#2501) at $4.95 ea. $_____

_____ Lids of VOLUPTE (#2502) at $5.95 ea. $_____

SUBTOTAL $_____

N.Y. Res. add 5% Sales Tax _____

Postage & Handling 1.00

I AM 21 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER

Please allow up to 4 weeks for delivery.

TOTAL _____

PLEASE PRINT:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Enclosed is my ☐ Check ☐ Money Order (Cash not accepted) Or charge to my ☐ BA ☐ MC

Credit Card No. _____ / _____ Interbank No. (MC only)

Signature _____ Expiration Date

The Original
YOUR REFLECTIONS GIFT OFFER 13.95

WATCHING IS BEAUTIFUL.
"Your Reflections" comes gift wrapped with a greeting card and special Christmas gift that will tickle your fancy. This flexible mirror-like material fits over beds, or wall, anywhere you dare, even over bath. Full viewing 54" X 40" is shatter-proof, lightweight; kit included—attaches without tools. Offer expires Jan. 1, 1977

Mail to: "Your Reflections" Dept. Ph
156 E. 34th St.,
New York,N.Y. 10016

Enclosed is a ( )check or ( )money order for ( )"Your Reflections" @ $13.95 each.
Add $1.50 postage/handling or $3.00 outside U.S.A. N.Y.C. residents add 8% sales tax.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Replacement or refund if product does not arrive in perfect working condition.

ORIGINAL W.W.II HELMET
(NOT A REPLICA)

ONLY $24.95
PLUS $2.00 POSTAGE AND HANDLING
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

COLLECTORS! 32 PG. COLOR CATALOG $1.00
W.W. II Medals, Civil War Hats, Flags etc. 100's of items
CATALOG FREE W/ ORDER
UNIQUE IMPORTS, INC. Dept. PH5
610 FRANKLIN STREET, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA 22314

it's working
Thanks to you

The United Way

advertising contributed for the public good.

had been applied to my nipples. I told him to take it easy, but he wasn't even listening.

I wanted him to eat me, but all he did was lick me a few times. I wanted more, but all he would do was finger-fuck me. And you know what, Xaviera? He told me that I didn't have a clitoris! Even though I was inexperienced, I sure as hell knew where my clit was. I had to show him where it was—and he still didn't believe me (and he was dead serious, too). I was glad when he finally stopped hunting for it, because his fingers were all nicotine-stained and his nails very dirty. What a turn-off!

When we finally got down to screwing—or when he was screwing—he didn't consider my feelings at all. He was having the fuck of a lifetime, while I was in corporal agony. Remember, this was my first time. It hurt like hell. He was banging away at me like I was some hole in the wall. To make matters worse, he acted like some king stud after finally coming in me. His language was just plain filthy. He said stuff like, "Wasn't that fuck good enough for your dry cunt?" (as if there was anything to get juicy about), and "Perhaps my king-size prick is too big for your fat cunt?" That really made me feel good! I didn't even complain. God knows why I didn't.

Well, Xaviera, if you haven't guessed my problem by now . . . You see, I'm scared of sex. I mean, I really want it, but I'm scared that other guys are just like him. I'm forever meeting the smooth-talking type, and I'm scared of being taken for another bad ride. How would you advise me to overcome this problem? If something like this should happen again—God forbid!—what nasty, rotten insult can I lay on the guy?—Linda

You contradict yourself. At first you say that he really turned you on with all his great lines, but later that his lines like, "C'mon, baby, suck me off!" turned you off. Make up your mind, baby! Also, I must imagine that he had dirty fingernails before he fucked you. Why weren't they a big turn-off then? It's always best to check out these little physical details before you hop in the sack.

That he couldn't find your clit is a matter of ignorance on his part, but you can't really blame the guy. It's often very difficult to locate, especially when it's not "awake."

It's most unfortunate that your first experience had to be so disillusioning, but maybe you can learn from your mistake. Next time, don't fall for stupid lines. Be more choosy, and learn to say no.

THE ETERNAL ERECTION?

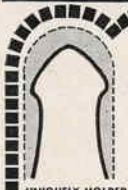
I'm a twenty-one-year-old man who's what you might call a "vitamin freak." I take all kinds of vitamins, but the one I'm currently concerned with is vitamin E. I'm presently taking 3,000 international units of this wonder drug. My friends think I'm overdoing it a bit, and my girl friends call me "the eternal hard-on." The reason I'm always so hard, I think, is because of all this vitamin E. My girl friends enjoy my dick being hard all the time, but when we're balling violently and they come, I'm still hanging in there, as hard

THE FIRST OF ITS KIND...
EXTENDER CONDOM
The UNIQUE 'SKIN-LIKE' CONTRACEPTIVE

ADDS INCHES TO YOUR SEXUAL MEASUREMENTS

NEVER BEFORE HAS A CONDOM REACHED SUCH HEIGHTS IN ALLOWING TOTAL SEXUAL FULFILLMENT!

"EXTENDER" CONDOM instantly increases your genital dimensions...to give the penetration and snugness so necessary for satisfying the both of you. Its remarkable 'SKIN-LIKE' texture and feel, offers you the ultimate in sensitivity and comfort. More than just a contraceptive, it is specially pre-formed to become a natural part of you. ONLY YOU WILL KNOW IT'S THERE!
The sensuous 'EXTENDER' CONDOM lets you add new length and width with less effort than it takes to use an ordinary condom. More expensive than the regular condom? Yes... But now you can experience a whole new world of sexual pleasure! The 'EXTENDER' CONDOM is available by mail only. For your privacy and convenience, orders are shipped promptly in discreet packages. Your Complete satisfaction is guaranteed or we will refund your purchase price in full. So order this unusual NEW Condom today with 100% confidence.



UNIQUELY MOLDED TO INSURE A DEEPER, SNUGGER FIT DURING RELATIONS

Send Cash, Check or Money Order to:
BOLD ENTERPRISES, Dept. P-1176
Box 872
Metuchen, New Jersey 08840

Gentlemen, Please rush me: $_____ ENCLOSED IS
☐ 5 EXTENDER CONDOMS ..... $ 5.95
☐ 12 EXTENDER CONDOMS 9.95
☐ 24 EXTENDER CONDOMS 17.95

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____

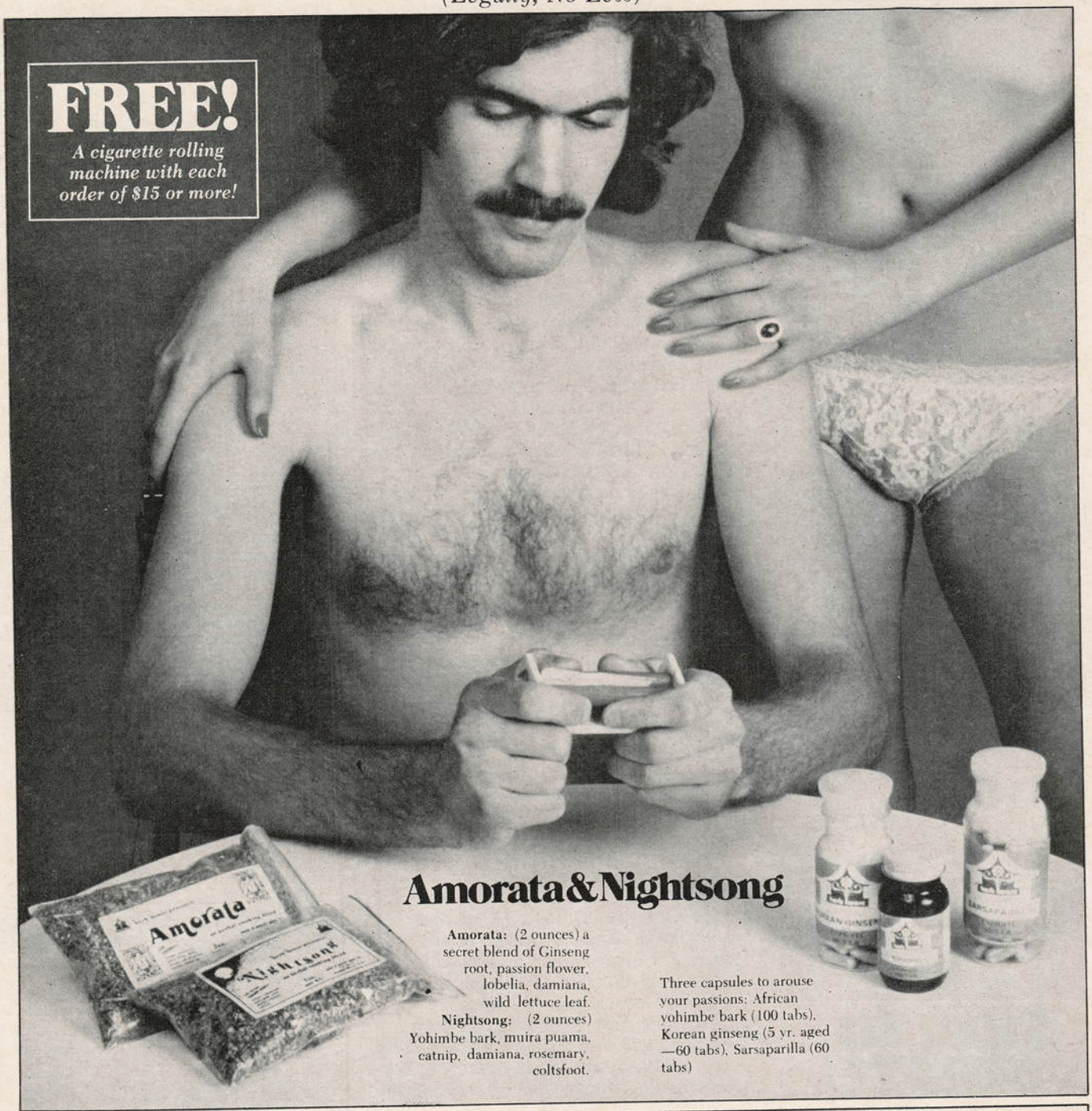
Spread the word with your choice of sexy pendants: (1) TRY SEX (2) TRY ME (3) TRY LOVE. Each pendant comes on an 18" rope chain, elegantly packaged in a velvet gift box.
Available in 14K Gold ($58.00) or non-tarnishing, rodium-plated Sterling Silver ($14.95). Be sure to specify message and metal when ordering.
To order send check or money order (plus $1.00 each for postage and handling) to:

Joey D's Jewelry DEPT. P-12
78 Bowery, N.Y., N.Y. 10013
NYC residents add 8% sales tax.

Name_____
(please print)
Address_____ Apt._____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____

WHERE ELSE CAN YOU GET IT FOR UNDER $4 AN OUNCE?

(Legally, No Less)


FREE!
A cigarette rolling machine with each order of $15 or more!
Amorata
Nightsong
Amorata&Nightsong
Amorata: (2 ounces) a secret blend of Ginseng root, passion flower, lobelia, damiana, wild lettuce leaf.
Nightsong: (2 ounces) Yohimbe bark, muira puama, catnip, damiana, rosemary, coltsfoot.
Three capsules to arouse your passions: African yohimbe bark (100 tabs), Korean ginseng (5 yr. aged —60 tabs), Sarsaparilla (60 tabs)

Five products designed for your pleasure in secret blends of ingredients known for centuries as **potent** aphrodisiacs! Two smoking blends—very exciting (even stronger when steeped in tea). Three exotic capsules. Most potent results obtained by combining the two. While all work well, each individual finds his own favorites, so mix and match—you'll have a ball! Safe and legal. **And an order of $15 or more gets you a FREE cigarette rolling machine.** Give it to her now!

(Caution: avoid driving or operating heavy machinery for 3 hours after use)

Mirobar Sales
964 3rd Avenue Dept. P-1176
New York, N.Y. 10022

____ AMORATA (2 oz) @ $7.95
____ NIGHTSONG (2 oz) @ $7.95
____ Korean Ginseng @ $8.95
____ Yohimbe Bark Tabs @ $9.95
____ Sarsaparilla tabs @ $7.95

Plus 35¢ postage & handling per item.

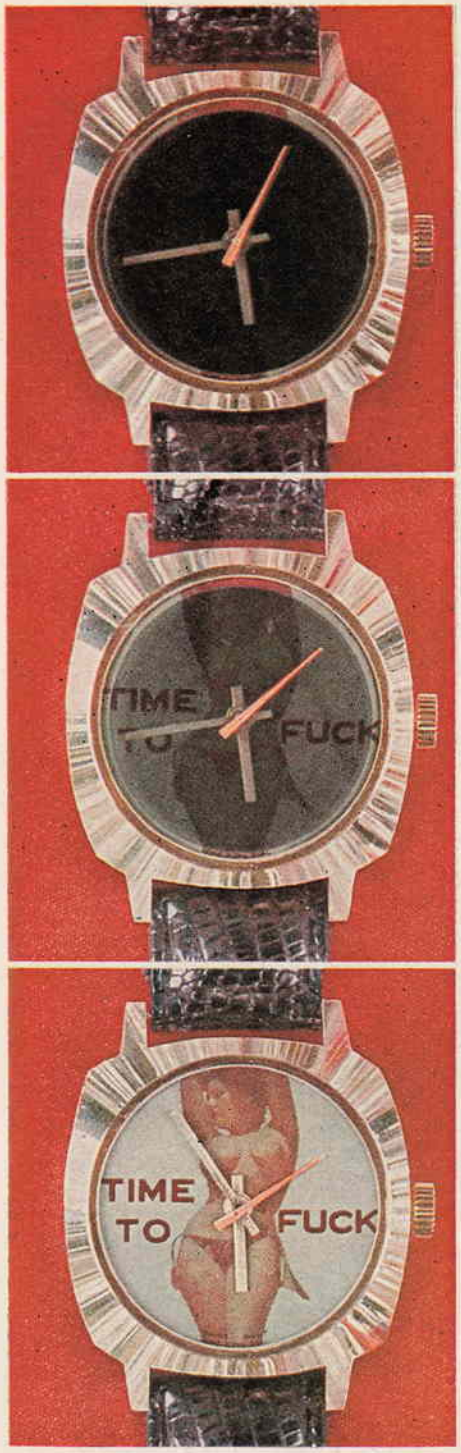
Total Enclosed $_____

FACT: We sell 2 oz. of Smoking Blend at $7.95, While the competition sells one oz. for $4.95

(if $15 or more, send my FREE rolling machine) _____

Name _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____



TIME TO WHAT?

At last! A watch to match the way your mind works. Every fifteen seconds your luscious pet appears and disappears, along with her pert reminder...as if you needed one!

A unique item, guaranteed to draw comments wherever you go. The watch is dustproof to insure accuracy. Only $22.95.

Send check or money order for $24.20 (includes $1.25 for postage and handling) to Climex International, P.O. Box 3286, Grand Central Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10017.

as a brick. As you may have guessed, this presents a problem. You see, they think that they're not satisfying me; so they buy me little presents. One girl bought me a delightful shirt which read, "Scottie's Stud Service, Inc." on the back. You wouldn't believe the calls I get from wearing this shirt out in public! The chicks who call me are really fantastic. Usually, they have fantastic mams (short for mammary glands; I want to be a gynecologist) and the best, most fleshly cunt lips in all the world.

Having more than one girl does not tire me out. I guess it's all that vitamin E, but I'm not sure. Can you give me some hard-core facts about vitamin E?—S.W.

A boy your age really doesn't need loads of vitamins to maintain a hard-on. At twenty-one, almost any guy can keep it up for hours. I once had a teenage lover who could come four to five times within an hour. The vitamin E may or may not give you extra strength. Doctors disagree on this point, but most would say that you're overdoing it at 3,000 units. If nothing else, you're just wasting a lot of money.

What's this crap about wanting to be a gynecologist? Do you really think you'd be horny for all those women, checking out twenty diseased twats a day? After all, do you think that only gorgeous chicks with hot honeypots go to gynecologists? Obviously, those women don't need a doctor. Forget your daydreaming and stick to your hard-eyed girl friends.

THE AIR-PUMP CUNT

My problem started about five years ago. I was lying on my face doing my bicycle exercises when, all of a sudden, my vagina just sort of "breathed" and sucked in a lot of air. I was so surprised that I pushed my legs some more, only to find that I could suck in even more air. Now it happens all the time when I lift my legs up in the air.

For a while, it was a lot of fun. It'd feel good when I pushed my cunt forward and the air would run in. When my boyfriend and I would take a bath, I'd let the water rush in and squirt it back into his face. But sometimes, when we make love and I get really hot and wet, the air rushes in and leaves my vagina quite dry. Obviously, it's no fun to fuck with a dry vagina.

Xaviera, does this happen to other women a lot? Should I use lubricants for my dry vagina—even though both my boyfriend and I detest them? Also, will my unusual vagina cause complications when I get older? I worry about germs growing inside me from all that air.—S.R.

Don't you worry one bit about those squirts of air from your pussy. It happens to the best of us and usually depends on what position your legs are in—like up in the air. If you don't want your cunt to make noises, then just lower your legs.

Not all lubricants are disgusting. Good old Johnson's baby oil is an excellent lubricant. It's also great for giving each other body rubs in all the right places.

DON'T GIVE UP SENSITIVITY BECAUSE YOU WEAR A CONDOM.

You need a condom that's ultra thin, ultra light, yet doesn't sacrifice reliability and security. That's Fetherlite.® Its strength and quality are ensured by our system of highly sophisticated electronic testing.

What's more, coral colored Fetherlite combines thinness with a unique natural lubricant, Sensitol.®

Get Fetherlite at your drug store. For a free sample pack of Fetherlite and a booklet send 25¢ for handling to Schmid Labs, Inc., Box FL-1, Rt. 46 West, Little Falls, N.J. 07424.

SUPER Vibrator Massager

Gently massage away tension and deeply stimulate local circulation. Perfect for every part of every body! 3 sizes available:

☐ 7" Model . . . . . $ 4.95
☐ 10" Model . . . . . $ 5.95
☐ Executive Model $14.95

SAVE $2.90
☐ All three Models $22.95

Add 65¢ postage & handling. **Add** $2 for **rush orders** shipped in 1 day (1st class mail). Applies w/cash or m.o. remittance only.

MAYER'S HOUSE CO.
3400 Montrose Blvd. / Dept. PH-11
Houston, Texas 77006

EROTIC FROGS
CONVERSATION SENSATIONS!
EACH 12" LONG — MADE OF "FUN FUR" BEAN BAG STYLE

ORDER YOURS NOW!
Only $14.95 per PAIR
PLUS $1.50 POSTAGE
Send Check or Money Order to:
EROTIC FROGS 12835 Bel-Red Road, Suite 200, Bellevue, Wash. 98005 ALLOW 4-6 WEEKS DELIVERY

TURN ON SWEDISH STYLE

SWEDISH TURN-ON CAPS
THE AUTHENTIC SPANISH FLY IMITATION
A unique combination of imported ingredients specially formulated to work on the same basic principle as real Spanish Fly. It causes a mild irritation in the urethral tract and will induce real sexual excitement. Capsule can be opened and contents mixed with tomato juice or Bloody Mary so that one will ever know they are taking it. Turn-On is safe and has the potential to produce real excitement. **$6.95**

FOR HIM - ERIC ERECTION CONTROL CREAM
TO OBTAIN AND MAINTAIN AN ERECTION
Specially formulated to sensitize the exterior of the penis. This action will cause an erection that will maintain itself longer than you thought possible. In a greaseless base so that no one will know you are using anything. Will also enable your erection to maintain its stiffness for a prolonged period of time. A must if you have trouble obtaining and maintaining an erection. **$6.95**

FOR HER - ERICA NYMPHO DESIRE CREAM
GUARANTEED TO HEAT UP EVEN THE MOST FRIGID
Just a drop applied to the clitoris will start things going. It takes effect immediately and the tingling sexual feeling will last for quite a while. A must for the woman who hasn't had or has lost the desire for stimulating sexual contact. Will create the desire again and again and again. NOW, the many glorious joys of satisfying sexual union can be yours. Completely safe. Should make even the frigid purr like a pussycat. **$6.95**

SKANDIA DISTRIBUTORS, Dept. P-1176A
P.O. Box 430 New York, N.Y. 10013

Erotic Music to swing by!

Compiled by a famous lover with a propensity to make lovers tremendously aroused

Sensuous Music To Let Yourself Go By

ALBUM I – **"Erotic Music"**
- My Place or Yours
- Keep Me Hot
- Loving You
- Down Yonder
- The Other Side
- Lover's Ecstasy
- Carnal Pleasure
- Playing Around
- Kiss And Tell
- Come Into My Arms
- Hold Me Tight

Sounds of Passion

ALBUM II – **"Erogenous Passion"**
- Sounds of Passion
- Touch Me
- Do You Know The Way?
- Good Feelin'
- Sunshine
- Moans And Groans
- So Close
- Together
- Wanting You
- Exploring Gently
- Is There More?

Magic Touching

ALBUM III – **"Magic Foreplay"**
- Tickle My Fancy
- Pulsing Pleasures
- Good Vibrations
- Joy of Giving
- Roll Over
- Sweet Mysteries
- My Life, My Love
- Hot & Juicy
- Thrill Me
- Be Gentle With My Soul
- Reflecting

All The Way

ALBUM IV **"All The Way"**
- Sweet Ecstasy of You
- Baby I Want You
- Giving Is Living
- Together At Last
- Come With Me
- One More Time
- Forever Mine
- Heavenly Passion
- Afterglow of Lovin' You
- Falling In Love With You
- Warm Lovin'

EROTIC MUSIC . . . soft, subtle, seductive music designed and planned to set a mood and turn you on in a very special way. It goes from one mood to another, each more and more sensuous. Music to sooth the savage beast . . . a woman won't be able to keep her hands off you! This music is designed to turn you into such an exciting lover—there is simply no way she can refuse you. It's guaranteed to turn you into the kind of lover women just can't wait to go to bed with. Remember . . . we guarantee it!

Music with erotic sounds inserted just in the right place and planned to go from — ALBUM I, "Erotic Music to Let Yourself Go By" — ALBUM II, "Erogenous Passion" — ALBUM III, "Magic Foreplay & Touching" — ALBUM IV, "All The Way."

Remember, each album is designed to take you and your love partner from the first love stage to that final wonderful moment.

You can purchase one record or all four records reaching passionately for the final climax and "All The Way." So break out the champagne and get yourself that special person and order your EROTIC MUSIC set, one at a time . . . or get the complete set NOW!

EROTIC MUSIC ALBUMS
2 Park Place
Bronxville, N.Y. 10708

QUALITY GUARANTEED!

P-11

PLEASE SPECIFY:

__ 8-track at $7.98 for each part
__ Cassette at $7.98 for each part
__ Record at $6.98 for each part

__ Erotic Music to Let Yourself Go By
__ Erogenous Passion
__ Magic Foreplay and Touching
__ All The Way — The Climax

SAVE!
__ Complete 8-track Erotic set - $25.00
__ Complete cassette Erotic Set - $25.00
__ Complete Record Erotic Set - $20.00

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

Amount enclosed $

Add 75c for shipping and handling of each item.

New York Residents Add Sales Tax

SAVE! complete set add only $1.00 for shipping and handling.

Nationally Advertised Brands!
CONDOMS BY MAIL
Sent First Class In Unmarked Wrappers.
End using sensation deadening condoms. Get gossamer thin sensitive condoms designed for sexual pleasure.

☐ 30 Executive Pack* $10
☐ 12 for $3
☐ 24 for $6
☐ 100 for $20

☐ 15 Fourex $10 ☐ 36 Ramses $10
☐ 48 Stimula $12 ☐ 24 Natural
☐ 36 Fiesta $12 Lamb $13.75

Shipped in 24 hours. ☐ * **EXECUTIVE PACK — THIRTY** of the top ten most SENSUOUS, GOSSAMER THIN, condoms $10: (Fourex, Natural Lamb, Sheik Sensi-Creme, Guardian Lubricated, Nuform, Ramses, Featherlite, Fiesta, "**STIMULA**", Lubricated Trojans.) ☐ 12 condoms (4 different brands) only $3. ☐ Deluxe package (6 different kinds) 24 condoms $6. ☐ Super Deluxe package 100 condoms (8 different kinds) $20. For air-mail add $1 postage.

W.P.C., Dept. 161
P.O. Box 90, Newark, New Jersey 07102
Sold on Money Back Guarantee

Fabulous Discounts on the latest powerful battery-operated

MASSAGERS

Everyone knows of the many relaxing benefits and pleasurable sensations of massage. Now you too can enjoy the satisfying relaxation and tension relief these outstanding devices can provide to you. Like a thousand little vibrating fingers, they will work expertly, magically, excitingly, over any area of your body. What a wonderful way to slim, trim, tone and tune-up your body while chasing aches, pains, tensions and frustrations away!

V1 ☐ 5" Powerful Mini-Massager ..... **Now Only $1.95**
V3 ☐ 7" Personal Massager ..... **Now Only $3.95**
V4 ☐ 8" 2-speed Massager ..... **Special - Only $5.95**
V6 ☐ 10" DeLuxe 2-speed Massager ..... **Now Only $7.95**
V7 ☐ 12" Super Massager ..... **Now Only $8.95**
(add 35¢ per order for postage and packing)

WE WILL NOT BE UNDERSOLD.
Try us first for the finest quality merchandise.
Simply clip and mail this ad with ***Cash, Check*** *or* ***Money Order*** *to:*
ENJOY ENTERPRISES, P.O. Box 8200, Dept. PT955
© 76-EE **Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017**

pepi

The Physical Education Public Information (PEPI) Project is a public service campaign developed by AAHPER to inform Americans about the value and benefits of school physical education programs.

The creation of these public service advertisements was made possible through the generosity of the Gillette Company, Safety Razor Division. Selected photos courtesy of the 1975 Scholastic/Kodak Photography Awards.

On behalf of our 50,000 professional members, we solicit the cooperation of publishers in bringing these public service messages to the public. Advertisements have been provided in a variety of sizes and we hope you will use them on a space available basis.

AAHPER

American Alliance for Health, Physical Education & Recreation
1201 16th Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

All in all, don't worry about your air-breathing vagina. You're better off with a tightly fleshed vagina and the resultant air squirts than with a loosely accommodating box. Forget about the germs inside—that's pure nonsense.

THE MASKED BALL

This may already be happening. If so, I haven't seen any magazine articles on it.

I think people should wear masks, like helmets, to prevent identification of participants at sex parties, clubs, swings, and other events. Such devices would make it possible for local people in an area to have their fun and yet not have to worry about gossip. By having the mask attached to a throat collar, secured by a small locket, the mask could be removed only by whoever is in charge of the event. These masks could have all manner of designs, colors, etc., and could be used to play out anyone's fantasies.—Glenn

If you're worried about being recognized, stay at home with the kids and watch television. If you're really a swinger, why not participate in the fun and games with your wife? If you do your swinging openly, who can blackmail you? If you're only a half-assed swinger—meaning you leave the wife at home—why not find just one person and have a discreet affair?

Concerning the masks, how about Halloween? I'm sure nobody would object to a nice costume ball.

A REST ROOM ROMP

I'm a nineteen-year-old girl. This past summer I met this man who was very gentle. I met him in a ladies' rest room, when I stopped at a roadside rest area on my way up to Salem, Oreg. It was around dusk; the sun had already set. I parked and lingered a second before getting out of my car. When I walked into the ladies' rest room, I saw this nice-looking man standing in the middle of the room. He never said one word to me but just proceeded to comb his hair. I walked past him and entered a stall.

I opened the door and walked out, and there he stood, with no clothes on. He said, "Hi, how ya' doin'?" The next thing I knew, I was on the floor and he was screwing me. The floor was cold, but I loved every minute of it! He then asked me to give him a blowjob, but I was shy, because I'd never done that before. Anyway, he just stuck his cock in my mouth and proceeded to push it in and out. He was thrusting his cock faster and faster and finally came. He told me to swallow his come, and I did.

We both rested a while and then started in fucking again. After we climaxed together, he started licking my cunt, which really turned me on. Then the door opened and in stepped this well-dressed, matronly lady. She stood there a while, watching him eat me out, shook her head, and then walked out.

Shortly thereafter, the guy took off, and I've never seen him again. I'd like to, though. Just a little advice to those who get

What takes only a few minutes, doesn't hurt and could save your life?

THE PAP TEST.

The Pap test can detect cancer of the cervix when it's virtually 100% curable. The test takes only a few minutes and doesn't hurt.

Your doctor takes a sample of the cells of your cervix that shed routinely each day. This sample is easily and painlessly taken.

Your cells are then studied under a microscope and, if cancer is present, the microscope will reveal it. Reveal it in its earliest stage when chances for cure are greatest.

This test can save your life because it catches cancer long before any symptoms appear.

And you won't need a Pap test for another year.

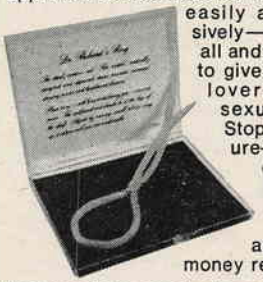
AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY
THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED BY THE PUBLISHER

BE THE MAN YOU WERE MEANT TO BE!

Dr. Richards Ring lets you prolong your love making for as long as she demands.

With Dr. Richards Ring you will never leave her unsatisfied again because this unique device enables you to keep a strong, hard, lusty erection for as long as she needs to achieve an orgasm—and you will respond naturally, and enjoy sex much more.

This simple, medically designed, and approved device fits over the male organ easily and unobtrusively—one size fits all and is guaranteed to give you and your lover heightened sexual pleasure. Stop being a failure—right now—order your Dr. Richards Ring today. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded in full.



If coupon is removed, please send check for $9.95 to **Harmony Products,** 501 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10011

Harmony Products, Dept. RR-102
P.O. Box 2088,
Grand Central Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10017

I've enclosed my check or money order for $9.95 plus 75¢ to cover shipping and handling. Please rush me my Dr. Richards Ring in a plain package today. (N.Y. Residents add applicable sales tax).

Name_____
Signature_____
I'm over 18 years of age
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____

it on in rest rooms: make it quick.—Excited.

Well, now we finally know that there's more to do in toilets than stare at the walls and read graffiti.

A LIMP PERFORMANCE

I'm having problems getting and maintaining an erection. When I was a teenager, I'd get too many erections. Now I can be lying in bed with a woman and—NOTHING! Needless to say, this can be a very embarrassing situation. Lately, the only way I've been able to make love is if a woman applies baby oil or Vaseline to my penis and masturbates me. The slick feeling arouses me very much, but still, I don't think that should be necessary. Also, my erections are not as hard as they used to be. Nothing seems to work. I hope you'll be able to shed some light on this problem of mine.—Concerned

When you were younger, you had many unwanted erections. Psychologically, you may have suffered from those embarrassing moments. And now that you want erections, you can't perform most of the time. Your problem is definitely psychological. In case you've masturbated a lot lately, I suggest you stop doing so, because too much jerking-off can cause problems when you're around a real woman.

The use of lubricants still works for you. I can almost compare your problem with that of this girl friend of mine who could achieve orgasms only with a vibrator. I told her to throw the vibrator away and just lay off sex until she got so horny that just fingering her clit would send her off. The same goes for you. Worry less, stop masturbating, and don't try to prove your masculinity.

AN INGENUE WHO DOESN'T KNOW

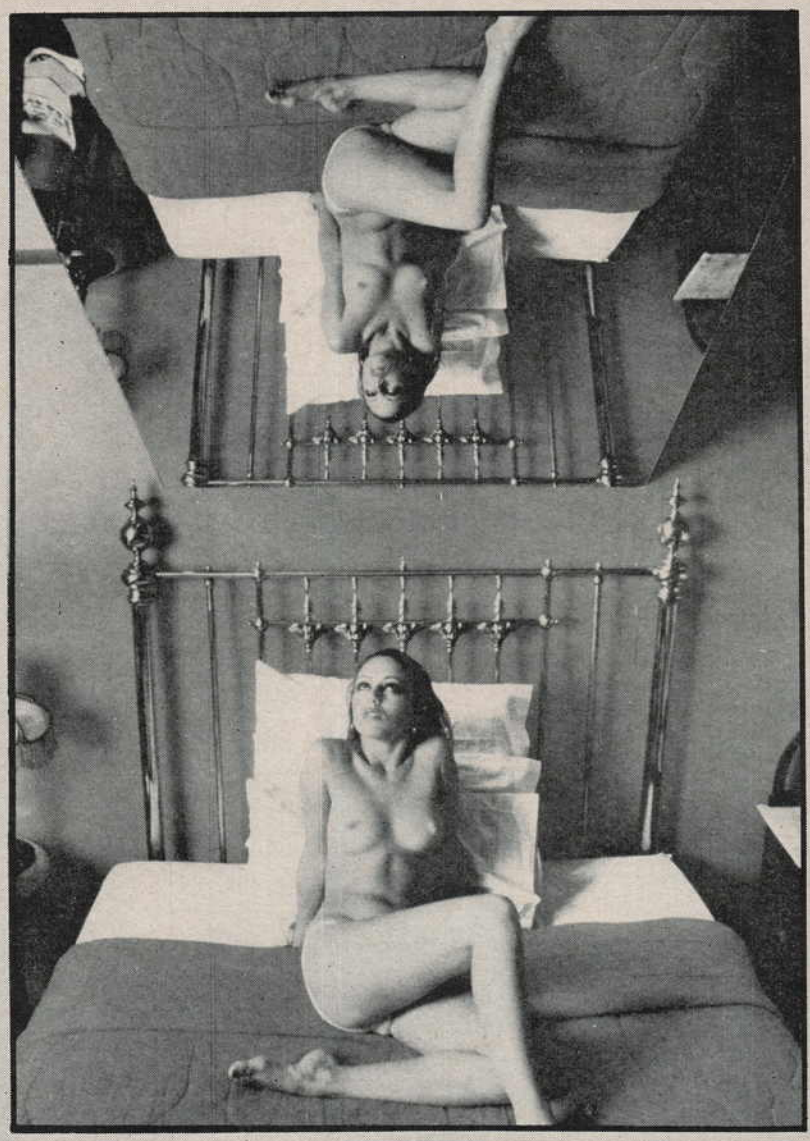
When I graduated from high school, it was my good fortune to get a job at a large computer office having a key punch staff of sixteen girls. One day I was having lunch with a girl there named Anne, and she asked me if I'd like to room with her.

I'd been there for about two months and everything was fine. Then one night I came in from a date and found that Anne was reading in bed. I went to my bedroom to undress and discovered that my back zipper was stuck. I asked Anne if she could help, and after fooling with it a bit she got it loose. In doing so she noticed a big, red welt on my back and asked me if I wanted a massage to help relieve the pain. I must say she did a real good job.

Rather suddenly she leaned over me and started French-kissing me. This startled me, but it wasn't long before I began to respond. Then I felt her hands caressing my tits. Anne kissed my neck and started sucking on my nipples. I was pretty aroused by then, and when I thrust my pelvis forward, her hand was there waiting to rub my aching clitoris. Finally, she slid two fingers deep into my vagina and really turned me on. We made love to each other until three that morning. After that night, we

MIRROR YOUR CEILING

First Time Ever Offered At Only $14.95!



YOUR FANTASIES COME TRUE!

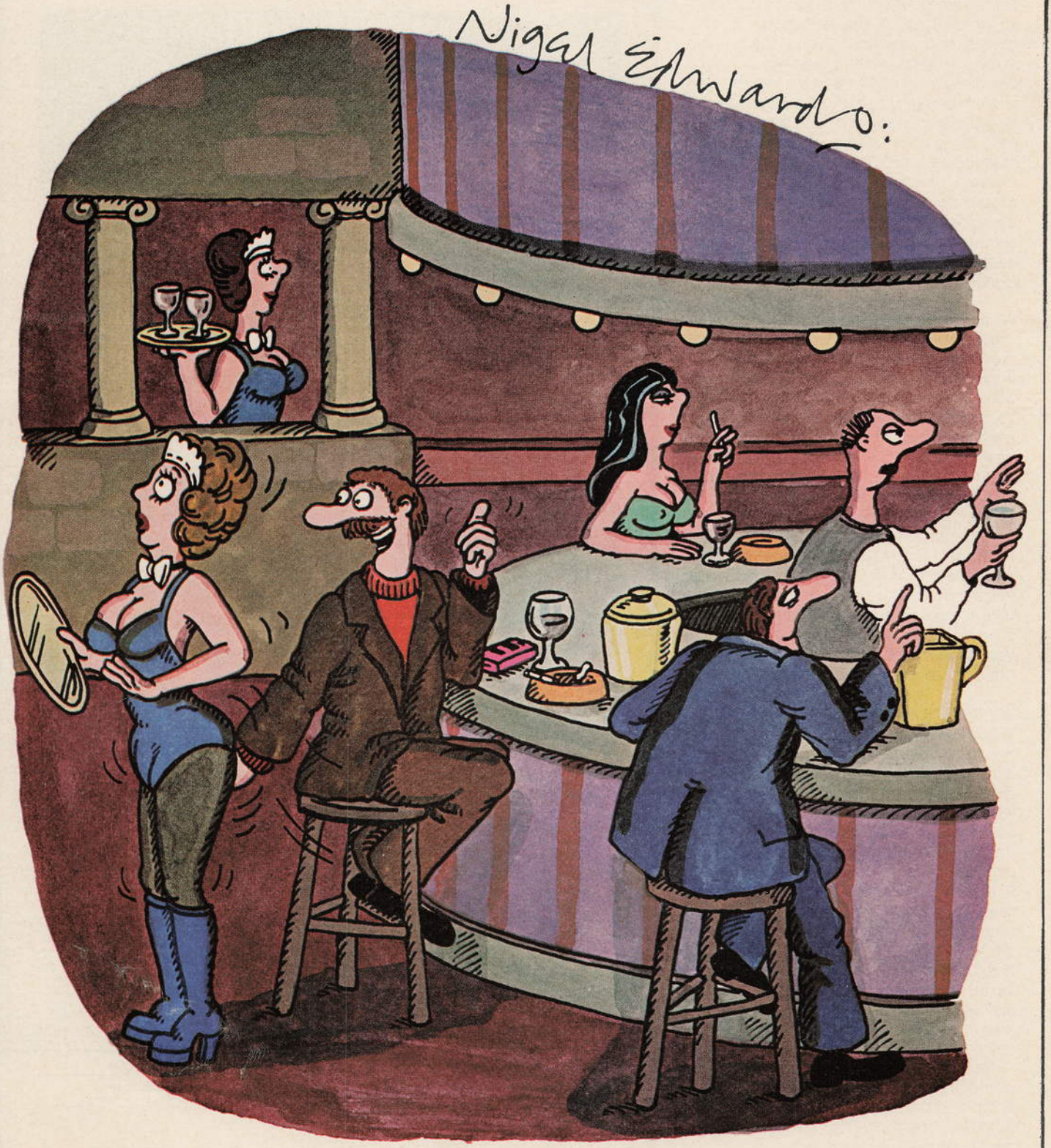
You can finally do it! This fabulous mirror-like material will fit *any* ceiling and attaches with simple tabs (not one tool necessary), and can be removed in moments effortlessly. You can both enjoy reflections you've only dreamed of. The ultimate luxury item finally available at our incredible price of $14.95! Lightweight and flexible enough to come rolled in its own carrying tube. Full body viewing in this large 54"x40" surface. Completely safe and shatterproof. Go wild doing ceiling *and* wall, bedroom *and* den. Why not? Now you can afford it. If product does not arrive in perfect working order, return for a full refund of your money.

Mirror Image
8 E. Prospect Ave. Dept. **P-11**
Mt. Vernon, New York 10550

Total Enclosed $_____
No C.O.D.. Please
Check ___ M.O. _____

Rush me _____ Mirror Image mirrors @ $14.95 plus $1.50 p&h to:

name _____
address _____
city _____ state _____ zip _____



"...Would you give this to the young lady over there..."

often spent the night together, not even answering the phone or the doorbell. Things were really going fine between Anne and me—and then I met Ronnie at a party.

Ronnie tried to make it with me the first night. I held him off over two months of steady dating until I couldn't stand it, and so I finally agreed to go to a motel with him.

At the motel, he checked in and I came in the back way. After turning on the television, we both lay on the bed and began making love. He helped undress me, but when he took off his clothes, I gasped and said, "You're too big for me!" He said, "Don't worry, babe. I know what I'm doing. You can take it." Needless to say, the whole thing was a disaster. The sheets were bloody, and it hurt like hell. I certainly didn't enjoy it and neither did Ronnie. The second time around it was much better, but all these sessions with Ronnie and Anne were beginning to wear me down. I never told Ronnie about Anne, so that when he suggested I move in with him and I did, it really broke Anne up.

Well, Ronnie and I have now covered about all the variations in sex that there are—between two people, at least—but he hasn't been able to put his entire length in me except up my ass. Recently, when he was entering my vagina from behind, he got it all in. To me, it felt like the head of his penis went through a restricted opening, and he said it felt the same to him. My questions are as follows:

Do you think it is possible that his penis went through my cervix?

Ronnie is not circumcised. Is it true that there is a greater chance I'll contract vaginal cancer from him than from a circumcised male?

Ronnie has me take an enema before anal intercourse. Is this an unusual practice?—Mary

I doubt whether Ronnie's penis went through your cervix. However, his penis might have touched the cervix and thereby given you a strange sensation. If he really is that well-hung, I'd suggest you not experiment with his trying to put his penis all the way in. The pain it will cause you will not be a fair trade-off for the pleasure it gives him.

There seems to be a larger percentage of women who contract cancer of the cervix amongst those who are married to uncircumcised men than amongst those married to circumcised men. The problem, however, is not that the men are uncircumcised but that circumcised men tend to keep themselves cleaner. And yet all that an uncircumcised man has to do is to push back the foreskin and thoroughly wash his penis before penetrating his woman.

Enemas are quite common amongst people who perform anal sex. I'd recommend, however that you use an enema only when your rectum is not clear. Too many enemas can make rectal muscles go flaccid, and who needs that? ○+

fredericks® OF HOLLYWOOD
SAVE!
Buy BOTH E and F
B or C cup $11.88
D cup $12.88
MOOD PANTS
Heart changes color!
PASSION FASHIONS!
FOR HIM
MOOD PANTS
Heart changes color to reflect the mood of the moment. "Sexy", "playful", "cuddly", "frigid". Nude only. Nylon tricot.
A #3-4954 $3.50
NATURAL NIPPLES
Underwired nylon lace half-cups lift the breasts, leave the nipples uncovered. Ribbon trim on adjustable straps. White with Blue trim or Black with Red trim.
32 to 38 B, 34 to 38 C cups. $8.50
B #4-5150 34 to 38 D cups: $9.50
SHOW OFF
French-cut, crotchless panties to match our exclusive Natural Nipple Bra in matching colors.
C #4-5279 Sm. Med. Lge. 2 for $8.44; $4.50 each
MAN ALIVE!
The least makes much of the most in this wet-look Black or Nude nylon G-string for guys. One size fits all.
D #5-9322 2 for $6.75
PLAY MISTY
Grecian toga-type is open at sides. Sheer nylon tricot with lace trim. Matching bikini. Black, Aqua or Peach. Petite, Sm. Med. Lge.
E #3-4532 $14
DESIRE
Set his desire on fire! Line your lovely cleavage in luscious lace. Gathered bust adds extra emphasis. Nylon tricot. Pink or Blue. Sm. Med. Lge.
F #3-4935 $10
LITTLE FOXY
Long slinky sleep-stunner with gathered keyhole bust that unties. Black or Red nylon tricot. Sm. Med. Lge.
G #3-4537 $9
CUT-OUT CUT UPS!
Open-tip bra and crotchless tow ridin' panties. Black, Blue, Purple or Red sheer nylon tricot all with Black lace and Black rayon fringe. One size fits all.
H #3-4359 $8
BALL AND CHAIN
If chains are his thing . . . sock it to him with imitation gold chain bra and G-string. One size fits all.
J #5-9014 $9.88
money back guarantee
fredericks® OF HOLLYWOOD
GET YOURS
FREE* CATALOG
*with your order or send $2 for 11 issues (one full year) or $3 for a two-year subscription.
Frederick's of Hollywood giant fashion-filled catalog. Hundreds of all-girl dresses, wigs, sportswear, lingerie, foundations, shoes, more!
FREDERICK'S OF HOLLYWOOD
6610 Hollywood Boulevard
Hollywood, California 90028
Dept. 3711
Please send the following styles (order by Style Number)
Style No. | Qty. | Size | 1st Color | 2nd Color | Price
I enclose $ ____ Check M O
Add $1 shipping charge for each item
California residents add 6% tax
©1976
Name
Address
City State Zip
Not ordering right now – BUT RUSH ME YOUR CATALOG!
I enclose $2 (one year) $3 (two-year subscription)
©1976 Hollywood Mail Order Corp. All rights reserved

SEXUAL BEST SELLERS

Now Available Conveniently By Mail!
C.O.D. ORDERS ACCEPTED!

EUROPE'S BEST SELLING SEX MANUAL
THOUSANDS SOLD AT UP TO $12.95!

THE PICTORIAL GUIDE TO SEXUAL INTERCOURSE

FEATURING *OVER 100 LARGE FULL PAGE, FULL COLOR, UNCENSORED and UNRETOUCHED PHOTOS*

This is Europe's best selling sex manual! Now, you can obtain it in the U.S.A. It combines no-punches-pulled straight talk about sex in all its pleasurable variations with clear, full color photographs of live models—nude men and women—graphically demonstrating numerous techniques of sexual love. Almost overnight, you will learn how to transform dull, routine sex into exciting episodes of satisfaction and gratification beyond your fondest hopes. And it's all so incredibly easy to follow because the color photographs show you precisely what to do, every step of the way.

Special Deluxe ALL COLOR — Perfect Bound Edition 224 Pages

NOW ONLY - $4.95

OVER ONE MILLION COPIES SOLD AT
UP TO $12.95 Per Copy NOW ONLY $2.95

The New PHOTOGRAPHIC MANUAL OF SEXUAL INTERCOURSE

FEATURING *OVER 750 FULL COLOR AND BLACK & WHITE PHOTOGRAPHS AND ILLUSTRATIONS*

Here it is new and revised, one of the all-time greatest and best selling sex manuals ever published! It's been translated into five foreign languages. It's been used in sex courses by such Universities as Johns Hopkins. It's been acclaimed by psychiatrists and members of the medical profession. Many have called this book "America's Advanced Sex Course" and for you and your mate, that's exactly what it will be!

The complete uncensored and unabridged $12.95 Edition complete with FULL COLOR Photographs, in paperback — 264 pages

NOW ONLY - $2.95

Satisfaction Guaranteed Or Money Refunded Within 10 Days!

OVER HALF MILLION COPIES
SOLD AT UP TO $14.95!

THE PICTURE BOOK OF SEXUAL LOVE

NOW! *A SEX MANUAL THAT TELLS IT AND SHOWS IT...LIKE IT IS!*

WHAT TO DO...HOW TO DO IT...WHEN TO DO IT! No dry theory...no boring philosophies...this book deals with lovemaking techniques far more completely and clearly than any book has ever attempted to before. Its 320 dynamic, bold and adventurous pages of text and its over 196 actual photographs of revealing, unashamed and unafraid live couples boldly demonstrating sexual lovemaking positions and techniques, will teach you all you will ever need to know to satisfy your love partner completely and totally.

The complete uncensored and unabridged $14.95 edition; 196 actual photographs; in paperback—320 pages

NOW ONLY - $2.95

SPECIAL LIMITED TIME OFFER TO READERS OF THIS MAGAZINE!
BUY ALL 3 BEST SELLERS FOR ONLY $9.95 AND SAVE .90¢!

NOTE: Please add 30¢ per each book for postage & handling

Medi-Data, Inc. P.O. Box 4399 **Dept. PT-716**
Grand Central Station, N.Y. 10017

Please rush me in plain sealed wrapper, the books I have indicated below as per your 10 day money back guarantee!

☐ I have enclosed $ _____ in full payment. ☐Cash ☐Check ☐M.O.
☐ I have enclosed a $1 deposit. Please send C.O.D.

☐ PICTORIAL GUIDE TO SEXUAL INTERCOURSE — $4.95
☐ PICTURE BOOK OF SEXUAL LOVE — $2.95
☐ PHOTOGRAPHIC MANUAL OF SEXUAL INTERCOURSE — $2.95
☐ **ALL THREE FOR ONLY-$9.95**

SIGNATURE _____
I hereby represent that I am over 18 years of age.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

SAVE MONEY! Enclose full payment & SAVE Post Office C.O.D. charges!
(New York State residents please add appropriate Sales Tax)

Confidence.

Stud 100 World famous Delay Spray for men gives you the power to prolong sexual pleasure for you and your partner. Discreet spray pack available at progressive Drug Stores or direct from the makers at $6 per can.

Dept. PH64
Pound International Corporation
120 East 56th St, NYC, NY 10022

Please supply ..... cans Stud 100
I enclose cash/cheque/M/O @ $6 each

Name .....
Address .....
.....
..... Zip .....

NY State add Sales Tax

NEW! Send 50c in coins for COLOR PHOTO CATALOG of America's smartest swimwear, sportswear, His'n Hers Bikinis. in Phoenix - 3903 N. 16 St.

PARR OF ARIZONA
Dept. 66 BOX 294
PHOENIX, 85001

UNCENSORED DEVELOPING

Kodacolor Dev. 12Ex. $3.90, 20Ex. $5.90
Slides Developed 20Ex. $2.50, 36Ex. $3.50
All 8mm Movies $3. Color reprints .25
Five Color copies & neg. of Polaroid $2.

Spectra Photo P.O. Box 258P
Syracuse, N.Y. 13201

THE NOSE GROWS!

Get ahead in the hard-nosed world of pure pleasure. Amaze friends. Amuse yourself.

Quality underwear with four-color illustration. Comes with informative booklet.

Send check or money order to:
NOSE GROWS, INC. ©1976
1722 Whitley Ave., Hollywood, Ca 90028

I'd like to stick my nose into someone else's business. Please send me ___ pair of Nose Grows Underwear. @ $3.50 each.
☐ Boxer style ☐ Briefs ☐ S ☐ M ☐ L ☐ XL
Add 50¢ postage & handling.

Name _____
Address _____
City/State/Zip _____

MasterCharge and BankAmericard accepted.
California residents add 6% sales tax.

High Blood Pressure?

ONLY YOUR DOCTOR CAN TELL

Ask your Heart Association

ERECTION '76

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132

only real "ism," Tom Hayden still dared to dream of his ideal presidential cabinet: Secretary of Defense William Proxmire, Secretary of Commerce Ralph Nader, Secretary of Labor Cesar Chavez, etc.... Hundreds of years ago a French king was puffing on the same "hash pipe" when he promised his peasants "a chicken in every pot" (a great quote, later to be plagiarized to the hilt by American politicians) only to be vetoed many years later by Marie Antoinette, who responded to her subjects' need of *bread* with: "Let them eat cake." American politics traditionally exists somewhere between that "stoned king" and that "bitch queen" or, as one Democratic delegate asked as he left the room, "How can he expect to gain support with so narrow a scope of public appeal?"

Inside the convention hall Walter Cronkite loomed above the convention site in a perch befitting his high standing in the journalistic community while I myself sat on an unpainted wooden bench, squinting at the far-off speakers' platform in the perch befitting my *low* standing in the journalistic community.

John Glenn spoke on Monday night. "One giant step for John Glenn, one major catastrophe for the American eardrum." Senator Glenn's presence on the speaking platform was preceded by a public-relations film glorifying this former "astronaut's" many accomplishments, proclaiming him to be immortal but modest. American politicians have a unique knack for claiming *chastity* and bragging about their virility at the same time. I've always thought it was Tacky (with a capital "T") to precede your own entrance with your own overblown biographical film, and Jimmy Carter proved my point by doing the same thing on the last night of the convention. Carter went so far as to have a "rock song" written for himself, extolling the fine points of his character to American youth in their own special idiom. The constant quotes from Bob Dylan within the context of his presidential policies (the prophet Zimmerman for Carter) were also Tacky with a capital "T." Getting back to John Glenn, which is more easy than desirable, I must say that I felt sorry for him. At the end of his introductory film, he stepped onto the podium to a thunderous burst of applause. From that point on, however, it was downhill all the way. Astronauts don't need charisma, but United States senators have little future without it. He proceeded to blow both his introduction and "image" with a speech that sent most of the delegates and newsmen quietly shuffling toward the nearest bar, or bathroom, whichever came first.

Downstairs the "Railroad Lobby" had supplied free beer, sandwiches, and color-television sets for the bored press corps—most of whom spent their time picking up quotes and information from the network news. It had an image of those vintage

1930s "Newspaper Movies," with Clark Gable, Wally Ford, and Rosalind Russell rushing to outscoop each other, digging for the facts . . . Forget it! these guys were doing more drinking than writing. If it weren't for those free beers in the press lounge of the Felt Forum, most of the news media would have left the convention long ago. Reporters of all ages, sizes, shapes, and political persuasions were reaching out desperately to find something reportable and were settling instead for skimpy little meat sandwiches. A woman who claimed to be a food editor for the *New York Times* taught me how to combine the contents of three of those miniature railroad sandwiches in order to manufacture one tasty morsel. Overcome with joy in my good fortune, I celebrated by creating a rumor, "THE LEGEND OF THE TROJAN PEANUT, American Mythology" (with apologies to Homer). Just as John Chancellor and Walter Cronkite were announcing the vice-presidential nomination of Walter Mundane, I launched into my story: "And it came to pass that a 'giant wooden peanut' was found on Seventh Avenue, in front of the convention hall on that last of all nomination days, and the Carterites didst rejoice and bring it forth into the fortified halls of their 'garden' and, looking upon it, saw that it was good and treated it even as a deity. Later that evening, as they rejoiced in their great victory, a small door opened at the base of that knotty pine nut, and out jumped the entire *Humphrey Delegation*, taking over the convention, sacking the walks and the garden and all of the prophets and people therein and turning the presidency over to Hubert Humphrey, who was *pleased as punch*." I told that entire story to a nice little old lady from a Milwaukee newspaper. She smiled politely and wistfully excused herself as she headed for the nearest rest room.

Time to leave anyway. Try it again later. I'm going home, or as Scarlett O'Hara once said, "Tomorrow is another day," or as Lennie Bruce also once said, "Fuck 'em all—I'm going home." In the taxi, on the way to my quick nap, I asked the driver what he thought of John Glenn. "Seems funny to me," he said, referring to Glenn's accident,"a man goes up into space and damn near kills hisself in a bathtub."

The dictionary defines the word *jimmy* as "a short *crowbar* used by burglars—to open with or as with a jimmy." That description just about covers the lackluster entrance of this present Democratic champion, who "jimmied" his way into the fashionable boardroom of national politics, promising a little piece of political ass to everybody; *but* as that buxom little virgin from Brooklyn once explained to me, "I'm saving it for marriage." This country just might "marry" Jimmy Carter. Plains, Ga., would be a weird place for a winter White House, but when you really think about it, stranger things have happened, like Jacqueline Kennedy actually marrying Aristotle Onassis. The Republicans never pull surprises like that.

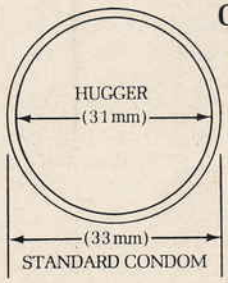
A smaller condom. Because all men are not created equal.

Like everything else created by nature, no two penises are exactly the same.

Yet, until now, all condoms were made in one size only, extra large. Even though this cheated most men of fit and sensitivity.

But now any man can feel more of the pleasures of sex, with Hugger, the first condom designed to fit every size penis like a second skin.

Hugger is made slightly smaller than other condoms, and stretches to conform to the exact size and shape of your penis.



So whether you're large or average you can finally experience the extra sensitivity of a condom that fits like it was made just for you.

In Sweden, thousands of men, small, medium and large, prefer this condom to any other they've ever used. To get your sample, mail coupon today.

LUBRICATED WITH SK-70 "DRY" SILICONE

Stamford Hygienics Inc., Dept. WP-2
P.O. Box 932, Stamford, Conn. 06902

Please send me: (Check Box)
☐ $3 sampler of 12 Hugger. ☐ $1 sampler of 3 Hugger.
☐ $25 super sampler of 120 condoms including Hugger.

Free catalog of erotic condoms sent with any order.

☐ Check ☐ Cash ☐ M.O. Enclosed

Name_____

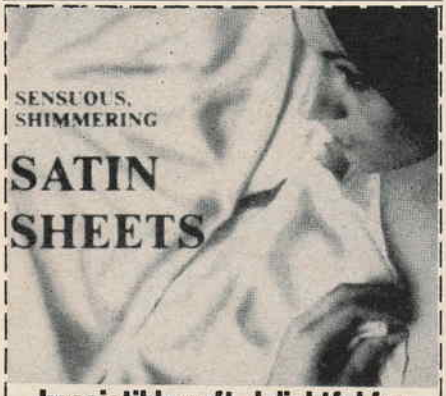
Address_____

City_____

State, Zip_____

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER

Leading book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. For complete information, send for free booklet P-78. Vantage Press, 516 W. 34 St., New York 10001



Irresistibly soft, delightful for lingering, Indulge Yourself!

You deserve it! Slip into luxury—you won't want to get up! It's a wonderful, oh-so-sensual feeling. Machine washable and dryable too! Silky acetate satin in 7 shimmery shades. THE FINEST AND SOFTEST SATIN SHEETS ANYWHERE!
Each set includes (Check one)
× 1 straight top sheet, 1 fitted bottom sheet, 2 matching pillowcases or
☐ 2 straight top sheets, 2 matching pillowcases
Check color wanted: ☐ Dreamy Blue; ☐ Rich Red; ☐ Bashful Brown; ☐ Ecstasy Gold; ☐ Sensuous Bone; ☐ Innocent White; ☐ Mint Green.

☐ Twin Set	$22.50	☐ King Set	$32.50
☐ Double Set	$23.50	☐ Queen Set	$27.50

Send Cash, Check or Money Order to:
SLOAN AND PETERS, Dept. P-1176,
160 Amherst Street, East Orange, New Jersey 07019

the sensuous host uses the...

PENTHOUSE PARTY PAK

Includes everything you need for your own Penthouse Party at home: 25 stir rods, 50 napkins and 50 matchbooks — in a gift-wrapped box all with Penthouse identification.

To order, send $5.95 (plus $1 for postage and handling) to: **Penthouse Products, Dept. DOO2, 909 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.** Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery. NYC residents add 8% sales tax.

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

me, she put her sweet fingers to my lips and gave me a quick kiss on the cheek. She then disappeared onto the platform as I slumped back into my seat, dizzy with the most wonderful taste and smell sensations I have ever experienced.

Even to this day, I have no recollection of disembarking at the next stop and walking down Montgomery Street to my office. I only remember that fantastic woman with the long moist fingers and the small, pert breasts.—*M.G., San Francisco, Calif.*

Cinderfella

I am twenty years old and have been reading *Penthouse* for about three years now. Until about a year ago, my reaction to the Forum section was a mixture of disbelief and depression. I couldn't happily accept so many people were experiencing sexual activity only known to my fantasies.

I was coming to believe my empty sex life was a result of my lack of sexuality. My face isn't ugly, but I'm only five foot seven inches, and I tend to be chunky. My penis measures no more than six inches fully erect, and I talk so fast and mumble so much that people often can't understand me. In short, I don't possess many attributes to attract girls.

However, about a year ago, my life took an unexpected turn. A friend had invited a couple of girls over, and we decided to go swimming. The girls didn't have suits, though, and suggested we go skinny-dipping. I certainly had no objections. This was enough to unravel a guy's sex drive that hadn't even played "touchy-feely" for about three or four years.

Nothing much happened that night, but I was very attracted to one of the girls and found out (to an even greater shock) that the attraction was mutual. She was pretty, had a good figure, *and* a great personality. Seeing her naked was quite a treat, but the idea of a possible romance unnerved my psyche. As they say, one thing led to another, and we soon developed a boyfriend–girl friend relationship—and the beginning of my sexual experiences, ones which I thought were only enjoyed in fantasies, or by the rare superstuds and even rarer promiscuous, beautiful girls.

The past year has seen a progression from passionate kissing through fellatio, cunnilingus, and analingus—to even more passionate intercourse in most of the positions. My girl friend is always willing to perform fellatic on me and has done it many times, including a couple of times while we've been on the Haunted Mansion ride at Disneyland.

Our latest experience is even more exciting. A few months ago my girl friend began to notice some bisexual tendencies in herself. Her suspicions were soon realized with a close girl friend of hers. Their encounter by no means made me jealous; on the contrary, it excited me immensely. This

YOU'LL LOVE TO SNUGGLE UNDER A BLANKET OF FUR*

A Great Christmas Gift!

Here's a truly sexy bedtime idea—FUR BLANKETS. It's fun to wrap up in these luxuriously thick, silky, soft, warm jungle throws. ACRYL Fur* blankets are machine washable . . . Non allergenic.

Order for yourself . . . for gifts!

Tiger, Zebra, Jaguar, Alaska Red, Alaska Beige.
60" × 80" $33.00 ppd.
Tiger, Jaguar, Alaska Red
87" × 95" $58.00 ppd.

RICH-MOND ASSOCIATES, Dept. P116
466 Evergreen Place, Paramus, N.J. 07652

FREE! POWERFUL MUSCLES FAST!
Fantastic New Discoveries in the science of bodybuilding. Add inches of powerful muscles to arms, chest, shoulders and legs. Secrets on trimming the waist with ultra-modern methods----fast! FREE BOOK!
Universal-P,Box 485,Dearborn,MI 48121

CONDOMS SAVE UP TO 50%

WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS, SENSITIVE BRANDS

TRY OUR UNIQUE SHOP-AT-HOME SERVICE

We offer *only* famous, nationally advertised brands, electronically tested, produced to exacting government standards and backed by the expertise and integrity of the world's oldest and largest manufacturers of condoms.

- All major types, lubricated, non-lubricated, shaped, textured, ribbed, plain ends, reservoir ends, colored and lamb skins.
- Ramses, Fourex Skins, Stimula, Excita, Sheik, Fiesta, Trojan, NuForm and others.
- Guaranteed factory fresh.
- Fast, efficient computerized service.
- To respect your privacy, all orders sent in plain, unmarked package, same day received.
- Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Send check or money order to:
POPULATION LIMITED, INC., DEPT. P1176
P.O. Box 958, West Caldwell, N.J. 07006

SENSATIONAL GET-ACQUAINTED OFFER
Check off any one of the following Best Sellers

■ **EXCITA** 1 dz. ■ **STIMULA** 1 dz. **$2.25** per dz. Limit 4 dz. per customer.

And select one of the following money-saving assortments.

☐ The Sampler—15 condoms, 5 famous brands	$ 3.00
☐ The Deluxe—30 condoms, 9 famous brands	$ 5.75
☐ The Sophisticate—45 condoms, 12 famous brands	$ 8.25
☐ Giant Discounter—96 condoms, 14 famous brands	$16.90
☐ Fully Illustrated Catalog (free with order)	$ .25

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Offer void where prohibited. N.J. Residents add 5%.

excitement was only exceeded by the inclusion of me to form a *ménage à trois*. I can still hardly believe it—a guy like me, lying in bed with two beautiful girls. Sheer ecstasy!

Thanks to my girl friend (and *Penthouse* for opening minds and imaginations), a life of love and sex has been opened to a no more than average, but very appreciative guy.—*B.H., San Diego, Calif.*

Taking leave

I am twenty-two years old and have been in the service for four years. I just returned from three years overseas in Europe and spent my thirty days leave with my folks. There had been many changes in three years, not the least of which was my sixteen year old cousin who has grown into a beautiful woman with a body that's outta sight!

My aunt and uncle both work, so on my first morning home, I slept in late, got up and fixed my own breakfast. While I was eating, my cousin walked in, kissed me on the cheek, and wanted to know if I wanted to get in the bathroom before she took a shower and washed her hair. I nearly choked on my breakfast—she was completely nude and had one of the most fantastic bodies I've ever seen anywhere! With my eyes popping out of my head, I told her to go ahead. As she walked away, my eyes were glued to that beautiful ass, and the old cock came to attention.

I went into the den and flicked on the tube. I heard the shower and glanced down the hall. The door was open so I walked down the hall, leaned on the door frame, and we started talking—mostly an update on what each of us had been doing for the past three years. The shower stopped, the curtain opened, and she stepped out and started drying herself as if I weren't even there. With much difficulty, I kept up the small talk—after all, I needed some excuse to be standing in the doorway. She asked me to hand her a fresh towel from the linen closet to wrap around her wet hair, and then asked me to finish drying her back. I did with pleasure, commenting that she really had a beautiful body. She said she had hoped that I would think so—that she had hardly been able to wait for me to get home and see how she had grown. Then she plugged in the dryer and sat down to dry her hair. She glanced at my crotch and did a double take—my cock was about to bust the zipper of my jeans. She said, "Oh wow! My bod' really does turn you on, doesn't it? That's super!"

When she finished her hair, she slipped into a bikini and asked me to come out in the backyard with her and take in some sun. I picked up a couple of cool ones and joined her. She wanted to know all about my escapades in Europe, and horny as I was, it didn't take long to get around to the women, sex, whore houses, and the like. At first, I tried a few words on her for size—fuck, cock, pussy, etc. When they didn't phase her, I answered all her questions freely. She was hungry for details, and I gave her the whole bit. Then I changed the subject to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 218

The closest thing to wearing nothing at all.

Mother Nature made love one of her most joyous and tender moments. And in keeping with that spirit, we made Fourex Natural Skins the most natural contraceptive you can buy.

You see, Fourex is a natural tissue membrane with the texture and sensitivity of soft skin. They're so sensitive that every nuance of your natural warmth is communicated. And they're lubricated in such a way as to enhance that sensitivity. Fourex Natural Skins are available in the unique blue capsule or, if you prefer, rolled in the convenient foil pack.

Take your pleasure.

FOUREX™ XXXX

Sold in Drugstores.
Manufactured by Schmid Laboratories, Inc.,
Little Falls, New Jersey 07424

Turn her on with Prelude 2®...

She'll love you for it!

Bring your partner in touch with her whole range of sensual feelings . . . Prelude 2, "the sensual awakener" helps you turn her on in ways you never thought possible. What a creative gift for a special friend!

OUI Magazine says, "For women who want instant orgasm, it's the best product on the market." Many doctors recommend Prelude 2 for women who wish to attain—or intensify—orgasms. Our Special Stimulator was developed in conjunction with Dr. Wardell Pomeroy, co-author of The Kinsey Report. It is hygienic, safe & effective. Nothing to insert or harm delicate tissues. Noiseless for discreet use.

Your Prelude 2 Set contains:

- The main electric vibrator unit. Uses standard outlet. (Needs no batteries.)
- The Special Stimulator unique to Prelude 2, for intense clitoral stimulation.
- Explicit, beautifully illustrated 16-page "How To" Booklet describing ways to explore and extend the limits of sexual experience.
- Four more massage attachments to relax and stimulate *both* of you.

Today's woman is ready to explore her full sensual potential. Prelude 2 can help! What's in it for you? A lot more fun & loving!

30-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. NO QUESTIONS ASKED.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Sensory Research Corp., Dept. A-042
5 Lawrence Street, Bloomfield, N.J. 07003

Please send _____ Prelude 2(s) @ $24.95 ea., postpaid.
I enclose ☐ Check or ☐ Money Order for $_____
☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge Exp. Date

Charge my Account No. _____ _____

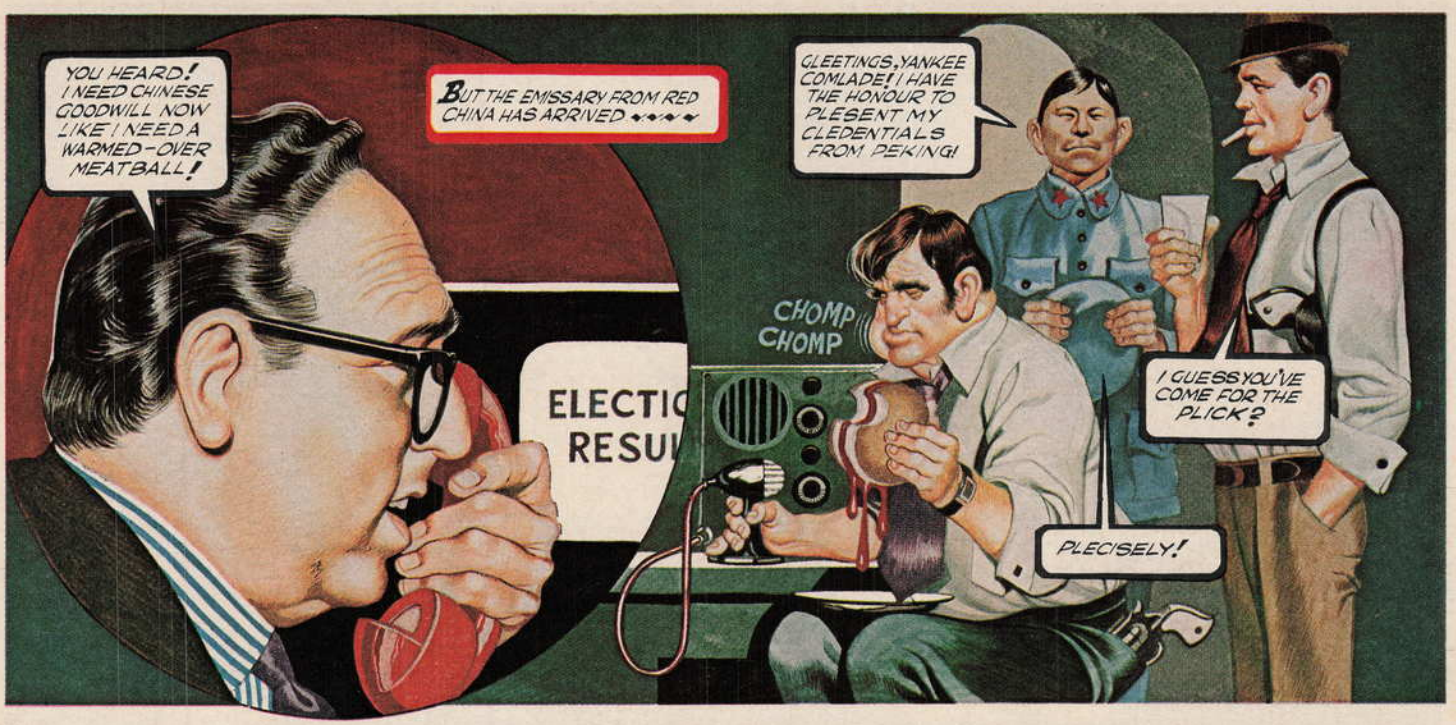
Name _____

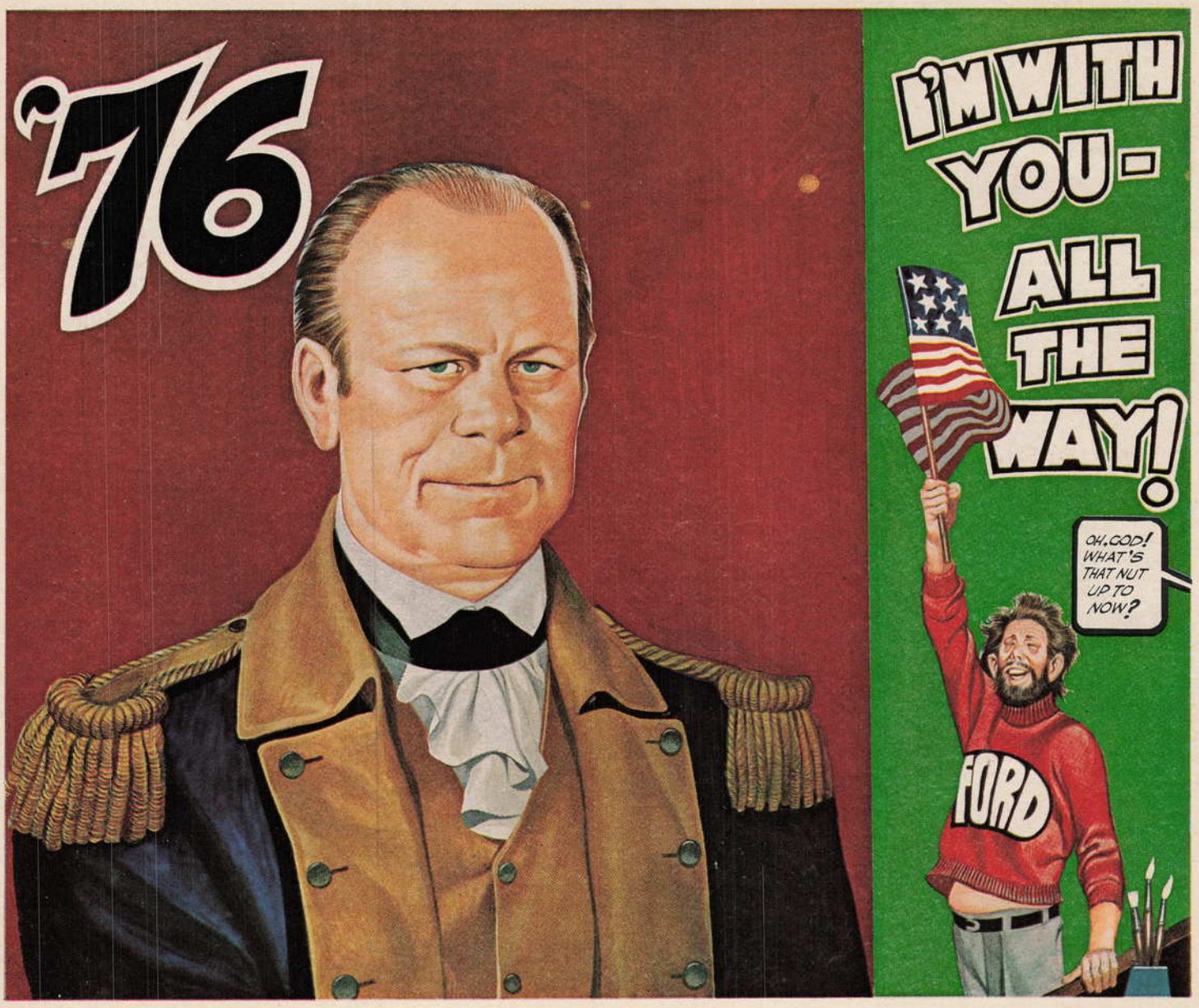
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Outside Continental U.S., please add $1.50 for shipping. In N.J., add 5% sales tax.

OH, WICKED WANDA!
HARDLY HAVE OUR HEROINES GOT THEIR HANDS ON THE "GLITTERING PHALLUS" WHEN THE C.I.A. SNATCH IT FOR RETURN TO RED CHINA.
A C.I.A. HIDEOUT IN KATMANDU
I THOUGHT HE WAS HAVING THERAPY FOR THIS SORT OF THING!
IF HE HADN'T JOINED THE C.I.A. HE'D BE IN JAIL BY NOW!
♫ OH, GWENDOLINE, SWEET GWENDOLINE..... ♫
AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL IS GOING TO HEAR ABOUT THIS!
YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING, BOO'FUL?
WHAT DID YOU SAY TO DO WITH IT, DOCTOR?..... UH-DOCTOR-THIS LINE'S KINDA PLAYIN' TRICKS!
WHERE THE HELL'S MY PUSS SQUAD?
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON

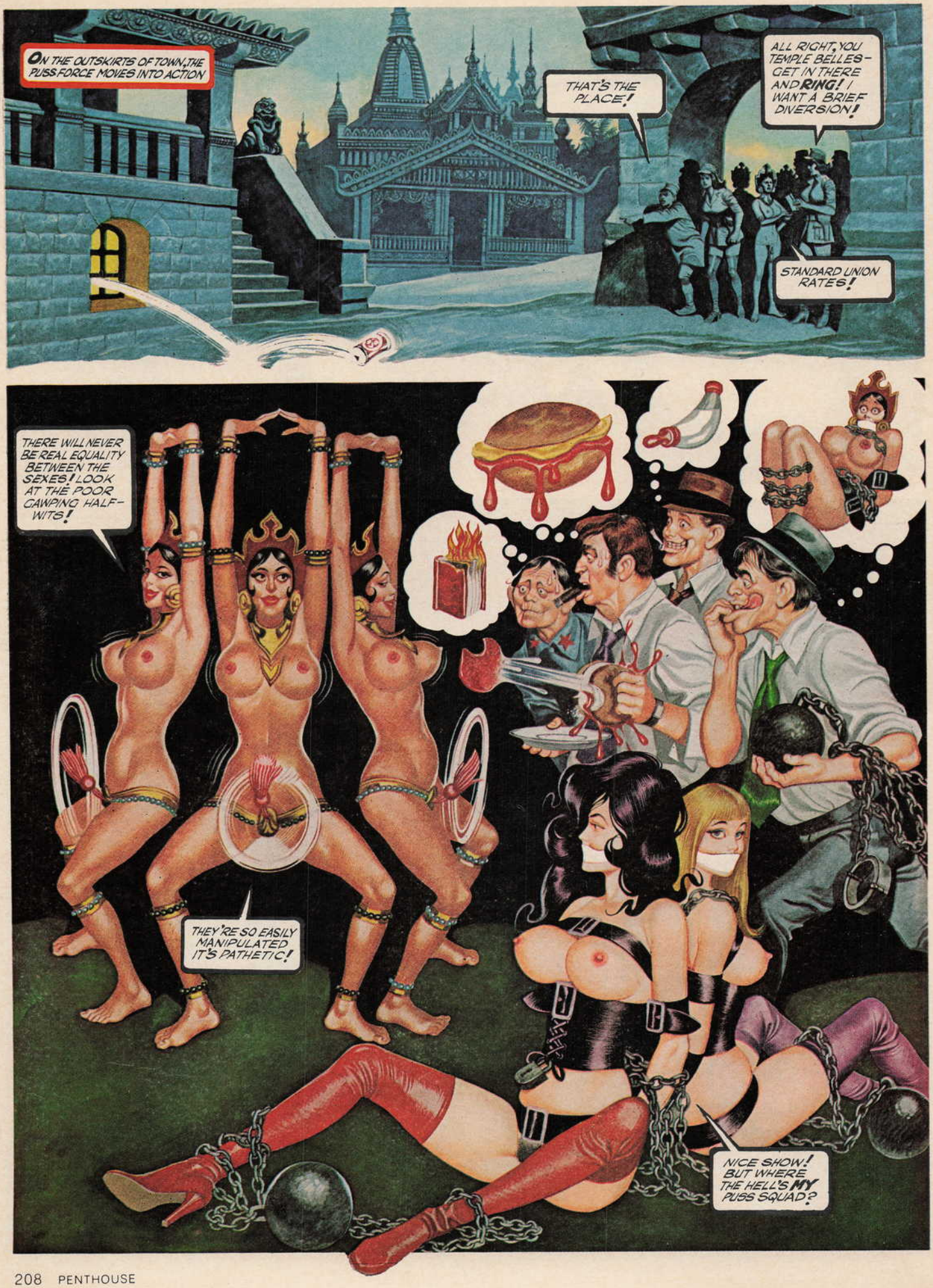

YOU HEARD! I NEED CHINESE GOODWILL NOW LIKE I NEED A WARMED-OVER MEATBALL!
BUT THE EMISSARY FROM RED CHINA HAS ARRIVED
GLEETINGS, YANKEE COMLADE! I HAVE THE HONOUR TO PLESENT MY CLEDENTIALS FROM PEKING!
CHOMP CHOMP
I GUESS YOU'VE COME FOR THE PLICK?
PLECISELY!


'76
I'M WITH YOU- ALL THE WAY!
OH, GOD! WHAT'S THAT NUT UP TO NOW?
FORD

MEANWHILE, AT THE PINK PAGODA, WANDA'S PUSS SQUAD ARE HAVING THEMSELVES ANOTHER "MITHUNA" — P.I.F. STYLE!
THE GOD KRISHNA IS NOT GOING TO LIKE THIS!
VERILY, STRANGE ARE THE WAYS OF THE MEM-SAHIBS SINCE THE FALL OF THE BRITISH RAJ!
THE GOD KRISHNA AIN'T GETTING IT, MOONFLOWER!
THAT'S IT! RIDE ME, COW GIRL!
ADULT WESTERNS I'VE HEARD OF— BUT THIS—?!

I'M WITH YOU— ALL THE WAY!
WHAT'S GOING ON OUT HERE?
PENTHOUSE INTER-NATIONAL
REAGA
I THINK HE'S AFTER A GOVERNMENT JOB.....

ENTER GUNGA DIN—BEARING ILL-TIDINGS...
THESE ARE THE WEIRDEST SOLDIERS I'VE EVER SEEN!
MEM-SAHIB! YOUR C-IN-C IS A PRISONER OF THE C.I.A!
GET YOUR PANTS ON, MEN! OUR LEADER NEEDS US!
HOLY BIBLE
I'M WITH YOU— ALL THE WAY!
CARTER
PENTHOUSE INTER-NATIONAL
.... AND HE'S KEEPING ALL HIS OPTIONS OPEN!


ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN, THE PUSS FORCE MOVES INTO ACTION
THAT'S THE PLACE!
ALL RIGHT, YOU TEMPLE BELLES— GET IN THERE AND RING! I WANT A BRIEF DIVERSION!
STANDARD UNION RATES!
THERE WILL NEVER BE REAL EQUALITY BETWEEN THE SEXES! LOOK AT THE POOR GAWPING HALF-WITS!
THEY'RE SO EASILY MANIPULATED IT'S PATHETIC!
NICE SHOW! BUT WHERE THE HELL'S MY PUSS SQUAD?

RIGHT HERE, CHIEF!
ANY LONGER, GRRRR, AND I'D HAVE BEEN MARKED FOR LIFE!
CUBA! LAOS! SOUTH AMERICA! AFRICA!—AND NOW KATMANDU! THIS ORGANIZATION COULD GIVE A GUY AN INFERIORITY COMPLEX!
MOST BECOMING, IF I MAY SAY SO, CHIEF!
SHE PICKS THE DARNEDEST TIMES TO MAKE SPEECHES!
WELL DONE, MEN! ....AND I SHOULD LIKE TO SAY, IN CONCLUSION....
NEXT DAY, JET BOUND FOR HOME NNNNNN
ZURICH AIRPORT COMING UP WANDA!
I'VE BEEN LEADING A VERY DULL LIFE WHILE SHE'S BEEN AWAY!

WELL, LET'S HOPE SOME CUSTOMS CREEP DOESN'T FIND OUR PHALLUS!
DOUAN
IN SPITE OF TERRORISTS AND OTHER FLYING PSYCHOPATHS, I STILL GET A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF JOB SATISFACTION!
V.I.P. LOUNGE
I JUST CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW HE MISSED IT!
FKU69
VOILA!

OH, PUSSCAKE – THE THINGS YOU PUT UP WITH FOR MY SAKE!
YOU'RE WELCOME, BOO'FUL. BUT I'LL TELL YOU SOME– THING – ALL THAT GLITTERS AIN'T HALF COLD!
I'VE BEEN AN ABSOLUTE MONSTER WHILE YOU'VE BEEN AWAY, MOSTRESS! YOU SHOULD THRASH ME TO WITHIN AN INCH OF MY LIFE!
YOU SHOULD BE SO LUCKY!
HIM'LL-AY-US 1976 to
MANKIND IS A BUNCH OF FINKS
SNARL
DROOL
SLAVER
SLURP
LASSIE
ABUSED! DISCARDED! SUCH IS THE FATE OF MAN!
BUT IT WASN'T ONLY THE GLITTERING PHALLUS WANDA DISCOVERED ON THAT BREAKTHROUGH SEXPEDITION! OMINOUS THOUGHT, FELLERS!

HOW THE IRS SCREWS SINGLES

If you're single or divorced you really pay for it. But, believe it or not, some politicians are trying to wrench the revenuer's hand from your pocket.

When your father took you aside long ago for a heart-to-heart talk on the subject of marriage, he may have said something about "give and take." He may have even mentioned love and sex. But he surely never told you the facts of tax.

Marriages may come and go, but one partnership that never ends is your lifelong affair with the Internal Revenue Service. Here is an "I give–you take" relationship in which not even in death do you part. After all, Mrs. IRS is everyone's widow and will be hanging around after your funeral to collect the spoils of your estate.

Father certainly never explained that the tax system favors the married and that one of the many happy returns of wedded bliss is the one you do your taxes on. In marriage we share our sorrows and joys. We also share our incomes for tax purposes. As a result, a married man whose wife doesn't work pays up to 20 percent less federal income tax than does a single man earning exactly the same. A single man making $100,000 taxable income becomes a member of the 70 percent bracket, but the married man doesn't get admitted to the club until his taxable income hits $200,000.

(The bias against single people runs deep. The state of Arkansas once actually had a bachelor's tax. Every unmarried male twenty-one years or older had to pay a yearly tax of $100, which supposedly was used for supporting illegitimate children.)

Here's an example of the kind of discrimination against single taxpayers that thrives right in the federal income-tax schedules: Joe had a net taxable income last year of $32,000, which put him right under the 50 percent bracket. He is single; so his taxes for 1975 came out to $10,290. But if he were married, he could file a joint return with Mrs. Joe and reduce his tax rate. Assuming that Mrs. Joe doesn't have an income, Joe would pay only $8,660 tax that year. So Joe's tax bill as a single person is $1,630, or 19 percent more than he'd pay as a married man. There must be many a marriage made in tax haven.

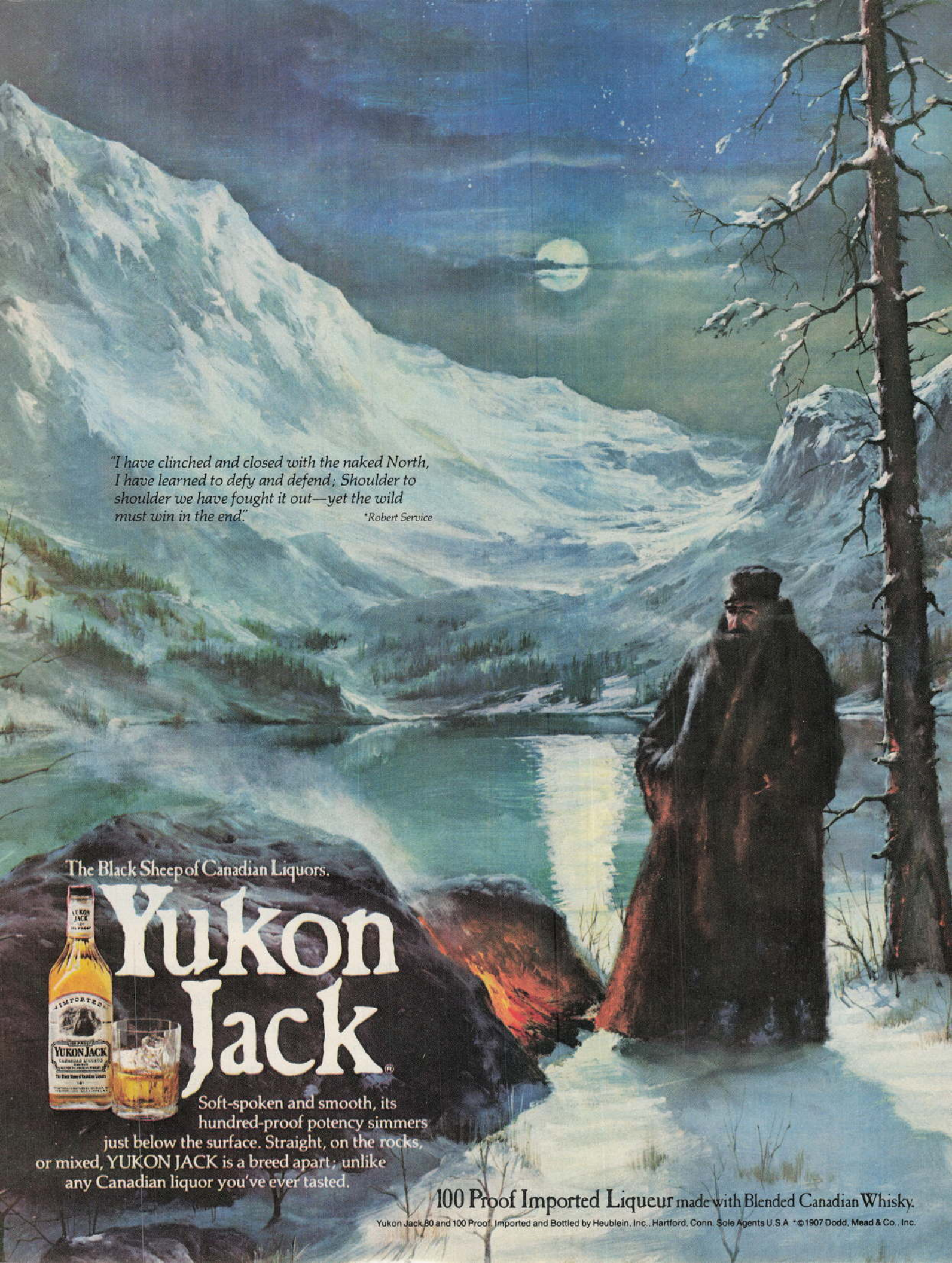
Allowing married couples to file joint income-tax returns was not made a federal law until 1948, overriding a veto by President Truman. Here is how it happened. In the "community property" states out west, each spouse is by law half owner of the couple's total property. Therefore, husband and wife were permitted to split their income for tax purposes since 1913, the year the first income tax went into effect. Married people in other states, sensing that they were missing out on something, persuaded Congress to let them in on the deal. The result was grossly unfair tax tables. Until the tables were revised in 1969, single people in the U.S. were paying up to 42 percent more taxes than married people were.

Only six other countries impose a greater burden on the single taxpayer. With the exception of the Netherlands, these countries—Spain, the Soviet Union, Poland, Rumania, and Czechoslovakia—are all dictatorships. Even Italy, which doesn't let its citizens get out of a marriage very easily, at least doesn't push them into one by taxing them extra for being single.

Sanford Amdur, a Newark-based tax attorney, relates a true tale of a tax beating taken by a couple "living together." The man has been living for years with his girl friend and her daughter, a twenty-one-year-old full-time college student. He cannot file a joint return with his girl friend because their "common law" marriage is not recognized in his state. He also cannot file a return as head of household because his girl friend's daughter is not his dependent and because he is violating local law (i.e., fornication). Without getting into exemptions and credits, this man, whose taxable income last year was $140,000, shelled out $81,090 to Mrs. IRS, $5,370 more than he would have paid if he'd used the head-of-household schedule.

New York Rep. Edward Koch and Oregon Sen. Bob Packwood have introduced bills in Congress that would allow single people to figure out their taxes on the same tables that married people use when filing jointly. (An earlier single-taxpayer bill was introduced in 1972 by Connecticut Sen. Abraham Ribicoff but did not pass.) Patty Cavin, executive director of the Committee Of Single Taxpayers (COST), a lobbying group, said that the new bill has the support of more than half the House and half the Senate but that "we can't pry the bill out of the Ways and Means Committee and the Senate Finance Committee."

BY FROMA JOSELOW


"I have clinched and closed with the naked North,
I have learned to defy and defend; Shoulder to
shoulder we have fought it out—yet the wild
must win in the end."
*Robert Service
The Black Sheep of Canadian Liquors.
Yukon Jack®
IMPORTED
YUKON JACK
Soft-spoken and smooth, its
hundred-proof potency simmers
just below the surface. Straight, on the rocks,
or mixed, YUKON JACK is a breed apart; unlike
any Canadian liquor you've ever tasted.
100 Proof Imported Liqueur made with Blended Canadian Whisky.
Yukon Jack 80 and 100 Proof. Imported and Bottled by Heublein, Inc., Hartford, Conn. Sole Agents U.S.A. *©1907 Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc.

THE NATURAL TASTE OF MEAD, REDISCOVERED.

IN THE FIFTH CENTURY, MEAD CAME TO THE BRITISH ISLES AS THE DRINK OF THE ANGLO, SAXON AND JUTE INVADERS:

A potent, zesty and pleasing spirit touched with natural overtones of honey, herbs and spices.

Yet, even before its arrival in Britain, man had an unquenchable thirst for the natural taste of mead.

It had marched with Rome's legions.

Ridden with Hannibal across the Alps.

Was the Viking's "Drink of the Gods."

And the legendary cup of Beowulf.

Then, unaccountably, the legendary taste became "a legend lost."

Lost for centuries.

Until, many years ago, a legendary Gaelic Chieftain's seven hundred year old recipe for the essence of mead passed into our hands.

The result is Irish Mist.

Truly, it is "the natural taste of mead, rediscovered."

IMPORTED IRISH MIST® LIQUEUR, 80 PROOF, ©1976 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN., U.S.A.

You'll find it completely unlike any other imported liqueur.

Try it after dinner.

Or on-the-rocks.

It is a drink of exceptional character.

With a zest, levity and smoothness all its own.

Indeed, the perfect balance of potency, good taste and bouquet one would expect from "The Legendary Spirit of Man."

Imported Irish Mist.

Rediscover it.

IRISH MIST: THE LEGENDARY SPIRIT OF MAN

Of course, not everyone in Congress is thrilled with the idea of giving single people equal tax treatment. Some share the sentiments of former Sen. Wallace Bennett of Utah, who called it a "live-in-sin bill." But supporters of the bill note that the nation's burgeoning single population of 40 million includes 12 million widowed and 5 million divorced people who have already suffered enough in a situation that was probably not of their making. Besides, who is to pass judgment on the remaining 23 million Americans who never took the plunge, some of whom may even be virgins?

Opponents of the bill also see giving tax advantages to married couples as a way of helping to support children and keep the family together. But Keith Gray, chairman of Washington-based COST and vice-president of the Hill and Knowlton public-relations firm, answers that assertion this way: "If the only way we can hold marriages and families together is by tax considerations, that's not saying much for the marriages." He further notes the obvious—that getting married is a choice and that giving people tax breaks for it "is like saying if you decide to drive a Rolls Royce and I drive a Ford, you should pay less taxes."

In any case, children cost the same when their parents break up. Although divorced and widowed taxpayers get the same deductions for dependents as do married people, the tax schedules still give the married a better deal in terms of their tax rate. The great unfairness remains that the single parent pays taxes at a higher rate than does the married woman with no children. And those in the single-parent boat are getting ever more crowded. More than a million marriages in the United States broke up last year (nearly three times the number in 1950), involving probably more than a million children under the age of eighteen.

Congressman Koch, himself single, says that the way for taxes to reflect responsibilities for dependent support "is through exemptions for dependents, not through different tax schedules." He also notes that the tax rates for married couples make no distinction between a couple with no kids and a couple with four.

But there's a third, more cynical, reason why Congress is hesitant about giving single taxpayers equal status. If single people pay less taxes, married couples will have to offset the cuts by paying more. They won't like that. The differential between what married and single Americans paid in income tax last year was an awesome $21.5 billion, according to a Brookings Institution study. It's also been estimated that some $450 billion of the public debt can be traced to the lower tax rates applied to married couples.

Patty Cavin said that when she and Keith Gray went to speak with Ways and Means Committee Chairman Al Ullman last June about the status of the bill, the representative told them that he felt present tax policy toward single people is unconstitutional, as was past discrimination against blacks and women. But Ullman then added, according to Cavin, that this is election time, and it would be difficult, if Congress now raised taxes, to make up for the drop in revenues that would result if singles used the married taxpayers' schedules.

So things don't look very good at present for Joe Single. But there is also a great irony in the fact that certain *married* couples also get a royal screwing taxwise. This occurs when both halves of a couple make about the same income. For these unfortunates, the tax schedules are worked out in such a way that the two of them end up paying more taxes as a married couple than they would as singles. And it makes little difference for married taxpayers whether they file a joint return or separate returns. It couldn't have been all that easy to milk at the same time two American sacred cows—marriage and the work ethic. Patty Cavin says that an estimated 10 to 15 million married Americans are in this bind. (Cavin herself suffered from this "double taxation" when her husband was alive. Now a widow with two teenage sons, she is over-

> A married man whose wife doesn't work pays up to 20 percent less income tax than does a single man earning exactly the same.

taxed as a single.)

While overtaxed married couples do have their problems, single people still pull the short straw when it comes to their tax burden. Death may be a way out of some problems, but taxation isn't one of them. Attorney Amdur, himself single, thinks that the inequities in the laws governing estate taxes are even worse than the inequities found in the schedules.

Since "you can't take it with you," Mrs. IRS figures you can leave it with her—and your wife—but your mistress need not apply. What Mrs. IRS does is this. If you are married and you die, she won't tax much of anything you've left to your wife. This "untouchable" part of your estate can be as much as half of the total gross after it's been adjusted for such things as claims, debts, and funeral expenses.

On a married man's adjusted gross estate of $320,000, the net federal estate tax will come to about $20,140 if the "marital deduction" is used. The estate of a single taxpayer with the same adjusted gross estate, $320,000, will be taxed about $64,660. The result is that the single man's estate will be taxed a whopping $44,640 more than the married man's after each has taken the $60,000 exemption that everyone's allowed. Many single people might want to fight this, but when the injustice finally comes up, they're in no position to do anything about it.

The "marital deduction" was put into law to give all married couples in the United States equal footing with those in the community-property states, where each spouse has equal ownership of the couple's property. However, the rationale for the deduction is also that it gives the husband or wife credit for contributions made to the family fortune that were not paid for monetarily. On family farms in particular, the wife often puts in a full day without ever seeing a paycheck. Because some families have had to sell their farms to pay off estate taxes, President Ford, with much support in Congress, has proposed that husbands and wives be allowed to leave not just 50 percent of their estates but all of it tax-free. At the same time, such a tax break would finance a few more lunches at La Grenouille for ladies still living off the rewards of sending in joint returns with their late husbands. So why don't they think of making an exception for farm families rather than singling out the singles?

Here's one bizarre case involving the "marital deduction" that recently appeared in the *Wall Street Journal*. Several years ago Amy McGinnis married Charles F. Spalding. (Spalding's friend, Sen. Edward Kennedy, was witness at the wedding.) Afterward, a court in New York declared as invalid Spalding's divorce, several years earlier, from his first wife, because they had been legal residents of New York and the divorce took place in Nevada. So when Amy McGinnis died a year after the marriage, the tax court said half of her estate couldn't go to Spalding because they weren't really married. The amount of the marital deduction involved here runs something to the tune of $1.1 million, and if Spalding loses an appeal, Amy's estate may be taxed almost an extra half a million dollars.

Another area rife with discrimination against the unwed is the Internal Revenue Code sections that deal with "gifts" people make and how they are taxed. Everyone starts off as an equal. Each person gets to give away $3,000 a year tax-free to each recipient. If you want to give more than $3,000 to someone in a given year, you can start digging into your lifetime exemption of $30,000. In other words, you can give away $3,000 a year to every recipient plus an additional $30,000 over your lifetime before the tax man makes his entrance.

Married people, again, are a little more equal than others. Before even considering the annual exclusion and the lifetime exemption, a married man can give away, tax-free, half of any gift designated for his wife. Watch what happens when Joe Married gives $66,000 to his wife and Joe Single gives the same to his girl friend. First Joe Married cuts the amount of the gift in half (for tax purposes), since it's for his wife. He now has only a $33,000 gift left to pay

take a
ROUND TRIP
to
HOLLYWOOD
for
$2* via fabulous
fredericks® OF HOLLYWOOD

SEND NOW
FOR
Fashion
CATALOG

* Send only—
$2 for 11 issues (one full year)
$3 for a two-year subscription.

FABULOUS CREATIONS YOU WILL NOT FIND ANYWHERE ELSE!

Your first catalog carries a FREE gift offer valued to $9.00.

Allure!
Sex Appeal!

•HUNDREDS of DRESSES long, short, mini!!
•BRAS – every style! Even D, DD!
•SPORTSWEAR! JUMPSUITS!!
•SWIMWEAR – sexy bikinis and one-piece suits too!
•EVERY kind of top and body shirt!
•LINGERIE – gorgeous!
•SIN-suous slinks!
•6-INCH HEEL SHOES!
•AND LOTS MORE!

©1976 Hollywood Mail Order Corp. All rights reserved.

fredericks® OF HOLLYWOOD

©1976
FREDERICK'S OF HOLLYWOOD Dept. 3791
6610 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, CA. 90028
RUSH ME YOUR CATALOG!

I enclose ☐ $2 – (11 issues one full year)
Subscriptions available ONLY in USA. ☐ $3 – (two-year subscription)

Name (Please Print)

Address

City State Zip

taxes on. From this he subtracts his annual exclusion of $3,000 and then his lifetime exemption of $30,000 (we assume he's never used any of it). And presto, his gift has disappeared as far as the tax man is concerned.

Now Joe Single can subtract from his gift of $66,000 his annual exclusion of $3,000 and his lifetime exemption of $30,000, and still he has to pay taxes on $33,000 worth of gift. These taxes come to a hefty $2,655.

The part of the code that deals with gifts made to a third party gives married people an even bigger advantage. Here not only can the husband use his own annual exclusions and lifetime exemption, but he can also use his wife's exclusions and exemption, even if not a cent of the gift came from her pocket.

Suppose we have a wealthy couple that wants to give money to their three grandchildren. They can first give each grandchild $6,000 a year (annual exclusions) tax-free. They can then give away their lifetime exemptions, which combined amount to $60,000. In sum, they can give away $78,000 to their three grandchildren in the first year of gift giving and $18,000 a year thereafter without paying the gift tax.

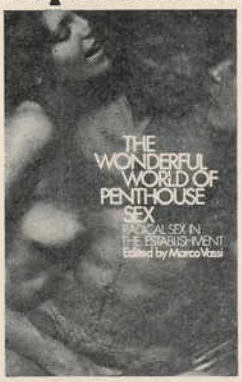
A widow is not so fortunate. She can give each grandchild only $3,000 a year plus the $30,000 one-shot, lifetime exemption. So the first year she gets to give away only $39,000 tax-free to her three grandchildren and $9,000 annually thereafter. The tax people get her in three ways: (1) She can give away less money tax-free. (2) If she gives the same-sized gifts as does the married woman, she not only pays taxes on more of the gift but also pays taxes at a higher rate, since gift taxes are graduated. (3) If she decides to give away less money because of the tax disadvantages, her estate will remain larger than the married woman's and will in the end be taxed more (also on a graduated scale) when she dies.

Taking a loss on stock is a little less painful, because tax deductions are the medicine that helps heal our wounds. And taking a loss on a small business stock is even less painful to married people, because their tax deductions are even more powerful. In fact, they're a double dose.

The Internal Revenue Code gives a fairly complicated definition of a "small business," but generally it involves a modest operation, such as a movie theater, a gas station, or a bakery. If we lose money when we sell or exchange stock of a small business, we each may deduct a loss of up to $25,000 from our income in the year the loss occurred. The result: lower taxes.

For example, Ralph and James each invested $250,000 in a small-business stock, which they sold this year at a loss of $75,000 each. Let's assume both of their 1976 incomes amounted to $100,000. James, who is single, deducts his $25,000 and ends up with a taxable income of $75,000. But Ralph deducts not only his $25,000 but also his wife's $25,000 (even though she had nothing to do with the investment) and ends up with a taxable in-

Have You Experienced



THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF PENTHOUSE SEX?

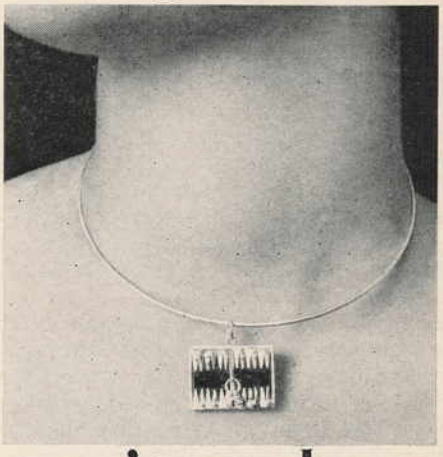
An ecstatic ride through the joyous, uninhibited, free wheeling places and people of Contemporary Eroticism. This volume brings together the best from the past 5 years of PENTHOUSE Magazine.

Fantasies * Love Communities * Threesomes * Lesbianism * Teenage Sex * New Trends and Old Favorites * Massage Parlors * Orgasms *

Truly, this has something for everyone. Raw, humorous, thoughtful and outrageous. Send check or money order for $7.95 (plus $1.00 for postage and handling) to: **PENTHOUSE BOOK SOCIETY, Dept. PH62, 909 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.** NYC residents add 8% sales tax.

Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

backgammon



'round your neck

If you're a winner, this Marcia Monaco backgammon pendant is for you. The board is black onyx, the mini-dice actually work, and the design is absolutely exclusive.

In 14K Gold—$95.00
In Sterling Silver—$45.00

Send check or money order, or charge it to your American Express, BankAmericard, or Master Charge (include signature, exp. date and acct. #, plus Interbank # for MC). Add $2.00 for postage and handling. Mail to: **VIVA Products, Dept. JV01, 909 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.** NYC residents add 8% sales tax. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

come of only $50,000. James, therefore, must pay taxes on $25,000 more income than must Ralph. Since he's in the 50-percent tax bracket, James pays an additional $12,500 in taxes.

James is furious at this injustice, and he sees his anger increase as he considers his social-security taxes. James and Ralph both make the same good salary. Both get the same social-security tax withheld from their pay. However, when they retire, they are not going to get the same benefits. James will get the full benefits coming to him. But Ralph will get the same benefits plus 50 percent more for his wife, who never worked a day in her life. And why should she? If Ralph's wife had worked, her employer would have taken out the full social-security tax and she'd get all that's coming to her upon retirement. This way she gets 50 percent of the benefits and doesn't have to work.

Attention, all politicians: you, too, have a stake in getting equal tax treatment for your constituents. Single taxpayers are handicapped in an area most sensitive to your needs, their political-campaign contributions. Every taxpayer can deduct up to $25 of a political contribution from his taxable income or take a tax credit for one-half of the contribution up to $12.50. But as usual, we may double the deduction or credit when we are considering a married couple. Of course, we're talking about small change here. But since a husband can't vote on behalf of his wife, why should he make her political contributions?

So far single taxpayers haven't pushed very hard for fair taxes, says Bob Weinstein, head of Le Jungle, because up until recently being single wasn't considered a terminal condition. But with more single people around and more planning to stay that way, pressure is building in Congress to do something about unfair taxes.

The most vocal taxpayer group has been COST, formed in 1971 to lobby mainly at the grass-roots level. Gray, who was secretary to the cabinet under President Eisenhower, is the group's lobbyist in Congress. The organization's advisory board is chaired by a political odd couple—former Senators George Murphy of California and Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota. The list of COST's sponsors reads somewhat like a hybrid of the Hollywood and Manhattan phone books.

The patron saint of the movement for equal taxation is the late Vivian Kellems. A divorced businesswoman who ran a tool plant in Connecticut, Kellems refused to withhold taxes from her employees and, to protest the unequal treatment for single taxpayers, would not pay her own. COST's Cavin said that when Kellems turned in her tax papers, she "signed her name and did not give one damn figure." Beyond that, she sent the Treasury a bill in 1971 for $76,000, which she claimed represented taxes taken "illegally" from her for twenty years. She'd probably still be in tax court if she hadn't died last year at the age of seventy-eight.

I'd hate to see what Mrs. IRS did with her estate.

PROBLEMS IN SEX?

GET WHAT EVERY MAN NEEDS WITH FANTASTIC PLACEBO SEX AIDS

Complete Control For The Over Eager Male
STA-POWER SPRAY
Now You Can Go On and On and On

Does early climax stop many exciting moments of sexual intercourse? This is a common problem that Sta-Power will help you with. Sta-Power Spray contains benzocaine and is three times stronger than our cream. It is a safe, proven, scientific compound that can be sprayed directly on the penis without the knowledge of your partner. It will help you delay your climax in order to coincide with that of your partner. You will feel and appreciate the improvement the very first time that you use it.

STA-POWER SPRAY $6.95

For A Better Erection That Will Astound You And Delight Your Partner
ERECTION PILLS
Results Are Immediate and Long Lasting

Don't leave her unsatisfied. Erection Pills can make even the limpest of men powerful. Give her what she's craving. Be the big man you always wanted to be. This preparation is a must for those of you who are having difficulties in obtaining and maintaining a fulfilling erection. Instant action guaranteed. Your money back if not completely satisfied.

ERECTION PILLS $6.95

Not Getting It Up Lately?
STA-POWER PILLS
For A Terrific Rise – Erection Supreme

Has a stimulating power. Ideal for a balling hot time. Will enable you to go on and on and on. What more can we say than is already said by the name of this fine preparation. Effects will last for hours. Also ideal for turning her on. This pill will do everything we say it will or your money will be immediately refunded. This pill can be mixed in any type of drink.

STA-POWER PILLS $5.95

Do You Need Help?
INSTANT ERECTION OIL OR CREAM
Create a New Dimension of Sexual Delight

Instant Erection Oil is scientifically formulated to help you get an instant erection when rubbed on the head of the penis. It is skillfully compounded into a sensuous true fruit flavored oil base. When rubbed briskly onto the head and shaft of the penis, it causes a flow of blood to rush into the penis, giving you an instant erection. Not only should it give an instant erection, it should cause the penis to get harder and larger for a prolonged period of time. Like the Instant Erection Cream, this new and amazing product is for men who have tried everything else and have no luck. No longer need you let the best of joys that life has to offer pass you by. With this fantastic product you too can now stand up and be counted. You owe it to yourself to try some today.

OIL $6.95 **CREAM $6.95**

Guaranteed To Make Her Hot
IMITATION SPANISH FLY & GINSENG
Do You Measure Up? You Can. Unbelievable in Their Effect.

Ginseng is a plant which is chiefly grown in the Far East, especially in China. The Chinese have used it as an aphrodisiac for over 1,000 years. Ginseng has recently been introduced into the United States and is very popular. Legendary writings say Ginseng is highly effective in awakening and producing sexual desires in men and women alike. We have added our imitation Spanish Fly to the Ginseng to make it work faster and longer. We have also made it easier and more pleasant to take now, in a capsule. We are making it available to you, the public, at a price you can afford. If you need Ginseng you cannot afford to be without it. Ginseng is sometimes called "The Turn-On Root". To quote S. Steingold" . . . if you think you have been turned on before you ain't seen nothing yet". Try our Ginseng with Spanish Fly Capsules and find out what he means. Can be emptied and mixed into any drink.

24 TABLETS $5.95

SKANDIA DISTRIBUTORS Dept. P-1176
Box 430 Canal St. Station New York, N.Y. 10013

The Stimula® Condom.

"It's like hundreds of tiny fingers urging a woman to let go."

Now you can reach a level of sexual pleasure that only months ago was unheard of.
A condom delicately ribbed to give a woman gentle, urging sensations. Yet, with a shape and thinness that let a man feel almost like he's wearing nothing at all.

Made with a new "nude" latex that transmits body heat instantaneously. Stimula is supremely sensitive. It's anatomically shaped to cling to the penis. And SK-70, a remarkable silicone lubricant works with natural secretions so Stimula's scientifically patterned ribs can massage and caress a woman effortlessly.

Made by the world's largest manufacturer of condoms, a million have already been sold in Sweden and France. Orders are shipped in discreet packages. Send for your sample today.

Stamford Hygienics Inc., Dept. PH-31
114 Manhattan Street
Stamford, Conn. 06904

Please send me: (Check Box)

☐ $4 sampler of 12 Stimula
☐ $4 sampler of 3 each of 5 erotic condoms
☐ $25 super sampler of 120 condoms

Free catalog sent with order.

☐ Check ☐ Cash ☐ M.O. Enclosed

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State, Zip_____

COLLEGIATE RESEARCH PAPERS
THOUSANDS ON FILE
Send for your current, 160 page mail order catalog of 5,500 topics. Enclose $1.00 to cover postage and handling.
RESEARCH ASSISTANCE, 11322 Idaho Ave., #206-X, Los Angeles, CA 90025 (213) 477-8474

FREE! Battery Operated Vibrator with Every Order! $2 Value!
Try us first! Lowest prices in U.S.A.!
DISCOUNT CONDOMS BY MAIL
New Exclusive Line of Special European Condoms! First Time in U.S.A.!
WHY PAY MORE?
We Stock All Top Brands At Prices Way Below Retail!
Huge discounts by the dozen and by the gross. Our special sampler assortments give you much more for your money. We have them all: skins and latex...lubricated and dry...plain or nipple ends...in colors, textured, contoured...you name it, we've got it! Factory fresh stock of all name brands...Trojans, Naturalamb, XXXX Fourex Skins, Stimula, Tahiti, NuForm plus all others at DISCOUNT PRICES! We have our own computer for immediate order processing and shipment. All orders shipped in plain wrapper. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded. Our Giant Discount Catalog FREE With Every Order!
UNIQUE DISTRIBUTORS INC. Dept. PT-162
Box 1441, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017
Gentlemen: Please rush me the following in plain sealed wrapper:
☐ 15 Asst. Condoms - 5 Different Brands- Sampler $3
☐ 25 Asst. Condoms - 10 Diff. Brands - Deluxe Sampler $5
☐ 50 Asst. Condoms - 15 Diff. Brands - Super Deluxe Sampler $10
☐ 100 Asst. Condoms - 20 Diff. Brands - He-Man Sampler $20
☐ Condom Discount Catalog - $1.00 (FREE With Order)
I have enclosed $ _____ ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order
I have enclosed a $2 Deposit. Please Ship C.O.D.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
(New York State residents please add appropriate sales tax)
SAVE MONEY! Enclose full payment SAVE Postage & C.O.D. charges!

Who needs you?
We do.
Red Cross. The Good Neighbor.

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 203

her and asked if she had a steady boy friend. She said no, that she was playing the field and dated whoever seemed like the most fun at the time. After a while, I came right out and asked her if she had ever fucked. She said no way, she wasn't about to let some high school dude get in her pants and knock her up or give her V.D., and besides, brag to all his buddies about it. She told me she has a vibrator that her mom and dad didn't know about, and she used that to get off on. I asked her if she'd given head, and she said no—she'd done some heavy petting and let a couple of guys feel her pussy and tits, but she wasn't going any farther. She said she'd never even seen or felt a cock except through a pair of pants. I asked her if she'd like to see mine, and she said, "Super." As a matter of fact, she said she'd been trying to figure out a way to do just that. I told her it was a deal if I could check her out, too, and into the house we went.

We stripped, got on her bed, and her busy little fingers went right to work checking out every centimeter of my cock and balls. With a little coaching, she gave me a hand job and was absolutely thrilled when I shot a wad clean up to my chin. Her body was young, tender, firm and ripe. I teased, played with, and kissed every part and even used her vibrator on her. She got off twice. About an hour before her parents were due, we jumped in the shower together, got all cleaned up, dressed and were looking sharp by the time they got home. When her Mom asked how we'd spent our day, she told her we'd used it to learn all we could about one another and that now we were closer than we'd ever been. How true!—*Name and address withheld*

Female forum . . .

I was quite interested in the letter about the leg fetishist in the June *Penthouse*, written by a woman whose legs are worshiped by another wife who, in turn, has become enslaved by her own adoration. I know such a thing is possible, for my husband proves the point.

I am a long-legged brunette of twenty-seven. My husband is twenty-five. Right after our marriage two years ago, I discovered he would do absolutely anything to be able to kiss my legs; so I have made a game of it.

Several evenings a week I make him strip and then bind his hands behind his back with a soft cloth that leaves no marks. I wear hiphugger shorts and heels. He must follow me on his knees as I go from one room to another, sitting in a chair or on a stool, allowing him to bend forward and kiss my feet or my legs. I move about for at least an hour, never letting him kiss the entire length of a leg, making him plead for that right. I enjoy watching him crawl toward me on his knees, his stiff cock pointing the way.

1 DOZEN FREE CONDOMS

guaranteed to increase your sexual pleasure!

This amazing new condom has hundreds of soft, stimulating ridges that give a woman fantastic tingling sensations, urging her on to new heights of passionate ecstasy. It is pre-shaped to perfectly fit the male form and made of a special latex so micro thin you'll never know you're wearing it, and its unique silicone lubricant works with natural secretions to give you both the ultimate experience. The name of this exciting new condom is Stimula, and as a special introductory offer, we will give you a full dozen as a free bonus when you purchase a dozen of these fantastic condoms at our low - low wholesale price. Experience the ultimate sensation that Stimula can provide for you and your mate. Order one dozen for only $4 today and we will send you another full dozen absolutely free of additional charge!

All orders are processed and shipped the same day they are received in our office. Every order is shipped in a plain wrapper to assure you privacy. In addition to Stimula, Amerigala can supply you with all nationally advertised brands at wholesale prices. Why pay more? Take advantage of the privacy, convenience, and economy of buying the finest quality condoms from Amerigala by mail. We will send you our beautifully illustrated full color catalog with your first order of Stimula.

ORDER WITH CONFIDENCE

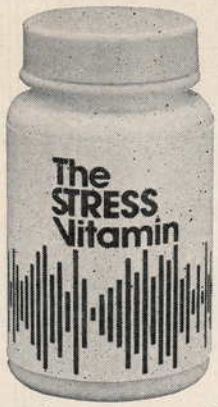
AMERIGALA, INC.
964 Third Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022
Dept. P-1176

I have enclosed $4 for one dozen Stimula Condoms. I understand that I will receive an additional dozen Stimulas and a beautifully illustrated full color catalog as a free bonus.

Name .....
Address .....
City .....
State ..... Zip .....

A WORD OF ADVICE FOR PEOPLE WHO DON'T HAVE TIME TO SLOW DOWN...

STRESS.



Each tablet contains:		% MDR
Vitamin A Fish Liver Oil.	5000 I.U.	125
Vitamin D Fish Liver Oil.	400 I.U.	100
Thiamine HC1.	50 mg.	5000
Riboflavin.	50 mg.	4166
Niacinamide.	100 mg.	1000
Vitamin B-6 (Pyridoxine HC1).	50 mg.	*
Vitamin B-12 (Cobalamin) . . .	10 mcg.	*
Vitamin C (Ascorbic Acid). . . .	600 mg.	2000
Calcium Pantothenate.	20 mg.	*
Magnesium oxide.	200 mg.	*
Potassium Gluconate.	200 mg.	*
Calcium (Bone Meal).	99 mg.	13
Phosphorus (Bone Meal). . . .	45 mg.	6

% MDR = Percentage of Minimum Daily Adult Requirement

*Need in human nutrition determined but MDR has not been established.

If you're constantly on the go and never stop to take a breather, you're exposing yourself to a lot of stress. Noise. Pressures. Constant change of envionment. Junk foods and drinks eaten on the run. All these add up to a constant signaling of the stress mechanism in the body.

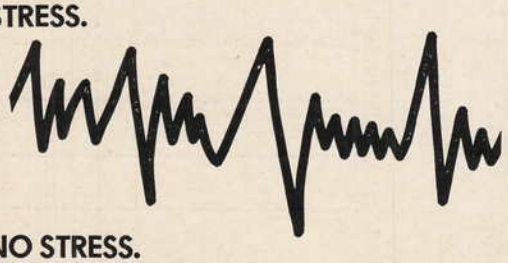
This stress mechanism works efficiently to handle these changes and readapt your body, but each time it goes into action energy and vitamins are used up. Sometimes the decline in energy is so rapid that in extreme cases death may even result. In fact, researchers have shown that mice subjected to the continuous roar of a subway die quickly. Physically they haven't been touched, but the stress mechanism burns them out. And in human beings, stress has been linked to ulcers, heart disease, diabetes and insanity.

Regardless of this grim information, few of us have the time to slow down, relax and give that stress mechanism a rest. So, Cosvetic Laboratories has developed the special Stress Vitamin to help you and your stress mechanism cope with these everyday problems.

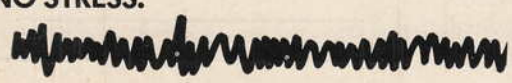
Part of the reason stress tears down the body is that all of its reactions involve the use of vitamins. And Cosvetics has replaced these used up vitamins for you in The Stress Vitamin. The B Vitamins are there to help with energy and protection of the adrenal glands. They are also important for cell construction and have even been used in the treatment of mental disorders such as schizophrenia. The Stress Vitamin contains ascorbic acid to help keep your resistance high and your body ready for those ever changing environments and temperatures. Also included are phosphorus, calcium and potassium to supplement the not so adequate diet of someone who is constantly on the run.

Business, social pressures, and quick lunches will not stop. Nor will you. That's why you need the extra protection offered from The Stress Vitamin. Help protect yourself from the pressure, both mentally and physically. With The Stress Vitamin. For people who don't have time to slow down.

STRESS.



NO STRESS.



Send me _____ bottles of The Stress Vitamin at $7.95 each plus 75¢ for handling.
I enclose my: ☐ Check ☐ Money Order
Please charge to my:

master charge — Mastercharge Interbank No. _____
No. _____
☐ Mastercharge Account

your BANKAMERICARD welcome
No. _____
☐ BankAmericard Account

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

TOLL FREE
PHONE ORDERS
1-800-241-0611

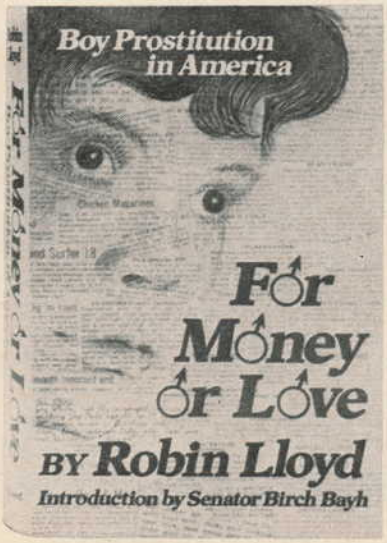
Mail to:
Cosvetic Labs
P.O. Box 95543
Atlanta, Georgia 30347

© Cosvetic Laboratories, Inc. 1976

PHTB

CHICKEN!

Slang term for a young boy who sells himself to older men . . .



FOR MONEY OR LOVE:

Boy Prostitution in America by Robin Lloyd with an Introduction by Senator Birch Bayh

Now, the first complete and uncensored story of the sale of young boys through a nationwide network of prostitution.

It is told in compassionate terms that spare no details by a man whose own sons were approached, something which started him on a three-year research project in which he interviewed scores of boys, their clients, and their pimps.

This is the only work on the biggest sexual secret in the country. The book also contains statements by leaders of the gay community, police, ministers and psychiatrists.

FOR MONEY OR LOVE . . . a book no parent or concerned adult can afford to be without.

For immediate delivery, send $8.50 to **Penthouse Book Society, Dept. PH-70, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.** Please add $1.00 for postage and handling. NYC residents add 8% sales tax.

After teasing him at length, I sit on a footstool and let him kiss each leg from toes to crotch. Then I slip off the shorts and have him tongue me for at least a half hour, bringing me to repeated climaxes. Then to bed, where I mount his cock and ride it a while until we both climax.

Saturday is a special day, for I have him scrub and wax the kitchen and bathroom floors on hands and knees, nude, while I stand over him in hot pants. He is not allowed to touch, but believe me, I can see a real reaction when he looks at my bare legs! By the time I do let him kiss them, his tongue is like fire, and I just sizzle inside.

Needless to say, I love being married to a leg fetishist.—*Name withheld, Lakewood, Ohio*

Does he do windows, too?—The Editors

. . . one woman's poison

I read with disgust the letters in previous issues about the tickling fetishes. So those he-men don't feel it's at all sadistic to tie up a girl and tickle her into hysterical laughter?

I—and I am speaking for many girls I know—cannot stand to be tickled excessively.

Sure I laugh hysterically, mainly because I *am* hysterical. I also begin to suffocate, at which point I react violently. Needless to say, my husband knows better than to pin me down and tickle me. I only took about two ounces of meat out of his leg with my fingernails last time he tried it.—*J.C., Ferndale, Wash.*

. . . is another's feet

I've never delighted so much in any Forum letter as those two under the title "Tickled pink" (July 1976). I giggled with joy as I imagined myself the victim.

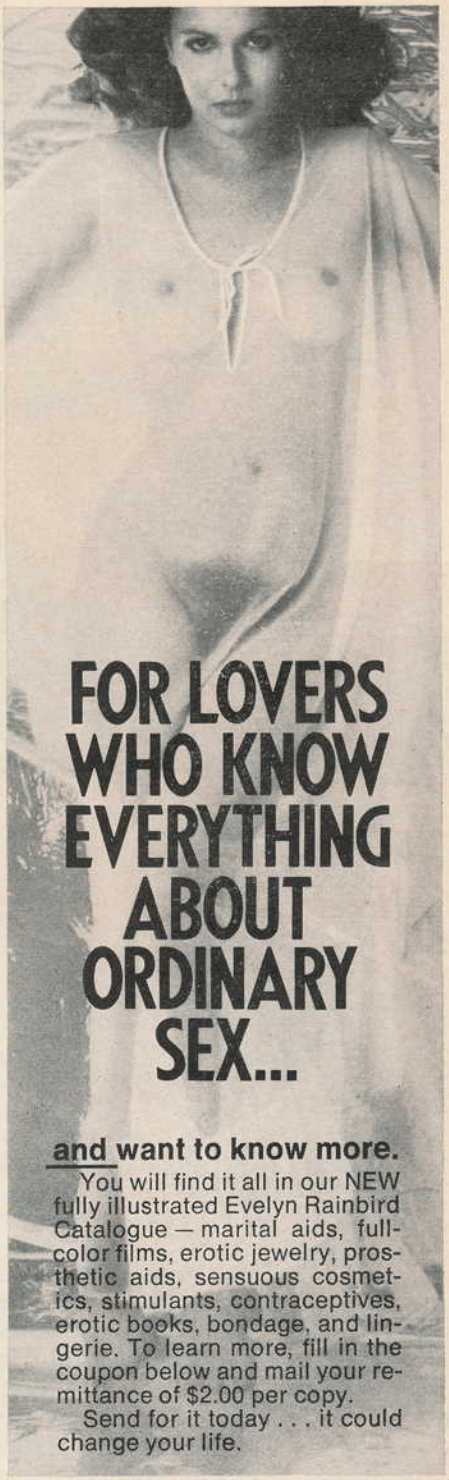
Tickling has been one of my passions since I was very young. Whatever the reason—be it the tormenting I received from my older brothers or the fact that my playmate and I, when spending nights together, would take turns tickling each other to sleep (on the arms, face, and feet with a feather touch)—I feel these guys should know that there are women out here who will literally beg for it. I know I do with my husband. Eat your hearts out, fellas!—*J.R., address withheld*

. . . to love, cherish, and *obey*

The highlight of my week is taking my husband to "Obedience School."

Six months ago six slave-owning wives got together, and we planned a club and chose that name. We range in age from twenty-six (me) to forty, and in length of marriage from two years (me again) to nineteen years.

When I met Cary, he was twenty-five and had just entered the junior executive program at the corporation where I worked as a secretary. I felt flattered when he dated me. When we got serious, he told me of his desire for female domination. After considering it, I decided I would adore having a slave.



FOR LOVERS WHO KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT ORDINARY SEX...

and want to know more.

You will find it all in our NEW fully illustrated Evelyn Rainbird Catalogue — marital aids, full-color films, erotic jewelry, prosthetic aids, sensuous cosmetics, stimulants, contraceptives, erotic books, bondage, and lingerie. To learn more, fill in the coupon below and mail your remittance of $2.00 per copy.

Send for it today . . . it could change your life.

TO EVELYN RAINBIRD LTD.
BOX 548 FDR STATION
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

Please send me _____ Evelyn Rainbird Catalogue(s). I've enclosed my ☐ check ☐ money order for $_____.

_____
(I am over 18 years of age.)

_____
Name

_____
Address

_____
City State Zip

Every Saturday night the six couples hold a party at a member's house. Cary spends the day in the nude, cleaning house and doing the laundry, and that evening he attends me in the bath, helps me dress, and polishes my shoes with his tongue. I wear a party dress, and he puts on old pants and shirt—for they won't be on long.

At the party all the women are dressed up, and all the men are nude as well as handcuffed. They must address all the women as "Mistress." Any female can command a slave to kneel and lick her shoes. A slave must stand at strict attention when a woman comes up to him and even while she caresses him. If he gets an erection, he is paddled before the group. Whenever a female gives a slave a sip from her cocktail, she gets to squeeze his balls. And a woman can demand obedience at any time: if she orders an impossible task and he fails, she can take him to another room, where paddles and straps are laid out. I love bringing the strap down hard across Cary's lovely buttocks ten or fifteen times, too!

Of course, we swap slaves. A mistress signals her slave is ready by snapping steel rings onto his nipples; in reaction, he gets rock hard. I swap with another woman and take her man to a bedroom. If he's big, I tell him he's my horse and I'm the jockey, and then I mount from above and ride the hell out of him. I use a strap on his ass before he eats cunt, and then I'll order obedience tasks. Back in the main room I'll get Cary back and notice the lines on his ass and thighs. Then someone will want him, and we swap once more. Later, after obedience games in the main room, we'll have a third swap.

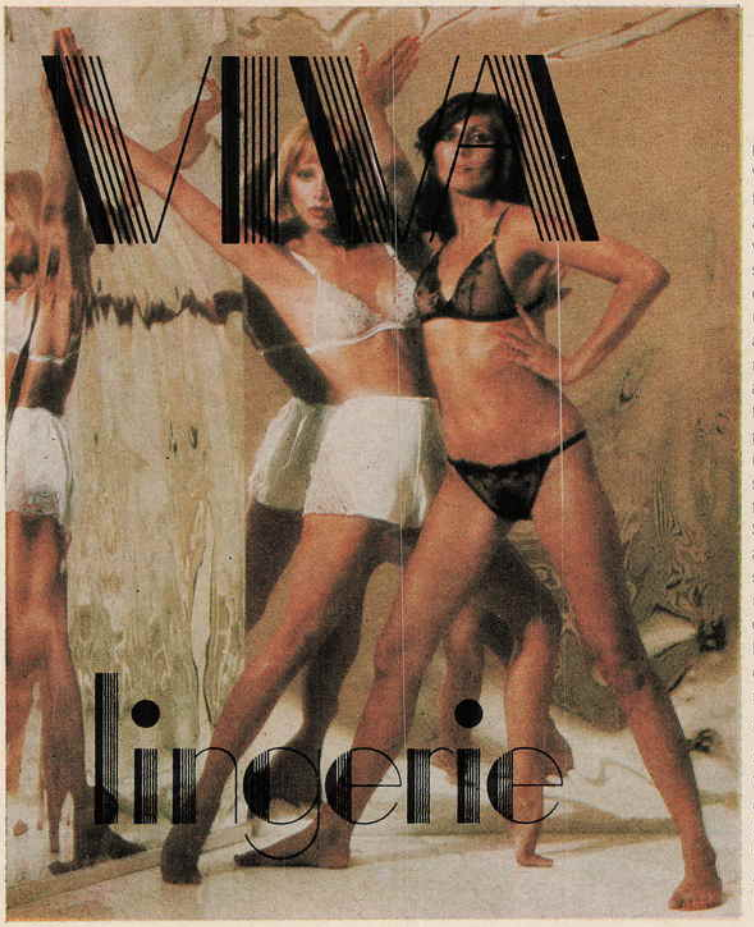
I drive home, making Cary ride naked, in handcuffs and nipple rings. And I take him to bed that way. I love to mount him from above and rock on him while I pull on the rings and make him tell me how he loves being my slave. But the best part is when we lie there together and he tells me what the other women did and tells me why I'm better.

All of this may sound bizarre to people who can't believe submissive males exist, but those who know the wide range of sex will realize this is true. And they'll also know it's fun!—*J.D., Evanston, Ill.*

. . . jean lover

Devouring every article that appears in *Penthouse*, I was fascinated when a guy wrote to Xaviera, questioning his girl friend's ability to honestly get off wearing very tight pants.

The best way I can get off is to have on supertight jeans without any panties, and if I'm in a very horny mood, I can have an orgasm in a matter of minutes—just by sitting still and slightly rocking back and forth. The tighter the better! I love it when my tight pants separate my pussy lips and leave my exposed clitty open to rub against the material. This friction of my bare ass and bush against the taut material is quite in-



Underneath it all the VIVA woman is frankly sexy. Although her outerwear can be a more subtle interpretation of her sexuality, her underwear makes a clear cut statement. Her intimate apparel includes the sexiest and prettiest designs in all kinds of sensuous yet easy-to-care-for nylon. She is the first to admit that love and sex is still what makes the world go 'round and that her body is a source of pride and pleasure in that pursuit.

Send for your free VIVA Lingerie Catalog today. . . . Send to VIVA PRODUCTS, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

TITILLATING SATIN PILLOWCASE

Imagine yourself sleeping on this luxurious satin pillowcase photo printed with beautiful LIFE SIZE FULL COLOR breasts. This unique pillowcase will add the perfect touch to your pillow. What a great gift for a special friend.

Send 9.95 plus $1.00 postage and handling to:

PILLOW-MATES, DEPT. P–11
Box 402 Maplewood, N.J. 07040

N.J. add 5% sales tax

DELUXE CORDLESS MASSAGER!

Everyone can use this cordless health and beauty aid! Gentle, relaxing massage . . . perfect for every part of the body: scalp massage, facial toning, penetrating spot massage. Unique tubular shape with smooth contours relaxes muscles and relieves tension! Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

☐ DELUXE Model—7½" x 1¼". Complete assortment of attachments, battery included, $9.95.

☐ ECONOMY Model—7" x 1½", Operates on flashlight battery (not included), $3.95.

Send this order to: ADAM & EVE, Dept. DPHX-5 403 Jones Ferry Road, P.O. Box 400, Carrboro, N.C. 27510

©1976, PPA

PROTEX®
Scentuals™

One of natures most powerful and often overlooked sexual stimulants — pleasing exotic **fragrance** — is now available in Scentuals Condom Prophylactics. Combining natural colortones, fragrances, and invisible lubrication, Protex Scentuals tantalize with an assortment of **Midnight Musk, Bold Banana, Lusty Lime,** and **Strawberry Secret.** Add sensuality as well as protection to your lovelife. Protex Scentuals are another positive approach in love making from Federal — the nation's leader in condom selection and value!

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Federal Pharmacal, Inc. DEPT PH 1176A
6652 N. Western Ave., Chicago, IL 60545

Please Rush (in plain wrap)
☐ $1.00 Scentuals Sampler — 3 condoms
☐ $4.00 Discovery Sampler — 5 brands, 15 condoms (including Scentuals)
☐ $10.00 Variety Sampler — 30 brands, 50 condoms (including Scentuals)

Free catalog sent with all orders
Enclosed ☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ M.O.

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____
CITY_____
STATE_____ ZIP_____

©Federal Pharmacal

COMING IN THE DECEMBER PENTHOUSE ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOVEMBER 9

THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE DOSSIERS

It's a private club, not a government agency, but 225 police departments belong, and in nearly all of them, it's the "intelligence" division that pays the dues. Doctor, lawyer, radical, thief—it doesn't matter what your position—one nasty rumor poured into this club's files and your manilla folder can make its way from Houston to Hoboken. Former CIA official George O'Toole blows the lid off one of America's most clandestine—and dangerous—organizations.

MAO'S FAILED REVOLUTION

Even the most bitter enemies of Mao Tse-tung admit that the Chairman is one of the great leaders of our time. Mao's stature soars above that of any other living world leader. He has transformed the oldest and largest culture on earth. His vision is reflected in revolutions around the globe. But veteran foreign correspondent and columnist Stanley Karnow suggests that the very tensions which have kept Mao in power may destroy the Chinese revolution after his death. Karnow analyzes this apparent paradox, and in a companion piece he offers a personal glimpse of a China that tourists and visiting statesmen never see.

THEM DRY BONES

"I agree with those African tribes that decorate themselves with bone. It is more to my taste than diamonds, which are a cold and soulless shine. . . . To dwell upon bone is to contemplate the fate of Man." So writes Richard Selzer, a sawbones whose pen is mightier than his surgeon's scalpel. Selzer chips away the mysteries of the strong but enigmatic stuff that lets us walk, makes our blood, and remains behind after death. An essay you will never forget as long as you can stand on your own 208 bones.

SHOULD A GENTLEMAN OFFER A LADY A MARTELL?

After-dinner drinking advice from Kingsley Amis, author of *Lucky Jim* and James Bond's legal literary guardian. Beginning with the December *Penthouse*, Amis will be imbibing regularly on behalf of *Penthouse* readers, imparting the best of his elegant and erudite drinking wisdom. Amis is a man who starts at the very top; so we've asked him to begin this series with that best of liquors—cognac. And just in case you've always wondered, but were afraid to ask the bartender, what the label's all about, Amis not only separates the VS from the VSOP but also tells you what brandy is, to boot. Bottoms up.

SMILE, YOU'RE ON

Also in the December *Penthouse*, Chicago newspaperman and satirist Norman Mark fantasizes about the sex life of a CIA accountant. Poor Allan. All he wanted was to be a spy—and to have an affair with Lynn. Only Allan didn't get to be a spy. He got spied upon.

PLUS

Our special holiday issue includes the 1977 Penthouse Pet Calendar . . . Fiction by John Irving . . . An exclusive interview with Alex Haley, who returned to Africa and found his family tree . . . Four stereos to set your speakers humming . . . What to wear in the wild . . . The greatest gift selections of all time . . . And the greatest girls in the world to give them to.

tense to me.

Actually, I really get turned on by clothes that emphasize a particular erogenous portion of my body. Anything can get me started; so I often enjoy dressing up like a hooker with the exaggerated makeup and the T-shirts that show off my generous tits (36C) and pointy nipples. You can't imagine what this is doing to me just writing this down on paper!

Anyway, it's very possible. I doubt very few things when it comes to sex.—*M.W., New York, N.Y.*

. . . true to Forum

My husband and I share what some people would consider a dull, perfectly satisfying, normal, healthy sex life.

We were married at eighteen and had our daughter not too long after that. I don't think either one of us realized the full impact responsibility puts on a marriage.

Our sex life started out roughly, as I really didn't know very much beyond the basic facts. But thanks to my changed thinking and my husband's patient encouragement, we've worked up to our present level. It still amazes me to think that we've held together after four years of hell, financially and otherwise.

It all came to a point where my husband was on unemployment for over a year, and we ended up losing our apartment and having to live with friends and in-laws here and there. Our privacy was gone, the pressure was always on, and all three of us slept in one room. We even separated briefly because it reached a point where I couldn't take it anymore. But I wanted us to be together; so we worked out a suitable arrangement. Finally the tables turned.

He found an excellent job that won't be jeopardized by a layoff, and we got our own apartment—after a whole year of next to no privacy.

Things are working better now. Our sex life had taken an awful beating, but we've taken full advantage of our private bedroom at last. I've been able to let down sexual barriers that I once put up and to lose my foolish inhibitions that came to me naturally with my upbringing. I think we've grown closer as a result—both physically and mentally. And what's more, I don't think we've made love the same way twice in one month.

That has a lot to do with Forum. I think that *Penthouse* has helped us through rough times. I know it's changed my thinking a lot. I know that truthfulness is very important in a person's sex life—and there's no room for shame, especially after four years of living together.

Thank you again, *Penthouse*.—*R.K., Lowell, Mass.*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or, for this month's copy, send $1.25 to **Forum Magazine**, Dept. HM, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

The Big Game
"We got the offense!"
"We got the speed!"
"We got the momentum!"
"I got the Johnnie Walker Red."
"We got the defense!"
"We got the muscle!"
"We got the experience!"
"I'll get the glasses."
Johnnie Walker
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Johnnie Walker Red
The Scotch you can agree on.
100% Blended Scotch Whiskies. 86.8 Proof. © 1976 Somerset Importers, Ltd., N.Y., N.Y.

Of all menthols:

Carlton is lowest.

See how Carlton stacks down in tar.
Look at the latest U.S. Government figures for:

The 10 top selling cigarettes

	tar mg./ cigarette	nicotine mg./ cigarette
Brand P Non-Filter	27	1.7
Brand C Non-Filter	24	1.5
Brand W	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol	19	1.3
Brand S Menthol 100	19	1.2
Brand W 100	18	1.2
Brand M	18	1.1
Brand K Menthol	17	1.3
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K	16	1.0

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg./ cigarette	nicotine mg./ cigarette
Brand D	15	1.0
Brand P Box	14	0.8
Brand D Menthol	14	1.0
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand K Milds Menthol	13	0.8
Brand T Menthol	11	0.7
Brand T	11	0.6
Brand V Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V	11	0.7
Carlton Filter	***2**	***0.2**
Carlton Menthol	***1**	***0.1**
Carlton 70	***1**	***0.1**

(lowest of all brands)
*Av per cigarette by FTC method.

Carlton Menthol 1 mg. tar

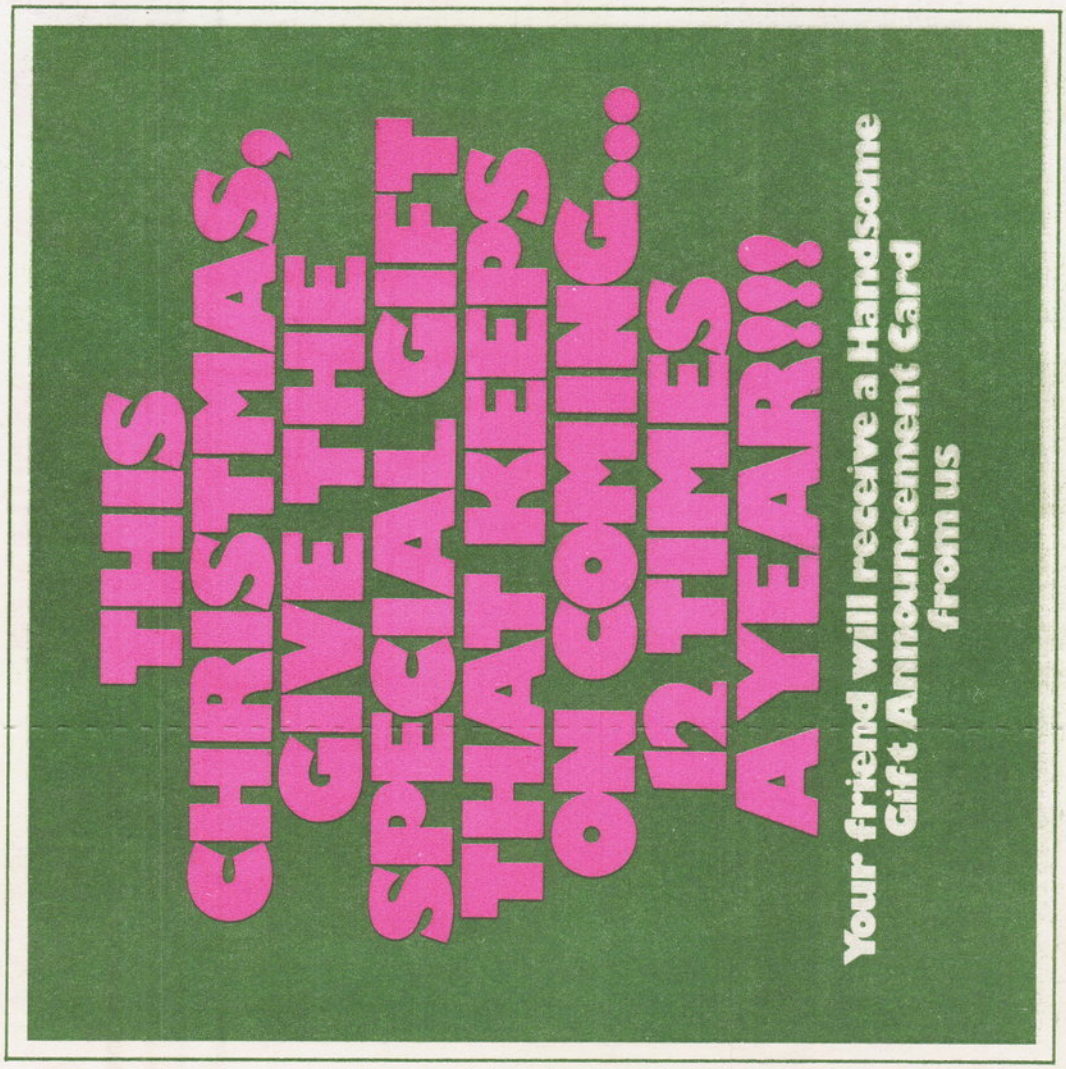
20 CIGARETTES
Carlton
MENTHOL
AIR-STREAM FILTER
Analyses of the smoke of samples of Carlton Cigarettes are made periodically. Analyses during the most recent test period prior to the manufacture of the cigarettes in this package averaged no more than:
"TAR"* 1 MG. . . PER CIGARETTE
NICOTINE 0.1 MG. . . PER CIGARETTE
*Smoke components commonly but inaccurately called "tar."
Carlton
MENTHOL

Carlton Filter 2 mg. tar

No wonder Carlton is the fastest growing of the top 25 brands.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Menthol: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; Filter: 2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine; Carlton 70's: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.


THIS CHRISTMAS, GIVE THE SPECIAL GIFT THAT KEEPS ON COMING... 12 TIMES A YEAR!!!
Your friend will receive a Handsome Gift Announcement Card from us

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT NO. 281
FARMINGDALE, N.Y.

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
No postage stamp necessary if mailed in the United States

Postage will be paid by

PENTHOUSE
Subscription Department
P.O. Box 900
Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735

VIVA

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

12 Issues for $12.00. Save $3.00 Off Newsstand Rates

☐ Send a gift subscription to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Send a gift subscription to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Gift card to read from: _____

PV1176

Print clearly please. Enclose check or money order and mail to VIVA subscription department, P.O. Box 920, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735, or use the Penthouse envelope on other side of insert. Above rates for U.S., Canada, APO, and FPO addresses. Allow 6 to 8 weeks for shipping.

PENTHOUSE MAGAZINE

PENTHOUSE FORUM

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

12 Issues for $10.00. Save $2.00 Off Newsstand Rates

☐ Send a gift subscription to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Send a gift subscription to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Gift card to read from: _____

PF1176

Print clearly please. Enclose check or money order and mail to FORUM subscription department, P.O. Box 930, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735, or use the Penthouse envelope on other side of insert. Above rates for U.S., Canada, APO, and FPO addresses. Allow 6 to 8 weeks for shipping.

PENTHOUSE MAGAZINE

PENTHOUSE PHOTO

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

(6 Issues for $12.00) 12 Issues for $20.00. Save $4.00 Off Newsstand Rates

☐ Send a gift subscription to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Send a gift subscription to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Gift card to read from: _____

PW1176

Print clearly please. Enclose check or money order and mail to PHOTOWORLD subscription department, P.O. Box 945, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735, or use the Penthouse envelope on other side of insert. Above rates for U.S., APO, and FPO addresses. Canada and elsewhere: $15 for 6 issues, $25 for 12 issues. Allow 6 to 8 weeks for shipping.

PENTHOUSE MAGAZINE

Rip out, moisten and seal.

12 ISSUES $15

You save $4.00 off newsstand rates

PENTHOUSE

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

☐ Enter a one-year subscription in

my name _____

address _____

city _____ state _____ zip _____

☐ Send a gift one-year subscription to:

name _____

address _____

city _____ state _____ zip _____

Gift card to read from: _____

Subscriptions $15.00 each PP1176

Print Clearly Please. Enclose check or money order. Rates for U.S., APO and FPO addresses. Canada and elsewhere: $20.00 for 12 issues. Allow 6 to 8 weeks for shipping..